DECEMBER, 1899.

THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Glancing through the pages of the magazines at each Yule-tide season one wonders if, after all, all the Christmas stories that are really Christmas stories have already been written. Not that there is any cessation in the quantity of the supply. Each December brings its usual collection of tales bearing on the delights of the season—its good cheer and its significance—but somehow there is in their composition something obviously artificial—something which convinces the unwilling reader that they were written under the inspiration of August heat and mosquitoes. "These Christmas stories!" disgustedly said an amiable old gentleman. "Why, the very snow drifts are sham and the icicles are chemically made. When Christmas is coming and the nights are long give me old Scrooge going home to find the Spirits and Marley's face peering out through the snow, and Caleb and Dot and the chirping Cricket on the Hearth."

The new novel upon which Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) is at work at her temporary home in the Isle of Wight is to be called, we hear, *Robert Orange*.

Hadleigh in Essex, England, where the Salvation Army's farm colony is situated, is the scene of the new novel on which Mr. Arthur Morrison is at present working.

Mr. William Le Queux's *Secrets of Monte Carlo* has recently been translated into Danish.

Mr. Lionel Decle, whose book treating of life in the French Army, *Trooper 3809*, scored such a decided success, has undertaken to cross Africa from the Cape to Cairo in the interests of a London newspaper. His companion for this trip is another well-known traveller, Mr. Gerald D. E. Chapman. The main object of the expedition is to find out what is likely to be the practical value of the trans-continental railway and telegraph line planned by Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

Mr. W. Pett Ridge has been compelled, owing to his health breaking down, to give up commercial work and confine his energy to literary labour. He is at present resting in North Wales.

Mr. Egerton Castle, whose *Young April* has just come from the press of the Macmillan Company, is the senior partner and publisher of the Liverpool *Mercury*, one of the most important of English provincial dailies. Born in 1858, Mr. Castle lived much of his early youth on the Continent. He received his education at the universities of Paris, Glasgow and Cambridge and the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. In 1881 he was gazetted as lieutenant to the Second West

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India Regiment, but two years later resigned his regular commission on account of disappointment in his hopes of a speedy transfer to a cavalry regiment. Soon after, he married, settled in London, read law at the Inner Temple, and took up literary work as a free lance.

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Mr. Castle's first piece of work published in book form was an illustrated history of the fencing art, *Schools and Masters of Fence from the Middle Ages to the End of the XVIII. Century.* The first edition was published in 1884, and it was not until seven years later that *Consequences,* his first work of fiction, appeared. *The Light of Scarthey,* his next important work, is, in his own estimation, his best book. It first appeared as a serial in the weekly edition of the London *Times.* In 1896 he published *The Jermingham Letters* and a translation into the French of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Prince Otto. The Pride of Jennico,* written in collaboration with his wife, ran as a serial in *Temple Bar.*

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Some years ago, in collaboration with Mr. W. H. Pollock, who was then editor of the *Saturday Review,* Mr. Castle wrote a play entitled *Saviolo,* which was brought out by Irving. Of late he has again turned his attention to the stage. A modern comedy, *Desperate Remedies,* was written for Mr. Richard Mansfield. *A Mere Piccadillo* is now in the hands of Mr. Forbes Robertson, and will probably be produced in London some time during the winter. Several applications have already reached Mr. Castle for the dramatisation of *Young April.* He is now engaged upon another play of semi-historical character.

EGERTON CASTLE.

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The death of Mr. Grant Allen in October, at the age of forty-one, closed one of the most interesting and varied careers in modern literature. His work was unique in its range. To few men has it been given to do so many things so well. Poet, novelist, editor, reviewer and scientist, his last work showed no signs of diminution of

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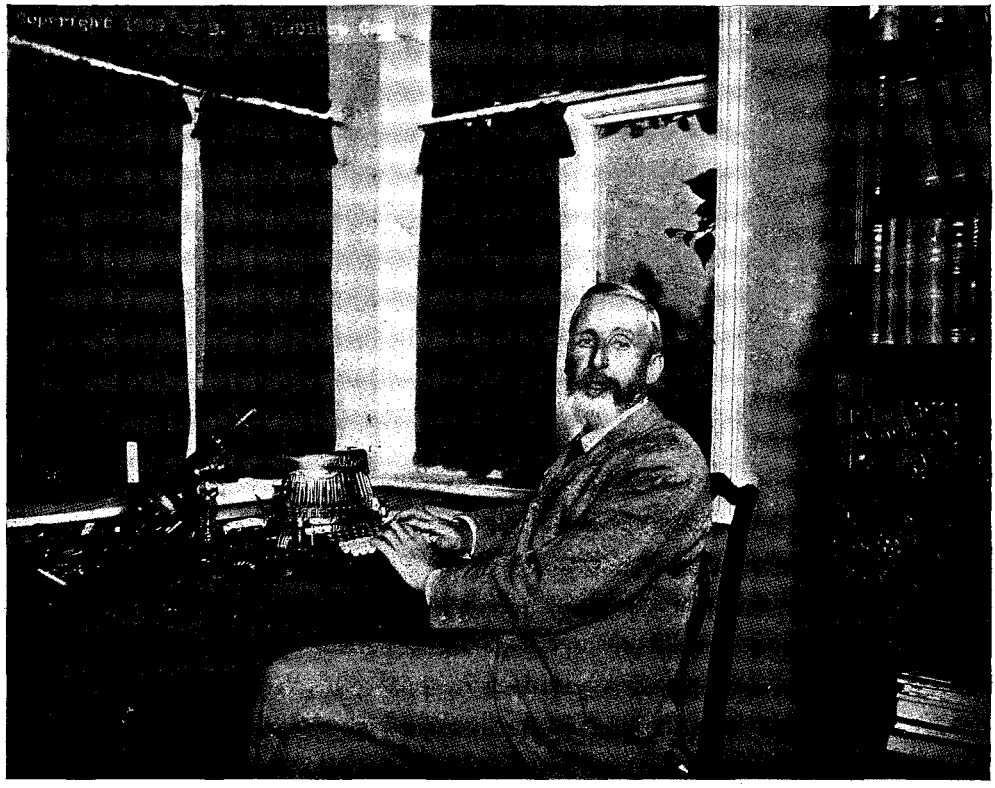

GRANT ALLEN.

power. It it not generally known that a very great deal of Mr. Allen's best work was written over the signature "Olive Pratt Rayner."

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, whose new volume of short stories, *The Other Fellow,* has just been published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, recently returned from his annual trip to Europe, where he has spent the summer painting pictures of scenes on the Upper Thames and in Venice. Mr. Smith's enthusiasm for the Queen of the Adriatic grows with every year. Some few weeks of each of the last twenty years he has managed to devote to rambles among its canals and palaces. Somehow the inspiration of the Old World atmosphere seems to send him back home quickened to a keener realisation of our own American life as a field for fiction. In the novel on which he is now at work he has gone back to the curious passing Southern prejudice and chivalry which was the keynote of *Colonel Carter of Cartersville.* Much of the incident will be founded on the writer's own personal experience. The hero is to be a Colonel Carter at twenty, who comes to New York from the South to make for himself a career. This book will be of rare interest as portraying the Bohemian side of New York life twenty or twenty-five years ago. Mr. Smith has not yet decided upon a title for this novel, which will probably be published next autumn.

Tom Grogan has, during the last two months, had a sweeping vindication in real life. The story, it will be remembered, told of the struggle between a woman who wished to carry on the business of her husband, to win bread for her children, and the labour unions. At the time of its publication the English critics fell upon it savagely, contending not only that its plot was impossible under existing conditions, but that the machinations of Crimmins, McGaw and the rest against the woman stevedore were totally incompatible with human nature. Now comes the actual case of Polly McGrail—a case which has been attracting a good deal of

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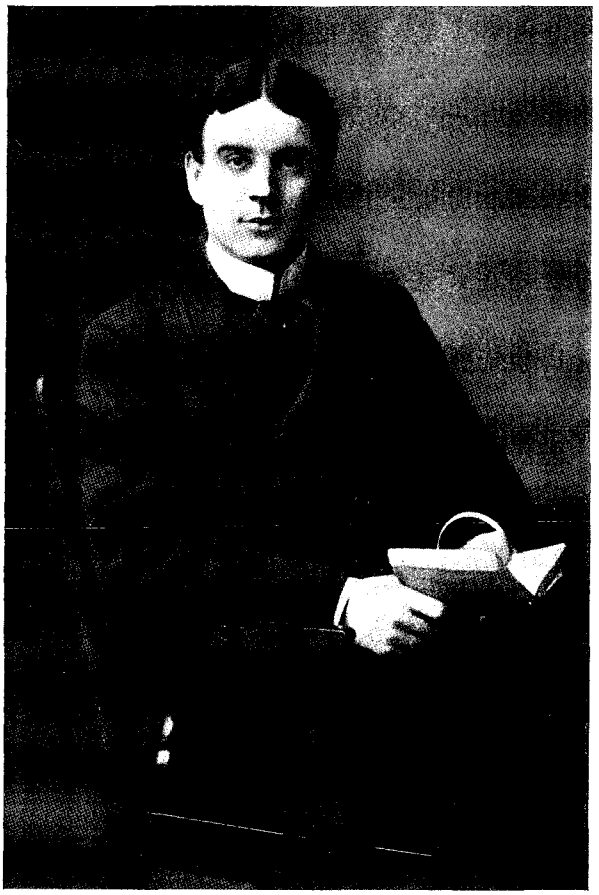

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

newspaper attention. With a fidelity which is little short of amazing real life is unfolding, incident by incident, detail by detail, the story which Mr. Smith told several years ago in *Tom Grogan*. Only the other day we picked up the morning newspaper and learned that Polly McGrail, after receiving a visit from a walking delegate, whom she dismissed summarily and vigorously, was the following night waylaid and knocked on the head.

The sea wall of *Tom Grogan* was built by Mr. Smith, who, despite his success as lecturer, artist and writer, gives much of his time and energy to the business in which he is known as "Francis H. Smith." When once asked which of his achievements gave him the most satisfaction, Mr. Smith answered: "The Race Rock Lighthouse." His taste for art was inherited, and he began to paint when a boy, but his first literary effort, *Well-Worn Roads,* was not written until he was forty-five years of age. It was *Colonel Carter of Cartersville,* however, that first made him prominent in American literature.

Mr. Arthur J. Stringer, whose stories of the children of the slums, *The Loom of Destiny,* have just been published by Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company, is a new writer whose work has already been favourably mentioned in THE BOOKMAN. We reproduce herewith a recent photograph of Mr. Stringer.

Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams's *Adventures of a Freshman,* which has just been published by the Messrs. Scribner, is an exception among the latter-day college stories, in that while its hero is a man of brawn and large frame, he "makes" neither the nine, the eleven nor the track team—at least, not during the period with which the book deals. It is true that Mr. Williams gives the reader a hint of "Deacon" Young's latest prowess on the gridiron, but the narrative treats of a freshman, not of one of those dazzling deities who stalk the campus with strange scrolls on their caps and great blazing "P's" on the front of their sweaters. In fiction, the college man who has not been a great line-breaking back and who did not stroke his crew, and whom the reader may study quite familiarly and intimately, is so rare as to be a positive relief.

Of recent years there has been a marked tendency to make "copy" of undergraduate life. Among others, Mr. J. S. Wood told us of Yale; Mr. Flandrau and Mr. Post have written of Harvard; Mr. Hammersmith of Cornell, and Mr. Williams and Mr. James Barnes of life under the elms of Old Nassau. The work of none of these writers has been dull or

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unentertaining, and yet one cannot but feel that only the surface of the life has been touched. The university has been written about as a subject apart; never as a factor in life. In this respect, English fiction is much richer. Oxford and Cambridge have through centuries of history and tradition become as much a part of English life as the House of Commons, the Temple, or Downing Street. True, when Ouida's giant guardsmen stroked the dark blue to victory on a diet of champagne, truffles, and *pâté-de-fois-gras* we were rather skeptical, but Arthur Pendennis's career at Boniface, his wine suppers, his bouts at dice and cards, his reckless expenditures at the horse dealer's, the pastry cook's, the bookseller's, his oratory, his dabs at verse and his ultimate disgrace and downfall were perfectly well-bred and logical. The university played its part, and then the hero was whisked away to the larger stage of London life.

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The "authoress" of a story published not very long ago, wishing to allude to her hero's early life, assured us, with immense and delightful gravity, that he had in his undergraduate days played "centre back" on his 'Varsity eleven. She was frankly delighted with the touch. It was very expressive and it saved labour. To have played "centre back" on his 'Varsity eleven—a writer less intimately inspired would probably have called it 'Varsity nine—meant that her hero was brawny and muscular, and perhaps even gently ferocious, as were Rochester and St. Elmo. It was a triumph of terse characterisation.

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We have frequently referred in these columns to Mr. A. P. Watt, whose success in originating and negotiating a literary agency between authors and publishers has won him the sobriquet of the Napoleon of print. Mr. Watt must therefore be an interesting personality to all concerned with books and bookmen, and for that reason we take pleasure in publishing for the first time a portrait of him taken from a recent photograph.

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The Adventures of Louis de Rougemont, which excited considerable comment when appearing from month to month in the *Wide, Wide, World Magazine,* has just been issued in book form from the press of the J. B. Lippincott Company. It will be remembered that the *Adventures* while running serially were very widely branded as fictitious. In connection with their present appearance it is interesting to note that Mr. A. H. Milne, of Pembroke College, Cambridge, has recently written a version in humorous verse of the adventures of Ulysses, who in it bears the nickname of "De Rougemont of Troy."

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However lightly the "revival" which has been so prominent a feature in the literature of the last ten years may be held by the serious-minded scholar, its beneficial effect on the reading of the general public it would be impossible to deny. In addition, it is usually responsible for some writing that is of permanent literary value and importance. The past year has seen two "revivals" of far-reaching interest. The relish with which the work of Balzac and Thackeray has been received by people who normally ignore everything but the newspaper and the latest light novel, suggests countless

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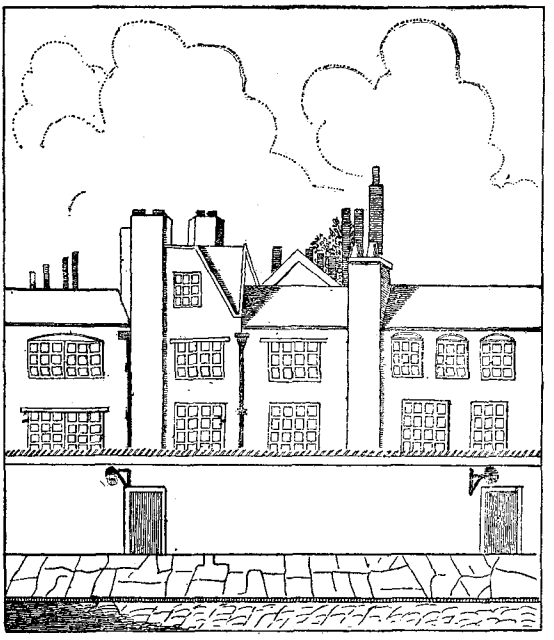
other "revivals" likely to mark the years to come. If Thackeray, why not Anthony Trollope, who, lacking some of the genius and sympathy of the former, practised a realism of much the same kind, and whose work certainly merits a more enduring fame than has been accorded it? Among French novelists there are signs of a revival of interest in the work of Henry Murger, whose masterpiece, *La Vie de Bohême,* has at last been translated into English in something like an adequate manner. Revived interest in Murger is due to revived interest in Bohemian Paris, which, in turn, is due to interest in the Exposition of 1900. The revival is rich with infinite possibilities. It need not necessarily be Napoleonic or Cromwellian.



OLIVER CROMWELL'S House in Whitehall.

Two of the most important features of the Cromwell revival are the papers written by John Morley, the first of which appeared in the *Century* for November, and the monograph by Theodore Roosevelt, which, beginning in the January number, is to be completed in six numbers of *Scribner's.*

Cromwell is one of those great figures about whom history is in constant contradiction and dispute. To John Milton he was an unblemished patriot. Clarendon deemed him a rebel, a tyrant and regicide, great only in selfishness and perfidy. Burke saw in him one of the great bad men of history, despotic and exercising the power of the state by force of character and personal authority. In the present century he has found notable champions in Carlyle and Macaulay.

The Arms on his Coffin from the original Print in the possession of Mr. R Grave.

The trouble in the Transvaal has attracted several journalists to that quarter of the globe, notably Mr. George W. Steevens, whose *With Kitchener to Khartum* arouses the liveliest interest in the literary result of his observations which will eventually be published during the coming year in *Harper's Magazine.* The publishers of this magazine have also in preparation Mr. Morley Roberts's modern romance of diplomacy, intrigue and love, *The Colossus,* which is causing a sensation in London just now because of the rumoured likeness of the central character to Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who, by the way, is the subject of a timely character sketch by Mr. W. T. Stead in the November *Review of Reviews.* It will be remembered that Anthony Hope's *God in*

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the Car, published a few years ago, gave rise to the same conjecture in the person of his Willie Ruston, who occupied a position in the story not unlike that of the great Afrikander. Indeed, we recollect seeing an audacious cartoon in a Transvaal paper which seemed to confirm this impression. Mr. Rhodes was pictured sitting in smiling complacency in a jaunty little car drawn by a meagrely dressed Kaffir, and the title given to the cartoon was "The God in the Car." The Kaffir asks with a grin, "Where you going to stop, Baas?" and the magnificent occupant of the car replies, "Oh, trot on, boy. Stop at Cairo." The author of *The God in the Car* disclaimed any intention of portraying the South African statesman, and stated that he had never known Mr. Rhodes nor had he any thought of him in his mind when writing the story. The coincidence was, nevertheless, sufficiently striking to provoke public comment and curiosity.

It would seem to be otherwise in Mr. Morley Roberts's case, and far from denying the assertion, his attitude has rather encouraged the belief in his intentional portraiture of Mr. Rhodes in the person of his railroad magnate, Eustace Loder—"the God on Awful Wheels." Whether this be true or not, the story in itself is so impregnated with the spirit of South African enterprise and with the ambitious dreams of industrial empire, running along the shining parallel lines from Capetown to Cairo, that the book reflects the pioneer power of unscrupulous conquest, and all the untamed forces of human nature generated and incarnated in a man of Napoleonic policy like the "Colossus" of Mr. Roberts's African romance. It is one of the most stirring and exciting stories of the kind we have read; it is a battle of wits, a conflict of intrigue and adventure on a high plane of intelligence, a drama of fierce, grasping ambition, in which a woman once more plays the double part of Mephistopheles-in-ordinary and the queen of hearts, and wins the game. If *The Colossus* gets a fair hearing and "catches on," it is not at all unlikely that it will have a wide circulation. It will be published, we believe, about the first of December.

In *Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation and Others,* which has just been published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Mr. Bret Harte has broken away from the English atmosphere which has grown so dear to him of late years, and turned again to the scenes in which he found his earliest inspiration. It is now more than thirty years since *The Luck of Roaring Camp* was first published in the *Overland Monthly,* and yet, despite the persistence with which Mr. Harte has worked the life of California in the early days of the mining camp frontier justice, the stage-coach, the suddenly acquired fortune, each return to the old vein is marked by a certain glow and freshness too often lacking in his stories of England and the Continent.

Perhaps the one great secret of the continued popularity of the author of *The Luck of Roaring Camp* lies in the fact that he has had the good fortune to appeal to the readers of both sexes. For women, the people of his stories have been grouped about John Oakhurst; for men, about the inimitable Starbuckle. The woman's hero and the man's hero, the woman's heroine and the man's heroine, are beings of totally different mould. One might go farther and say that the orthodox woman's hero is in a man's eyes almost invariably a prig or an impossibility. John Oakhurst was in a measure both. As a character he had very little real vitality. But then, perhaps, it was a little too much to ask for vitality in a desperado who had the "melancholy air of a Hamlet." Women, no doubt, find the orthodox man's heroine quite as absurd. Oakhurst was at best an attitude of imperturbability and *insouciance.* Moments of crisis did not affect him as they did normal men. He belonged to a very long line of stock heroes. For instance, had he witnessed the burning of Rome, he would not have played a fiddle, as we are told that Nero did—that would have required undignified exertion—he would probably have drawn out and lighted a long brown Panatela and made some totally irrelevant allusion to faro, or roulette, or "straddling," or "holding up a kicker." Despite this he was very attractive and very essential. His fastidious dress and deport-

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ment served admirably to bring out by contrast the rawness and crudity of his environment.

Over against him we have Colonel Starbottle—the expansive, flowery, ardent, polemic, thirsty "Star." How very logical and consistent he was! In the narrative the colour of his language may have been heightened—much of his humour was dependent upon the constant and improbable repetition of the catch phrase, "Always called me Star"—but the foundations of his character were solid. There was never a false or a purely gratuitous detail; never a line that jarred one's credulity. In *Colonel Starbottle's Client* the Colonel was shown to us at work of a hot summer day, without coat, waistcoat, collar or cravat; in one hand a palm-leaf fan, in the other a mint julep. We had never met the Colonel in that situation before, but we were unconsciously aware that it was in such a manner that he would work. The julep and the palm-leaf fan were as inevitable as that in his discourse he should throw a glamour and romance over the crude realities of life. He was at times vulgar, profane, lax in morals; his ideas of the difference between *meum* and *tuum* were not over-acute; he was at heart an incorrigible liar; and yet, somehow, remained throughout a gentleman.

Mr. Harte's popularity as a writer among women is the more curious in that his heroines have been one and all singularly inadequate. In the literature, as in the life, of a new and incompletely developed country there is always a tendency to idealise womanhood. Questions of sex become magnified. The literature that treats of the crude and lonely life of the mining camp, that is inspired by this life, deals with the woman purely as the complement of man; never as an independent being. The women of Bret Harte's earlier tales were morally good or morally bad. Not only was there no middle course, but he treated them entirely from this standpoint. In "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" he showed us a lost woman rising to heights of nobility and purity. But it was entirely lyrical and emotional. In telling us of woman's sinning, he did so darkly, vaguely, as Dickens did. The influence of Dickens was apparent throughout all of his early work—in his treatment of women, his descriptions of scenery, and his queer people.

It is probably as a spontaneous humourist that Bret Harte is deserving of highest consideration. His humour has been the more delightful in that it has usually welled up in the telling of the stories, and was in no sense their inspiration or motive. One thinks of Mark Twain, for instance, sitting down to write with a drawl; of the author of *Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War* thinking across a brogue; of Mr. Edward W. Townsend assuming at his writing table the facial expressions that go with Chimmie Fadden's "Wot't'ells!" "Hully Gees!" "Me friend de barkeep!" With them the text is professedly humorous. The fun depends on sustaining the point of view. But the humorous touches in Bret Harte have been born apparently of the moment's inspiration; although just as no London cockney could have uttered as many witticisms as did Sam Weller, no stage driver was ever so consistently and spontaneously facetious as Yuba Bill.

The dramatisation of one of the adventures of Sherlock Holmes recalls the prophecy made at the time Dr. Conan Doyle told us the story of *The Final Problem,* that the ultimate resuscitation of the hero of the science of deduction was as inevitable as that of Mr. Bret Harte's John Oakhurst, who, after "passing in his checks" with *The Outcasts of Poker Flat,* bobbed up as well groomed and heroic as before. There is probably no one writing to-day whose career conveys a more striking example of the pitiful uncertainty of literary popularity than Dr. Doyle. He is by no means a forgotten writer; his later stories—albeit of considerably poorer stuff than those upon which his reputation was builded—are being read and enjoyed; but somehow the keen edge of the appetite for his work has been dulled, and we wonder rather curiously as we recall the ardour, the zest, the enthusiasm with which we awaited each new problem for Sherlock Holmes to solve. A case even more

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unique was that of the late George du Maurier. Probably no single novel ever created so wide a furore, and yet to-day, a bare five years after its appearance, *Trilby,* if not forgotten, is at least an ignored book. Who will venture to say that twenty-four months hence Mr. Kipling's prose and verse will not be relegated to the upper shelves to lie there neglected by all but really serious lovers of books?

In a recent number of THE BOOKMAN we called attention to the generally ignored fact that the full name of the creator of Mulvaney and his comrades is Joseph Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Kipling recently joined an Edinburgh Masonic Lodge, and the London *Academy* cleverly alludes to his Masonic name of Brother Joseph Rudyard Kipling in the following lines:

I chanced to be at Rottingdean upon a little trip;
I met a fellow Mason there and gave the man the grip;
"What, ho," I said, "my Rudyard!" But his look was cold as snow;
"My name, you ought to understand," he said, "is Brother Joe."

O, it's Rudyard this, and Kipling that, with poems, tales and such,
And Rudyard Kipling is a name that can't be known too much.
O, it's Rudyard this, and Kipling that, with any writing dodge,
But it's Brother Joseph Kipling when he joins a blooming Lodge.

I went into a library to get a book to read,
The man behind the counter asked: "What is it, sir, you need?"
"I want," I said, "the latest thing that Joseph Kipling's done."
"Go on," he said, "you're having me. Joe Kip? there isn't one!"

O, it's Brother Joe, and Joseph, when insignias are out,
And knives and forks are busy, and the bottle goes about.
It's "Brother Joe from India" where'er the Masons throng,
But it's Rudyard Kipling only when he writes a blooming song.

It is a bold statement to say that Mr. Kipling is "done for" as completely and unquestionably as Becky Sharp was "done for" after Rawdon's unexpected return from the sponging house. But this statement might come very near to being the flat truth. The author of *The Man Who Would be King* and *The Drums of the Fore and Aft* may "find himself" anew and give the world a series of great novels that shall treat of the life of the early part of the twentieth century as human life has never been treated before. There are many who so think, but it would be absurd to deny that with one or two notable exceptions Mr. Kipling in his prose and verse has given during the past twelve or eighteen months the impression of being "all gone," and a slight feeling of this is gradually taking hold of men's minds. It is no longer literary sacrilege to question the inspiration of *The Day's Work* or to express the opinion that *Stalky & Co.* is a flat failure and an unutterable bore.

"I yield to no one in appreciation of the best in Mr. Kipling," Dr. Robertson Nicoll recently said. "His two Jungle Books, were there nothing but these, are sufficient to immortalise him. Nothing that he has written as yet will take its place in the great enduring literature of the world, but he will always have his readers, and that is a great deal to say. It is true of him, as it is true of Stevenson, that no matter how small the sale of their books may come to be in a hundred years, the old copies in existence will be steadily finding purchasers who will turn into delighted readers. While granting all this, it must be admitted that Mr. Kipling has even more of a mixture than the average man. What is black in him is very black. He sometimes allows his worst self to write nearly the whole book, though never quite the whole. *Stalky & Co.* is perhaps better than *Captains Courageous* and *The Day's Work.* It is, of course, enormously clever. But I venture to say that if Mr. Kipling had published nothing but these three books, he would have been among our clever second-rate writers and far away from the front.

"The note of *Stalky & Co.* is the note of all that is bad in Mr. Kipling's writing,

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the note, I mean, of a boisterous, riotous, roystering vulgarity. *Stalky & Co.* describes Mr. Kipling's experiences and performances at a school at Westward Ho, where he was a pupil for years. There is no attempt to disguise the realism of the stories. Mr. Kipling describes himself as Beetle, a boy ready to back any of his companions in their escapades, but not prominent as a leader, obliged to wear spectacles, and fond of books. The volume tells us at considerable length how Stalky and Beetle and McTurk triumph over their masters and their schoolfellows. They were what Scotch people would call 'nickums,' always in mischief, always ready to retaliate upon their foes.

"One story describes at great length how their feelings were hurt by a master charging one of them with personal uncleanliness. They managed to get a dead cat in through the roof of the master's house, and the results are described unflinchingly. 'Now in all the Coll. there was no stink like the stink of King's house, for it stank vehemently, and none knew what to make of it. Save King. And he washed the fags *privatim et seriatim*. In the fish-pools of Heshbon washed he them, with an apron about his loins.' The master here called King is pictured with extraordinary rancour. Mr. Kipling's resentments are evidently long-lived. He is not ignorant that the said master is still very much alive and has his own side of the story, which he may or may not put in print. So far as the book tells us, the boys were loathsome, unhealthy little cads, with no taste for sport, talking nothing but slang, and doing little but mischief. It is hinted, however, that there were redeeming points. We are told that boys are immensely reserved, that they have most secret places in their souls, which are not to be profaned. Hints are dropped, too, that these boys were not what they seemed to be, since one could read Browning and write verses and the other had some numbers of *Fors Clavigera*. Another point to their credit is that they liked and respected the Head of the school, a gentleman who appears on the stage occasionally and administers a much-needed flogging. These floggings are accepted even gratefully.

"There is a story told about this Head having sucked the throat of a boy who had diphtheria. It is rather a poor business this, and I entirely agree with Beetle, who said, 'I've read o' somethin' like that in a book.' It is an endearing trait in Mr. Kipling's boys that they never pronounce 'g' at the end of a word. Mr. Kipling makes an apology for his characters at the end by stating that whatever their faults they became very useful to the Empire. If our Empire is built up by such characters Mr. Kipling may be sure that the Head will find it necessary to administer frequent floggings, and He may even be driven to expel them. The main value of *Stalky & Co.* is to explain a problem that always puzzles Englishmen—why are we so much disliked by other nations? I will say nothing of the repeated attacks on Dean Farrar. Mr. Kipling, I am certain already regrets them. Mr. Kipling owes us a good book now, and he should refrain from speech until he can write it. As for his present work, many readers will be inclined to adopt the beautiful language of McTurk, 'Oh, it's too sickening to have this kind o' rot shoved on to a chap. What's the sense of it? What's the fun of it?' Beetle replied on this occasion, wagging his head sorrowfully, 'It will go on to the end of the term.' Let us hope not. Let us hope it will go no farther."

Ralph Connor's new book to be published by the Fleming H. Revell Company is entitled *The Sky Pilot*. The author, who is in real life the Rev. Mr. Gordon, a Presbyterian minister of Winnipeg, was recently married.

The substance of some of the chapters of the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis's *Great Books of Life Teachers* has been preached from Plymouth pulpit. The book is published by the same firm.

In Ghostly Japan, published by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, is Mr. Lefcadio Hearn's latest contribution to the literature dealing with life in Japan. Another book of considerable interest and importance issued from the same press is Paul Bourget's *Pastels of Men,* translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley.

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Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have just published *A Ten Years' War,* by Jacob A. Riis. *A Ten Years' War,* which originally appeared as a series of articles in *The Atlantic Monthly,* is a story of the fight made for decent living in the tenement.

Lewis' Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* and its sequel seem never to lose their charm, and a new *édition de luxe* of these books has just been brought out by Messrs. Mansfield and Wessels. Alice's adventures are illustrated by a new series of colour drawings by Miss Blanche McManus.

The Messrs. Scribner have recently issued a uniform edition of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's works very creditable to the bookmaking of to-day. The set consists of *Gallegher, Cinderella, Soldiers of Fortune* (two volumes), *The King's Jackal,* and *The Lion and the Unicorn.*

A Life of Hawthorne, by Mrs. James T. Fields, has been published by Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company in The Beacon Biographies.

William Allen White, whose volume of short stories, *The Court of Boyville,* has just been published by the Doubleday, McClure Company, was born in Emporia, Kansas, in 1868. In 1869 his father, Dr. Allen White, moved to Eldorado with his family, and there the son grew up and received his education at the public schools. Later he attended Emporia College for two years and then began work as a printer's devil in the office of the Butler County *Democrat.* In 1886 he was a local reporter for the Eldorado *Republican,* and in the autumn of the same year he went to the State University. While pursuing his studies he worked in newspaper offices during the summers of 1887 and 1888. The following summer he went to Colorado in company with General Fred Funston and several of the State University professors. After he was graduated he went into active harness as a newspaper worker. His famous editorial "What's the Matter with Kansas," which was quoted all over the country, appeared in the Emporia *Gazette* in 1896. In the same year his first book of short stories, *The Real Issue,* appeared.

Another new Western writer whose work shows individuality is William R.

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Lighton, whose *Sons of Strength* has recently come from the same press. Mr. Lighton's first stories appeared in the columns of Western newspapers. In 1888-89 he taught school in the New Mexican Mountains, and since then has been by constant occupation a court shorthand reporter. He was admitted to the Bar of Kansas and Nebraska in 1891. His more recent stories have appeared in the leading magazines.

Mr. Hervey White, the author of *Differences,* which is reviewed in this number of THE BOOKMAN, is another Westerner by birth. He worked his way through the State University of Kansas, afterward entering Harvard, where he was graduated in 1894. For the last five years he has been a resident of Chicago, where he has made a study of the settlement life which he writes of so understandingly in his book. *Differences* is Mr. White's first published novel, but we understand that he intends to take up literature as a profession.

Among the quaintest and most interesting of Mr. R. H. Russell's Christmas publications is *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman,* illustrated with drawings by George Woolliscroft Rhead and Louis Rhead. There are probably very few who as children have not thrilled over the adventures of *Pilgrim's Progress.* Great as this book is as an allegory, it is best loved and best read by those to whom Christian and Apollyon and Great Heart and Giant Despair are tangible heroes of delightful fiction. To such readers John Bunyan is not merely the preaching tinker of Bedford Jail; we must rank him with Defoe and the elder Dumas and Scott as a great amuser. But his fame rests on *The Pilgrim's Progress* alone. *The Holy War* never had any wide general popularity, and *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman* is a book that has been very little known.

This book was designed to portray the deadly sins of the ungodly Mr. Badman's journey from this world to hell. Presented in a dialogue between Mr. Wiseman and Mr. Attentive, it contains a vigorous picture of rough English life in the days of the Merry Monarch. Mr. Wiseman tells the story, Mr. Attentive comments upon it. From childhood Badman was destined to evil. From the most audacious lying he took to pilfering and stealing. He was also given to swearing and cursing, and his father, being unable to control him, bound him out

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CURSING

As he loved cursing, so let it come unto him; as he delighted not in blessing, so let it be far from him; as he clothed himself with cursing as with a garment, so let it come into his bowels like water, and as oil into his bones.

as an apprentice to a godly master, who did his best to reclaim the youth. But his master's kindness proving futile, he was again apprenticed, this time to a master like himself. Soon Badman adds hypocrisy to his other vices. He pretends to reform, goes to meeting, sings hymns, and adopts the most correct form of doctrine. By this means he induces a young heiress to marry him. She soon finds out her mistake, her husband treating her with the most brutal contempt and cruelty. Badman by various ingenuities becomes a wealthy and haughty man. The world speaks well of him. He is on the high road to prosperity. But one night as he is riding home drunk his horse falls, breaking the rider's leg. The period of contrition brought on by this accident is soon at an end. His first wife dies broken-hearted, and is avenged by her successor, in whom Badman finds a worthy mate. After years of fighting and backbiting, Badman dies with great suffering and achieves in an after world the punishment to which his career on earth has entitled him. The book is of interest as a picture of the English life of a provincial town like Bedford in Bunyan's time.

Another important Christmas book which Mr. Russell is publishing is Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's much-talked-of *The Education of Mr. Pipp*. This book contains a number of hitherto unpublished drawings. Four other books by Mr. Gibson are included in the list of Mr. Russell's publications.

An editorial writer in the New York *Sun* has lately been expressing his surprise at the revival of interest in Balzac, and has attempted to discover some reason for it. The most obvious reason of all appears not to have occurred to him, and that is the fact of the recent celebration of the Balzac centenary in France. Naturally enough, this celebration has called forth a great many popular articles on the subject of the great realist; and better still it has led to the publication of some serious studies which, if they do not always throw much light upon the work of Balzac, at least stimulate new interest in topics that are old. Here, for instance, is an elaborate attempt on the part of the Vicomte de Louvenjoul to overturn the accepted theory of Balzac's private life. The general view of Balzac has been that he was, in his actual manner of living, temperate, laborious and chaste. As to his being laborious, there can scarcely be any doubt of that, inasmuch as he is

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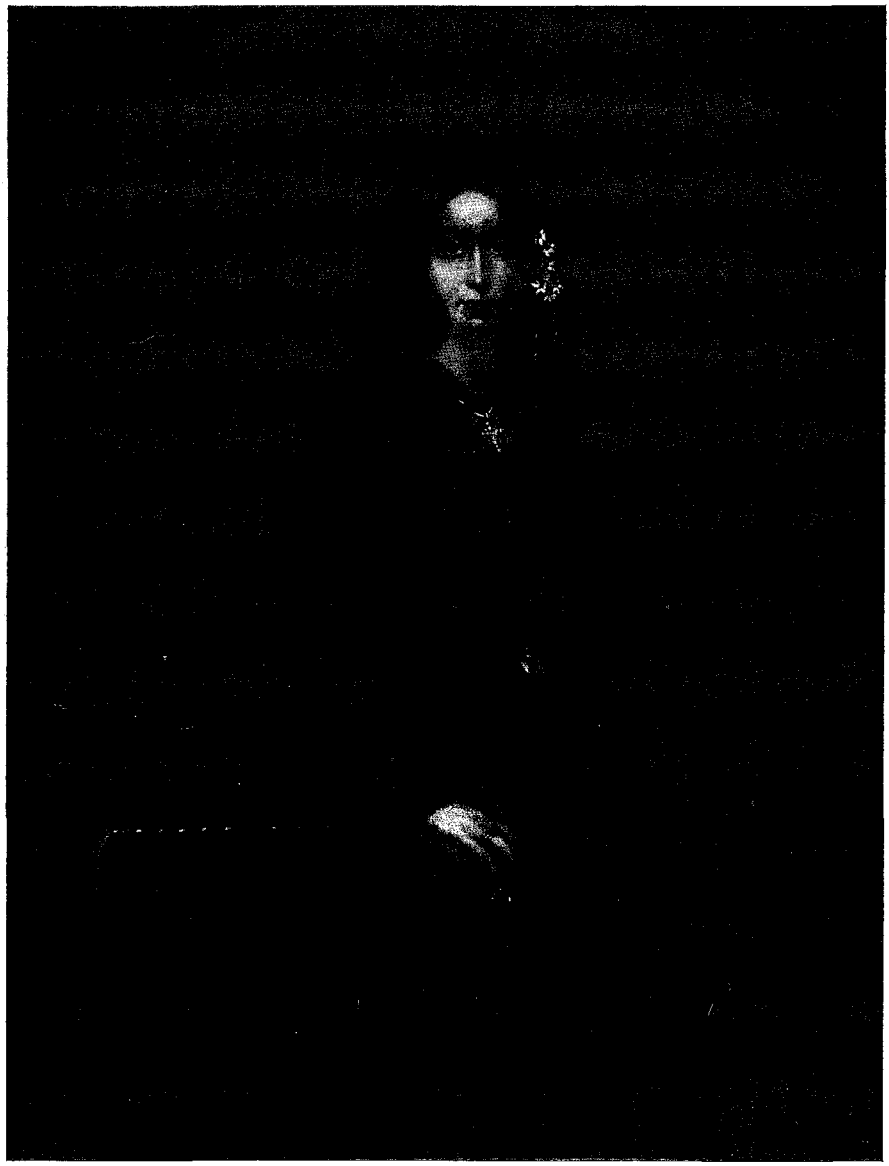

GEORGE SAND.

positively known to have laboured at his desk for weeks and weeks at a time to the extent of some eighteen hours a day, frequently keeping two or three novels going at one and the same time, and not indulging himself in collaboration after the fashion of the elder Dumas. Now a man who toils for eighteen hours a day and turns out such epoch-making works as those of Balzac hardly needs to account for the remaining six hours of his time, since if we assume that he requires a certain amount of sleep, there remains very little opportunity for riotous living of any sort.

The iconoclastic Vicomte, however, laughs this argument to scorn. He is disposed to think that the whole story of Balzac's debts, of his gigantic industry, and therefore of his abstemious life, is pure fiction; and in this view he is upheld by Mr. W. E. Henley. The Vicomte relies upon documentary and other evi-

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dence; but Mr. Henley bases his belief upon subjective criticism. Because Balzac shows such an intimate knowledge of riots and revels and debauches, therefore he must himself have rioted and revelled, while his friendships with women must have been far removed from anything platonic. It is rather hard to defend a man when he is attacked through the medium of subjective criticism; yet we doubt very much whether Mr. Henley will be taken seriously by his readers. Balzac's own theory of life was set forth by himself with perfect frankness; his friendships with the women whom he knew were known to all the world, just as all the world about him knew of his unique devotion to the one woman whom he really loved and whom in the end he married. It seems to us that one of the surest proofs of Balzac's self-control in the matter of feminine friendships is to be found in his perfectly unromantic and unsentimental relations with George Sand. George Sand had devoured genius after genius, and had exercised over many a man of lesser fame the tremendous influence by which she wrecked the life of Chopin and of Musset. She made, however, no impression upon Balzac except an intellectual impression; and the two were friends and nothing more, each recognising in the other and each enjoying in the other only what was best and truest and, in a way, impersonal.

❧

Speaking of George Sand reminds us to note the fact that there has just appeared in Paris a very exhaustive biography of her, entitled *George Sand; sa Vie et Ses Oeuvres.* Nowhere else have so many minute details been collected with regard to her career, and especially with regard to those early days when her strange and enigmatical character was undergoing its formation. The author of this book is a Russian who is said to be a person of great eminence. He does not, however, place his own name upon the title-page of the biography, but uses instead the pseudonym of "Wladimir Karénine." We shall take occasion before long to speak more fully of this very interesting book.

❧

The stage has been responsible for three books that have reached our table during the month—the Becky Sharp edition of *Vanity Fair;* an illustrated edition of *A Tale of Two Cities,* and Sardou's *Robespierre.* The sumptuous appearance of *Vanity Fair,* with its forty-eight full-page illustrations, taken from scenes in *Becky Sharp*—in which Mrs. Fiske has won a great metropolitan success as well as artistic distinction—more than fulfils the expectations of it which were raised by the announcement in our last issue. We venture the prediction that this edition of *Vanity Fair* will be as vastly popular this season as the Maude Adams edition of *The Little Minister* proved to be last year.

❧

The cheap fifty-cent edition of Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities,* published by Mr. R. H. Russell, caters chiefly to the curiosity that is likely to be aroused in the reproduction of scenes from the dramatisation, *The Only Way,* now appearing in this city. The opportunity to issue an edition of Dickens's historical *tour de force* that would have appealed at this time to a large public of growing æsthetic and artistic tastes has been strangely thrown away. Andrew Lang said once that *A Tale of Two Cities, Quentin Durward,* and *Twenty Years After* were the three most enthralling stories that have ever been written. If it be not always conceded that *A Tale of Two Cities* is one of the greatest historical novels in the language, it is at least incontestable that it is the only novel worthy of the name marking the tragic rise of Sansculottism, telling how the Greater Jacquerie of 1793 awoke from its accursed sleep to answer with bloody deeds the cry of the children of the soil, weary of asking all those years, "How long?" As one reads, one feels all the terror and upheaval of emotions that were rampant during the Revolution; you breathe the hot air of the noisome pestilence that reeks in the streets of Paris; the click-click of Madame Defarge's knitting-needles is ever in your ears; the simply heroic but forlorn figure of Sydney Carton abides indelibly in the memory. Surely, Carton's is the most touching character portrayed in modern fiction. The thrill of his words, when he confesses his love and weakness in one breath to Lucie, is unmistakable: "I am like one who died young; all my

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life might have been." They recall Dickens's own comment some years previous, upon a similar touch of genius in the revelation of character in Browning's *Blot on the 'Scutcheon.* "I know nothing that is so affecting," he wrote, "nothing in any book I have ever read, as Mildred's recurrence to that 'I was so young—I had no mother.'"

Dickens's knowledge of revolutionary Parisian life; the thorough mastery which he acquired, in all its minute detail, of place and scene and character; the scrupulous anxiety to verify historical facts by having recourse to trustworthy sources in documents, essays and chronicles long and laboriously consulted, are attested by the verisimilitude of his narrative to the actual life of the period wherever the golden thread of his romance is interwoven with the grey trend of history. "If there be anything certain," he says on one contested point, "I take it that the condition of the French peasant at that day was intolerable. No later inquiries or proving of figures will hold water against the tremendous testimony of men living at the time." "Scattered up and down the pages of a curious book, printed at Amsterdam, called Mercier's *Tableau de Paris,* tiresome in its literal dictionary-like minuteness," he found the original of the Marquis. Rousseau was responsible for the incident introducing the peasant's shutting up his house, when he had a bit of meat, and "the tax-tables," we are told, "are the authority for the wretched creature's impoverishment." Dickens's omniscient faculty of observation, unequalled even by Balzac's in fidelity and power—that observation of mere insignificance which, like the poet's in Browning's lines, "took such cognisance of men and things —

> Of all thought, said and acted, then went home
> And wrote it fully"—

enabled the novelist to glean from his haunts and studies of the social aspects of life in France a rich harvest for his treatment of French life in the days of the Revolution. "He has described London," wrote one of his earliest critics, "like a special correspondent for posterity." The same might be said of his description of the Paris of the *Sanscu-lottes.* His biographer and friend, John Forster, relates how "with a dreadful insatiability he passed through every variety of sight-seeing—prisons, palaces, theatres, hospitals, the morgue and the lazare, as well as the Louvre, Versailles, St. Cloud, and all the spots made memorable by the Revolution." Again, he is "at the Cirque, which recalls scenes of the great Revolution." He sups with Dumas and Eugène Sue, and "closes the day at the house of Victor Hugo—a noble corner house in the Place Royale, notable as the old quarter of Ninon de L'Enclos and the people of the Regency."

This was in 1847, and ten years later Dickens is in Paris again, while Wilkie Collins is preparing a drama called *The Frozen Deep,* which Dickens and his children subsequently enacted at Tavistock House. It was while acting in this play that the main idea of *A Tale of Two Cities* occurred to him, although it was two years later before he began the actual writing of it. Meanwhile, Carlyle's *French Revolution* had appeared, and Froude tells us of the tremendous hold it took on Dickens's mind. "He carried a copy of it with him wherever he went." The strong, originating force of Carlyle's prose epic in firing his imagination was more than once acknowledged by Dickens, but in his preface we have his most graceful tribute: "It has been one of my hopes," he says there, "to add something to the popular and picturesque means of understanding that terrible time; though no one can hope to add anything to the philosophy of Mr. Carlyle's wonderful book." While the novel was appearing *seriatim* in *All the Year Round,* we come across this memorandum: "A note I have had from Carlyle about it has given me especial pleasure." Beginning with "days of anxious toil," as he so frequently did on a new story, he became reassured and encouraged as the excitement of the public waxed greater with each successive instalment, and the circulation of the magazine, which it was intended to boom, rapidly increased. Forster's appreciation, which not infrequently rises into useless eulogy of his friend's work, was never surer, never more just in critical insight, than when he wrote of *A Tale of Two Cities.* One memorable passage will bear repeti-

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tion here: "There is no piece of fiction known to me," he says, "in which the domestic life of a few simple private people is in such a manner knitted and interwoven with the outbreak of a terrible public event that the one seems but part of the other. When made conscious of the first sultry drops of a thunderstorm that fall upon a little group sitting in an obscure English lodging, we are witnesses to the actual beginning of a tempest which is preparing to sweep away everything in France."

The French Revolution is also with us on the stage as we write in Sir Henry Irving's dramatic presentation of Sardou's play on Robespierre. The story of the play has been "novelised" by M. Ange Galdemar, with Sardou's entire approbation and under his supervision. Nothing could be more satisfying in this respect than Sardou's letter of authorisation. *Robespierre,* the novel, is published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company and interest in Sardou's historical drama, strengthened by Irving's presence here, will doubtless stimulate the curious to read the book.

Sardou has been recently described by the ubiquitous interviewer as a handsome old gentleman of sixty-eight or sixty-nine; small, alert, grey eyes that twinkle with suppressed fun—Sardou, it is averred, gets fun out of everything. He works literally all the time. He receives his friends from nine until eleven in the morning; after eleven he refuses to see anybody, and devotes himself sedulously during the rest of the day to his writing. Sardou's conception of Robespierre is that he was a hypocrite, *un hypocrite convaincu.* In an appreciation of the man, which he wrote for the London *Daily Mail,* during its brief Sunday edition experiment, the dramatist presented in contrast the strange, incongruous characteristics of his hero. The interest in the subject makes timely and pertinent the more salient passages of this pen portrait. Sardou as a youth once met Madame Lebas, in 1845 or 1846, and, finding him somewhat lukewarm in his admiration of Robespierre, Madame declared that "he had been terribly calumniated by his enemies. And you would certainly have loved him! He was so kind and so affectionate to young people!" Sardou goes on:

> And how natural her illusion was! What Robespierre had she known? The Robespierre of his home, where he was happy in the adulation and love which was lavished upon him, a Robespierre almost tender to Eleonore and to his sisters, sober, austere, chaste, speaking only in fine phrases, and moral maxims!
>
> A Robespierre who in the winter evenings stood by the fireside reciting scenes from Racine or hummed the tune of the romance which Buonarotti was playing on the harpsichord—who in the summer afternoons threw half pennies to the little Savoyards in the Champs-Elysées, or took his dog Brount to bathe in the Seine, and in their excursions to Saint-Ouen or Montmorency used to gather cherries for his young friends in the orchards and cornflowers in the fields.
>
> As time drew on, her picture of the great man became idealised until she believed him handsome.
>
> His cat's head, with its prominent cheek-bones dotted with the marks of the small-pox, his bilious complexion, his green eyes rimmed with red behind their blue spectacles, his harsh voice, his sharp, pedantic tone, his haughty carriage of the head, his convulsive gestures, all these had vanished, melted and become transformed into a gentle face—the face of an apostle, martyr to his faith for the salvation of mankind!
>
> And as a matter of fact, the monster had a faith of his own!
>
> His faith in himself, first of all; then his faith in the sublimity of his doctrines, which are truly those of a disciple of Rousseau; the corruption which civilisation brings in its train; the return to a state of nature, where man is perfect, as we know, a *régime* where all are equal, but where all citizens should bend beneath the yoke of a sort of theocracy, of which he, the Incorruptible, should naturally be the Sovereign Pontiff. . . .
>
> His despairing cry in *Thermidor,* where those who assailed him were no better than himself: "All is lost; the scoundrels are triumphant!"—is thoroughly sincere! Do they not prevent him from realising his humanitarian dreams?
>
> Hence the homage rendered to his memory by Madame Lebas, and all the devotees of the little Saint-Honoré chapel, inspiring in after years that mad belief that he had succumbed merely because he had wished to destroy the scaffold and to abolish the terror by the terror, homœopathically!

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How right was Taine to exclaim that a hundred years after his death he would still make posterity his dupes?

❧

There has been a good deal of speculation about the English translation of M. Zola's *Fécondité,* which was announced some time ago by the Macmillan Company. The book has not yet appeared, and this firm of publishers now state that the matter is in abeyance. *Fécondité* has piqued public curiosity, and Mr. E. A. Vizetelly's letter to the London *Athenaeum* giving the reason for his withdrawal from the task of translating the book is of interest. A portion of Mr. Vizetelly's letter on the subject runs as follows:

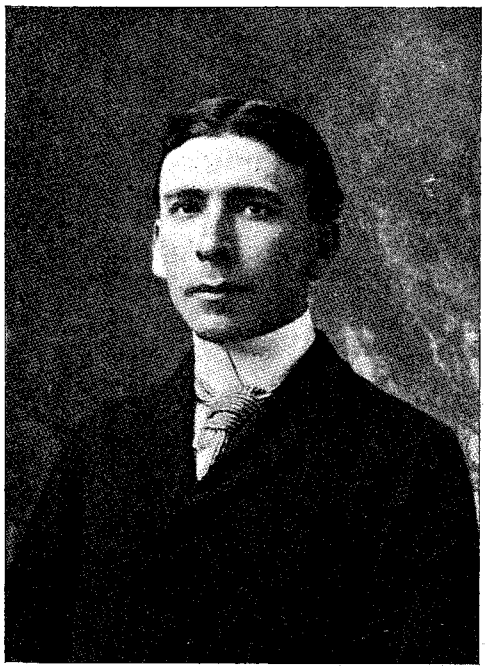
I have not translated *Fécondité* because, in my humble opinion, an adequate translation of the book is an impossibility. I have studied the French text with great care, and hold that, in the present state of English opinion—prejudice, hypocrisy, call it what you will—no English publisher of repute would care to issue anything approaching a verbatim rendering of the book. Such issue, in my estimation, would be inevitably followed by controversy of the most unpleasant kind, and a prosecution might well ensue. So far as I am concerned, there are peremptory private reasons why I should do nothing to revive scandal such as followed the publication by my father of certain of M. Zola's former works, notably *La Terre.* I admired *La Terre,* and I admire *Fécondité,* which deals, to my thinking, in a masterly fashion with a crying evil. But although some may argue that English fiction has "moved" since the days of *La Terre,* and that a certain outspokenness, then so universally censured, has now largely become permissible, I consider such a degree of outspokenness as distinguishes *Fécondité* to be still far in advance of us. At all events, whether that be the case or not, I cannot in my position—having given hostages to fortune, having been involved in the ruin which overtook my father, and having then had to begin my life afresh—I cannot undertake, even in the more than doubtful case of publishers being willing to fight, or help to fight, the battle which the publication of a faithful English rendering of *Fécondité* would, in my estimation, entail.

❧

Mr. Booth Tarkington, whose new book, *The Gentleman from Indiana,* is reviewed on another page, is a Princeton man, class of '93. While an undergraduate he did considerable literary work. He was the editor of the *Bric-à-Brac,* the annual brought out by the Junior Class, and re-established the Princeton *Tiger,* after the publication of the college humorous paper had been suspended for some years. He began work on *The Gentleman from Indiana* a year after his graduation from Princeton.

❧

Concerning the address of Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie at the unveiling of the Zolnay bust of Poe at the University of Vir-



BOOTH TARKINGTON.

ginia in October, Dr. Charles W. Kent, President of the Poe Memorial Association, says that it marked an achievement in academic performances, exciting unusual enthusiasm here, and leaving an impress that is destined to be lasting. "It was an analysis characterised by critical acumen of a high order, and the literary grasp of his theme as firm as it was delicate. The subtle appreciation of Poe's intrinsic merits, as well as of his relation to literature in America, was expressed in a style that sacrificed nothing of accuracy in its graceful and chaste beauty. It was a splendid address, worthy of the gifted

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editor, worthy of an occasion significant in the literary history of the University of Virginia, and worthy of the genius it recalled to memory."

In his tribute Mr. Mabie said:

It is the first and perhaps the most obvious distinction of Edgar Allan Poe that his creative work baffles all attempts to relate it historically to antecedent conditions; that it detached itself almost completely from the time and place in which it made its appearance and sprang suddenly and mysteriously from a soil which had never borne its like before.

There was nothing in the America of the third decade of the country which seemed to predict "The City of the Sea," "Israfel" and the lines "To Helen." . . . Poe stood alone among his contemporaries by reason of the fact that he, while his imagination was fertilised by the movement of the time, his work was not, save in its originality and beauty, representative of the forces behind it. The group of gifted men with whom he had for the most part such casual connections reflected the age behind them or the time in which they lived; Poe shared with them the creative impulse without sharing the specific interests and devotions of the period.

He was primarily and distinctively the artist of his time; the man who cared for his art and not for what he could say through it, but for what it had to say through him. Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Bryant, Irving, and, in certain aspects of his genius, Hawthorne might have been predicted; reading our early history in the light of our later development, their coming seems to have been foreordained by the conditions of life on the new continent; and later, Whitman and Lanier stand for and are bound up in the fortunes of the new world and its new order of political and social life, Poe alone among men of his eminence could not have been foreseen. This fact suggests his limitations, but it also brings into clear view the unique individuality of his genius and the complete originality of his work.

His contemporaries are explicable; Poe is inexplicable. He remains the most sharply defined personality in our literary history. His verse and his imaginative prose stand out in bold relief against a background which neither suggests nor interprets him. One may go further and affirm that both verse and prose have a place by themselves in the literature of the world. . . . In the "City of the Sea," "Israfel," and the verses "To Helen"—to recall three of Poe's earliest and most representative poems—there is complete detachment from the earlier interests and occupations and complete escape into the world of ideality.

It is part of the charm of these perfect creations that they are free from all trace of time and toil. Out of the new world of work and strife suddenly magical doors were flung wide into the fairy land of pure songs, out of the soil, tilled with heroic labour and courage, a fountain suddenly gushed from unexpected springs.

❧

Miss Beatrice Harraden arrived in New York the 9th of last month. Her health seems to be restored, and her errand here is one of recreation, chiefly to pay a visit to old friends in California. She expects to return to England in the spring and go to Norway and begin serious work upon her new novel, which has been already begun, but which she will allow herself two or three years to finish. The serial rights of the story have been sold in advance. Miss Harraden has written a play, a comedy with a background of intellectuality.

❧

The Fowler is now in its sixteenth thousand in this country, and has sold about as well in England, notwithstanding the popularity of other books.

❧

There is no doubt that classical learning is getting to be a scarce commodity. By classical learning we don't mean, on the one hand, the smattering of Greek and Latin that is still imparted in the secondary schools; nor, on the other hand, the pedantic microscopy of those wearisome and woozy souls who see in the classics only the lurking place of new problems in psychological grammar. When we say classical learning, we mean such a knowledge of Greek and Latin as leads to an appreciation of the classic literatures as literatures, such as has richness and mellowness and warmth to it, and such as adds to a liberal education the elements of dignity and distinction. By studying Greek and Latin as you would study bacteriology or blowpipe analysis, perhaps you may get a certain mechanical understanding of some things which will do you no particular good; but you will inevitably lose much that is valuable; and, furthermore, you will make the true humanising influence of these studies imperceptible to the great mass of men and women. How-

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ever this may be, we are sure that something is wrong in the present attitude of even the Enlightened toward a very important element of liberal culture. The classics, to be sure, are not neglected. There never was so much superficial care bestowed upon them. The manuals, grammars, special lexicons, text-recensions, commentaries, and "easy methods" now at the disposal of the student would have made an old-time learner faint with joy; while all sorts of collateral topics, such as art and archæology, are expounded and embellished and glorified in every possible way. Nevertheless, there is something wrong. The classical scholarship of the average graduate in classics to-day is slipshod and uncertain as it never was before. His mind is not disciplined as it used to be. In the old days, speakers and writers abounded in classical allusions, and perhaps they were pedantic; but, at any rate, they were accurate. In our decade they still draw upon the classics for illustration, only they are *not* accurate.

Take, for instance, an editorial in the *Evening Post* of this city not very long ago, which wound up an effective and interesting argument with a reference to the braggart soldier of the *Miles Gloriosus*—a play which the writer of the editorial incidentally ascribed to Terence! Now this was not one of those mistakes that are easily excused. In the first place, the *Post* is edited by exceptionally able men. Its leading articles are often written outside of the office by gentlemen who are exceptionally well informed upon the subjects of which they treat; and one member of the staff of that journal is not only a distinguished writer upon economics and finance, but a student of the classics also, and one who only the other day brought out a most valuable and scholarly translation of Appianus. Moreover, the *Miles Gloriosus* is not an obscure play of an obscure writer. It is a masterpiece of one of the greatest dramatists in the whole history of the stage; for in many respects Plautus may be ranked with Shakespeare in the spontaneity of his dramatic creativeness, and in the wealth and power of his language. And the play in question has been read and quoted and imitated for centuries in every modern literature, from the Italian of the Renaissance period to the English of Ben Jonson. It is a classic in every sense of the word. And yet we find a cultivated and presumably accomplished writer ignorant of its very authorship!

An even more startling and melancholy case of classical learning in a paretic condition is afforded by the *Saturday Review* of October 14. The *Saturday Review,* as everybody knows, has always been the mouthpiece of English Toryism, with a contempt for everything new and a superstitious reverence for everything old, whether in usage or politics or scholarship. It represents the Oxford spirit of other days, the Oxford of the Greek-play bishops and of Latin elegiacs. Well, here is the *Saturday Review* writing of the Transvaal complications and indulging in an airy allusion to the ancient Romans, who, the writer says, always *closed* the gates of Janus at the beginning of a war! Well may one cry *Ichabod!* over such a lamentable lapse, which could have been detected and mocked at not long ago by a mere schoolboy, and not Macaulay's omniscient schoolboy either, but an ordinary schoolboy who plays hookey and uses "ponies." The curious part of it all is this: that these writers do not ignore the classics—that would be quite explicable—but they apparetly have studied them, they have them in mind, they quote them—and they murder them.

With the January number of *McClure's Magazine* will begin a life of Christ, entitled *The Life of the Master,* by Dr. John Watson, better known as Ian Maclaren. It will appear in serial form during the year, and will be profusely illustrated not only in black and white, but in colour. Two of these coloured pictures will accompany Dr. Watson's "Prologue" in the December number of the magazine, presenting scenes that harmonise with the Christmas season. We do not mean to belittle Dr. Watson's part when we say that these illustrations, which we have seen, are likely to attract the greater attention. The free colour process by which the reproduction of the paintings are made has never before been attempted on so large a scale. The experiment,

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CORWIN KNAPP LINSON.

so far as now perfected by the house of Angerer and Göschl, of Vienna, yields almost exactly the same charm, brilliancy, softness and variety of colour as in the originals. This is an important feature in picturing the life in the East, for, as has been shown forcibly in the paintings of Tissot, the greatest charm of Palestine and its people is the picturesque charm of colour.

Mr. Corwin Knapp Linson, the young artist whose work will now be shown at its best in these illustrations for *The Life of the Master,* has spent nearly three years in Palestine, where all his compositions were conceived and most of them drawn and painted on the various sites and scenes made memorable by sacred history. Early in his youth Mr. Linson felt the poetical charm and moral beauty of the Bible, and the one subject that appealed to his artistic imagination was the illustration of the New Testament. Gradually he worked his way, alone and unaided, until he had saved enough means to carry him to Paris, where he spent some years in training and developing his artistic abilities. Returning to America, still possessed of his youthful enthusiasm, he became absorbed in his pictorial studies of the New Testament, and his subsequent sojourn in the Holy Land for the purpose of illustrating a life of Christ in *McClure's Magazine* was the result.

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In the November number of THE BOOKMAN we noted the fact that a proposed new street to run from the Strand to High Holborn threatened the existence of the building in Portsmouth Street near Lincoln's Inn Fields, which was the reputed Old Curiosity Shop of Dickens's novel. Two other places of interest from a literary standpoint have just come into the market to be sold at auction. One is Peggotty's hut at Yarmouth, described in *David Copperfield*. This, however, is not the original hut of the book, which was built of wood from wrecks and had a ship's boat for a roof; but a brick villa erected on the site some years ago. The other is Scott's great home at Abbotsford, which, by reason of its associations with the life and work of The Wizard of the North, has been for years one of the show places of Scotland. The garden of this house runs down to the edge of the historic Tweed. Only a few miles away is Melrose Abbey.

HOMER

What earthly King who envies not my name?
What century shall behold my honour dim?
As virile and as vigorous is my fame
As when mankind first heard my morning hymn.

Cæsar has come, has conquered, passed away;
Young Alexander's empire is a dream;
Napoleon shared my sceptre for a day,
Then saw the snapping of his cobweb scheme.

But I, who living begged my daily bread,
Found death the gateway to a golden throne;
I rule the living, though they call me dead,
And time to me is but a term unknown.

I see new poets come to take my place;
They cannot lift my lance or bend my bow;
If in their lines be loveliness or grace,
I said the same three thousand years ago.

So Babylon and Nineveh have gone,
While I rejoice in everlasting day;
Paris, Manhattan, London, had their dawn,
And I shall see their splendour fade away.

The dear old Gods I knew in ancient days,
Of Egypt and Assyria, Greece and Rome,
Have lost their crowns, and strange new idols gaze
Across the desert and the ocean foam.

The golden-haired Apollo is no more,
But songs I sang him still have power to thrill;
Though Pallas pass, I keep my strength of yore;
Great Pan is dead, but I am living still.

Lo, by the everlasting throne of God
Sits Gabriel with his trumpet in his hand,
Waiting that far, far day, when sea and sod
Give up their dead, before that Judge to stand.

Not till that trumpet bids the sun grow black,
Shall breath of God blow out my lambent flame;
Not till the earth shall wander from her track,
And there is no more sea, shall die my name.

Walter Malone.

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THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

ALL the aspects of the acted drama, the plays themselves, the acting, and the production and stage management have been illustrated with unusual variety and interest during the last month. We have had native plays, new foreign importations, revivals and some of the best acting along divers lines that can be seen anywhere to-day.

Three dramas of very different quality, all made by American playwrights, have been produced during that time. Two of them are among the most striking successes of the season. *Sherlock Holmes* is a straight-out melodrama, of the most fiery sort, done with such skill that it raises emotions in the cultivated breast as strong and elemental as those which the ordinary play of wild adventure and limitless heroism produces on the Bowery. *Barbara Frietchie,* on the other hand, aims higher and succeeds less completely. It is in part a romance, sometimes looking toward tragedy, and it is largely melodrama. The third play of native production, *The Song of the Sword,* by Leo Ditrichstein, is also a straight melodrama of too ordinary a sort to invite much criticism.

To these native products must be added two French plays sumptuously produced, three new English dramas, and several revivals. A month as full, attractive and suggestive as this makes one ready to look upon the drama in America as part of the intellectual life. When a month goes by with nothing outside of the Irving Place Theatre that is fit to talk about, we naturally put the time when the playhouse is to be a factor in the existence of thinking people some distance ahead. This month it is not necessary to talk about *Minna von Barnhelm* or *Wilhelm Tell* because we have happily been doing work in English worthy of the most serious attention.

To begin with the most skilful of the three American plays, it may safely be said that no young dramatist who wishes to get the best use out of his tools can safely omit a careful study of *Sherlock Holmes.* Mr. Gillette made a speech on the opening night in which he said that playwrights study not the drama, but the audience. That was an effective statement for a clever curtain talk, but of course there is no difference whatever between studying the drama and studying the audience. Mr. Gillette hates talk about art. He never gets into the newspapers or into private conversation with ecstatics about ideals. He is calm, experienced, rather cynical. He knows his trade down to the ground. He has ideas also about life, but he uses them only so far as they fit strictly into his technical methods. As a practical dramatist he is a strange combination of eclecticism and originality, No point is likely to be tried successfully by anybody else without his digesting it and when the time comes turning it to account. At the same time he discovers new points for himself, and uses his whole chest of tools to produce something which has the stamp of his individuality all over it. In *Secret Service* he has certainly distanced all of his competitors in the present movement toward American war plays. In *Sherlock Holmes* he has turned toward lurid melodrama, because he correctly thought that the public, sated with realism and irrelevant theorising, was in a mood to take the hottest kind of impossibility; and he has accomplished this task so well that even the critic who feels offended if any higher species, like tragedy, comedy or real romance, descends into melodrama, may feel unchecked admiration for this frankly melodramatic masterpiece. The difficulties of the task were enormous. To make a play out of a detective in the first

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SCENE FROM "BARBARA FRIETCHIE."

place—to make it so that it can be taken seriously by intelligent people—seemed pretty close to an impossibility. Nothing brings out fundamental absurdities, which may be lost in the skilful words of the story teller, more than stage presentation; so that one of the problems confronting the dramatist in this case was to make the wonderful feats of Sherlock Holmes as extreme as they were in the book, while protecting them from the laughter of a critical and sophisticated audience. Another problem was to introduce what is called the human element, or the heart interest, without seeming perfunctory. We all know how this element would be put into an ordinary detective play. The pale-faced heroine dressed in black would be chased through all the acts by villains, dark-browed persons with gloves and cigarettes, constantly followed and thwarted by the hero with brave deeds and warm speeches. This sort of thing would have received its death sentence at the Garrick Theatre. Mr. Gillette's study of his audience taught him how to minister to the same longing in its more highly developed form. Nothing in the play is more adroit than the slight touches with which a love story playing through the adventures is suggested. Throughout the whole drama the audience is waiting for it rather than seeing it; hoping for it and receiving hints that it is coming, but getting nothing full blown. At the very end the detective, seared with the tricks of his life, poisoned with drugs, tired, ready to quit, seeing that the girl loves him, is determined to save her from such a fate. He explains it all to her, puts in honest, convincing form the unworthiness of such a match, even when he feels her breathing warmly near him. But as he talks she is still near him, still warm, the one thing that shakes his readiness for death. He does not fully abandon his position, but each time that he explains it his voice is sweeter and sadder; they are nearer together, and the end of the play finds his cheek on her hair, leaving the audience with their hearts satisfied by the picture and their minds conciliated by the detective's reasonable speeches.

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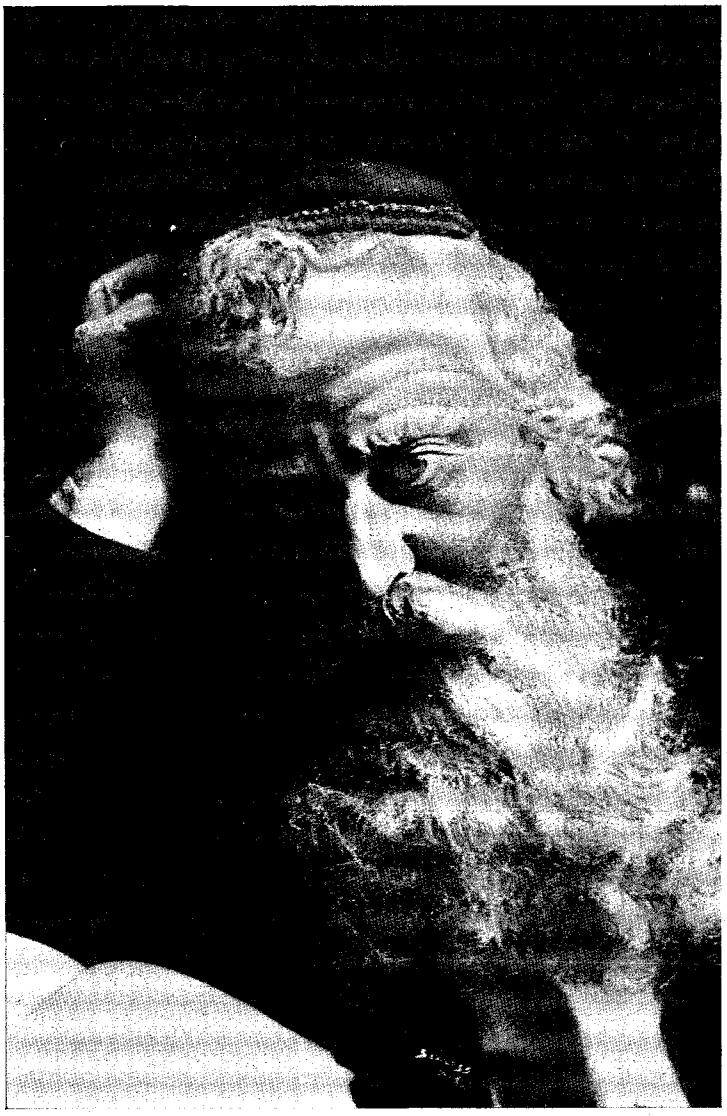

WILTON LACKAYE, IN "CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO."

It was necessary to say the end of the play instead of the last curtain as I had intended, because one of the originalities of this drama is the abolition of the slowly and visible falling screen which does so much in many situations to chill and scatter the effect. It is in such mechanical contributions to stagecraft that Mr. Gillette has done some of his most original work. By this device of plunging the stage into sudden darkness, or of letting it fade slowly into darkness, according to the needs of the scene, and bringing it into light in the same manner, suddenly or by gradations, and having the curtain lowered when it cannot be seen, a decided gain is made, probably, for almost all kinds of dramas, certainly for those in which thrilling excitement is sought.

Conan Doyle's stories are used with freedom, altered, shortened, elaborated, supplemented, according to the needs of the stage. The main episodes taken are comparatively few and they are connected coherently enough. Mr. Gillette has many devices for commending them to intelligent theatre-goers, smothering the melodrama as it were, but the guiding principle is moderation in their expression. For instance, one act which has been full of wonders ends with the detective standing looking with humorous satisfaction at his office boy, who has been one of his most efficient helpers. "Billy," he says, after a pause, "you are a good boy." Billy salutes. "Thank you, sir," he answers cheerfully. And the act ends on this note of calm playfulness. Throughout the drama the same device is used. Humour, disillusion, easy, manly comradeship come in whenever the unrealities grow too glaring, in order to subdue and excuse them. Much is done to the same end by the acting, especially by Mr. Gillette's own acting. There are a number of people, including critics, who suppose his particular kind of acting is easy. They see nothing in it except the

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avoidance of full expression in any direction. They might see that in a hundred sticks; and any reasonable amount of insight would teach them that such an explanation of its efficiency is as inadequate as it would be in literature if it were applied to Prosper Merimée. Mr. Gillette's acting is, to be sure, limited in its scope, but it is within its field not only unsurpassed, but very far from simple. It is made up of a hundred touches, all under the surface, as original and as carefully calculated as his stagecraft. If you do not believe this, put some ordinary actor in the same situations and tell him to do the same thing, and see what happens.

The other American play of importance, *Barbara Frietchie*, has less clearly defined qualities. Mr. Fitch is much less mature than Mr. Gillette, less definite in his ideas of what he wishes to accomplish. Mr. Gillette aims at only what he can hit. Mr. Fitch points his arrow at many kinds of prey, sometimes bringing down the right thing, sometimes the wrong thing, and sometimes nothing. In *Nathan Hale* last year he chose a true tragic motive and came excitingly near to making the first real American tragedy. Just before that he had been giving us *The Moth and the Flame*, which contained nothing better than a medley of more or less popular stage devices. *Barbara Frietchie* shows his theatrical skill in as favourable a light as it has yet reached. It is not by any means a uniform or unified performance. It has some strong dramatic passages, some things approaching the higher sentiments although not really poetic, and all through the first act, and in patches elsewhere, a kind of kittenish prettiness, which is very popular, sufficiently true and highly praised by many professional critics, but which to me is hopelessly impossible material out of which to make anything worthy of respect or permanent enjoyment. I imagine that Mr. Fitch will do his best work along the lines of straight dramatic situations. His stagecraft is better than his feeling for life. This feeling for life is good and true in places, and many of us have hoped that it might some day be married to his technical ability in a way that would give us plays on a level higher than the best work of the generation just ahead of him. *Barbara Frietchie* does not confirm that hope. It suggests rather that he may do excellent work of the kind which is learned in the theatre. There are in the second and the third acts places where the dramatic action is admirably straightforward and convincing. It may be indeed that Mr. Fitch would have a better chance of taking that first place among the American dramatists of twenty years hence, which so many of us hoped for him, if he would be content with fewer successes, greater independence, a more severe and self-reliant point of view. This very act of writing about a popular name a play which has nothing whatever to do with the name shows a dangerous tendency to enter too completely into that world of advertisement and absolute compromise which must be so powerful a temptation in a democracy. One detail, however, deserves special praise. No scenery has ever been in better taste, and that excellence is wholly due to Mr. Fitch.

Undoubtedly the greatest triumph in *Barbara Frietchie* was scored and earned by Julia Marlowe. This young actress has had an arduous experience with the world. She has met it with an open-minded courage which is having its reward. I have not seen all of her plays, but in those which I have seen, stretching back to the days in Boston, when she burst upon the students of Harvard College like a dream, down to the present time, she has never shown anything like the authority, certainty, and taste which she applies to her latest play. I have always liked her intelligence, but never quite liked the amount of archness and playfulness which she scattered about, or the distinctness with which she drew every detail. In this latest effort there is a much maturer method beginning to show itself. In the first act there is, to be sure, a good deal of the pretty-girl business, but it is milder in expression and mingled with remarkable bits of other kinds. When the more serious scenes in the drama are reached she develops a force and fineness that seem to lift her material above its natural level. Every strong thing in the play receives its full value, and what is most charming is that every one of the playwright's slips in taste, whether in speeches or situations, is put into the background and dimmed by the actor. Miss Marlowe is receiving the reward of

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will and of the spirit which are open to the discipline of the world. There is just one danger which she ought to avoid. She ought to take care not to be too much a star. A star she will always be, of course; that is settled by the conditions of our stage; but there are differences. It is possible to be a star as Mrs. Fiske is, as Mr. Herne and Mr. Gillette are, while keeping the whole performance solid and balanced. It is possible, on the other hand, to follow along the dangerous road trodden by John Drew, Julia Arthur, Maude Adams, and Ada Rehan; and this is a road which leads to no good end.

Although these two performances properly come first in a study of the American stage, it is only the wisdom of keeping one's eyes on native art that puts them first. England has given us a number of very remarkable dramas, some old, some new, some notable for dramatic excellence, some for the work of the actors. Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry have not at this writing revived *The Merchant of Venice,* but they have already given the rest of their American repertory, and proved again that the fame which they have, so high and so well tested, is eminently deserved and likely to go down the ages. Their principal reliance has been on *Robespierre,* a regulation Sardou drama of the Revolution which there is no temptation to discuss. It has, of course, much erudition, enormous skill, pictorial exuberance and a lot of other qualities more or less uninteresting, but the only thing that it does which is highly worth the doing is to show some great acting by Sir Henry Irving, some fascinatingly spontaneous and lovable acting by Miss Ellen Terry, and an example of wonderful stage management. There are two ways in which the management of stage groups is now showing itself. One goes on the principle that a crowd in art is made by five faces, not by thousands, as Degas, chatting in the Luxembourg, explained to Roll, standing in front of the latter's picture of the Fourteenth of July celebration. The other handles large numbers, and it is to this kind of crowd-effects that *Robespierre* is an unrivalled contribution. From a true dramatic standpoint the first is more interesting. Sumptuousness instead of simplicity, show instead of meaning, are heavy weights on the drama of to-day; and Sir Henry Irving, by his immense skill and imagination as a pictorial producer, has encouraged this tendency. It may be doubted, for instance, whether Miss Julia Arthur's distressing exhibition of clothes, diamonds, painted boards, bad actors and helpless management, now being seen at the Broadway Theatre, is not directly traceable to her experience in Sir Henry's company. Let us get away from this, however, to the truly great side of the man and of his art. He has been constant, creative, generous and catholic in his whole career. To-day he stands with a reputation higher than that of any living English-speaking actor. His art is as firm if not firmer than ever. Years have enriched him spiritually, while they have robbed so many artists. He was received with an outburst of gratitude and affection on this side of the Atlantic which meant that, while the reward of genius and high endeavour may be slow, when it comes it is a far more touching happiness than the satisfactions of those who are content with a low and sure success. If he had given us only *Robespierre* it would have been harder to feel the full measure of his deserts. But he has also put on *The Bells* again, which is in itself a strong and striking drama, and in which his work shows a combination of extreme subtlety, sheer power and sad beauty which put it on a pinnacle of real greatness. He has given a one-act play by Conan Doyle called *Waterloo,* in which the actor draws the portrait of an old soldier with the pictorial precision and fulness of some Dutch painting genius. He has given us an opportunity to see Miss Ellen Terry turning the pseudo-poetic into poetry in *The Amber Heart,* and exhibiting in *Nance Oldfield* that dashing charm, quick, honest impulse, grace, sincerity, unconscious taste, which have made her by far the best loved and most renowned actress that England has produced in our day. Her memory is more recalcitrant than it was; her movements have a trifle less quicksilver in them; but when all allowance is made for the hand of time, she stands there as the very genius of happy and beautiful comedy, comedy touching tender sentiment at one end and farce at the other. Anything more wholly charming than this little one-act play, in which she

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is in turn the gaily capricious actress, the woman with a heart and even with self-abnegation, and the artist throwing herself, half in sport, half in earnest, into Beatrice or Berenice, explaining to the poet with a gesture and a smile and hardly a word the kind of spirit that his words should breathe in his final act—anything more winning, beautiful and lovable than all this the stage does not offer. Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry go back in a few months, very likely never to see us again. The kind of remembrance they leave behind them should be an inspiration and a guide to the younger artists who may hope to take their place. If it inspire some of them to stand for beauty and freedom, not for servitude and narrow opportunity, it will have done much.

The Children of the Ghetto has been almost a failure in New York, not because it deserved to be, but because the author had a peculiar talent for making himself obnoxious. Mr. Zangwill has gifts. His play is very nearly a great play. It certainly has higher qualities, not only literary, but dramatic, than we are accustomed to see in the English drama of the day. It was put upon the stage admirably by Mr. Herne, and was sufficiently well acted. Even though its theme may have been too high and austere for the present popular taste, its picturesque qualities would have seemed enough to give it a fairly long life. But Mr. Zangwill by his conceited honesty had earned the ill will of almost every critic and almost every manager in New York. This was too much for his play to fight against. Had it been an enormous money maker in its own nature, like *The Christian*, it could have triumphed over every obstacle, but being only a high work of art, with fair popular elements, it was unable to survive the harm done it by the author's indiscriminate condemnation of everything dramatic in this neighbourhood, implied glorification of himself, and obvious advertising desires, and the lack of tact shown by his management. It may be a sad thing that success should depend so largely on facts like these, but it does.

Norman Hapgood.

CONTEMPORARY GERMAN LITERATURE.

VI.—HERMANN SUDERMANN'S "THE THREE HERON-FEATHERS."

I hear the dirge of beauty sped, and faith
  Astray in space and time's far archways lost,
Till life itself becomes a tenuous wraith,
  A wandering shade whom wandering shades accost.

Their light, sad plaint I hear who thus divine
  The future, counselling that all is done—
Naught left for art's sweet touch—but to refine,
  For courage—but to face the setting sun.

Stedman's lines in his *Fin de Siècle* indicate the change that has been taking place within the last decades in the artistic striving of Germany. The effort of the extreme realistic school to force art into the service of science has clashed with the older classic view, which found the final content of art in the refining of life. Out of this conflict has gradually arisen a new conception of the province of art, or, more concisely stated, the ideal purpose of art has been formulated in the concepts of the real by the artistic consciousness. Schiller's point of view has been superseded by Goethe's. Art has a mission, but it does not preach. It strives for an ideal, but it does not set up an ideal to which it attempts to adapt life. On the other hand, however, art is not content with the mere depicting of the realistic elements of life. In its depicting it rather seeks to lead to that higher

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conception of life in which the realities of human existence reveal themselves as the reflection of an eternal, harmonious reality infusing and yet transcending the world of appearances. The keynote of contemporary German art is therefore ethical transcendentalism, and its purpose to satisfy the longing of "the soul of man, forever eddying like its source." Grabbe's Faust exclaims: "Once there was a God, but He was broken into pieces, and we are but these pieces—speech and woe—love, sorrow and religion are naught but dreams of Him." From this despairing cry on the one hand, from the conceits of Heyse and the trivialities of the French school on the other, from the succeeding pessimism of Ibsen, Zola, and the naturalistic movement, German art has been struggling to escape. We note the effort, passionate almost in its intensity, to give expression to that new ethical ideal whose unborn existence is proclaimed as the cause of all the unrest in modern life and the birth of which can alone justify the throes that tremble through the social order. In the field of literature, it is particularly the drama in its two chief representatives, Hauptmann and Sudermann, where we are permitted to trace the gradual union of the idealistic and the realistic principles. In Hauptmann's development the turning-point is sharply defined in his dream-poem, *Hännele;* in Sudermann's it is less clearly, yet sufficiently marked in the *Morituri.* The trend toward the idealistic is still more apparent in Sudermann's *John, the Baptist,* written next after the *Morituri,* and it is along the lines of the latter drama that Sudermann advances in his latest drama, *The Three Heron-Feathers,* published and played the winter past. The influence of Hauptmann's *The Sunken Bell* is at once apparent in this latest production not merely in the poetic idea, but also in the means adopted to give it expression. The spirit animating Hauptmann's drama comes to expression in the lines beginning:

> Ich bin der Sonne ausgesetztes Kind,
> Das heim verlangt . . .

and in similar words, Prince Witte in the *Three Heron-Feathers* is made to exclaim:

Ich bin der Sehnsucht nimmermüder Sohn.

In both dramas we find the same central problem: a striving for an ideal strongly felt, but vaguely conceived, with a moral and ethical breakdown of the individual resulting from his inability to reconcile the inner life with the outer, and death coming not as the tragic, but as the peace-restoring element. It must, however, be admitted that the treatment of rhythm and language, so finely adapted by Hauptmann to the development of the poetic idea, becomes often mechanical and even stilted and strained in the *Three Heron-Feathers* of Sudermann. He evidently lacks the sensitive touch so much admired in Hauptmann. *The Three Heron-Feathers,* furthermore, confirm what has been more or less evident in all his previous dramas—namely, Sudermann's inability to develop a character. In the best drama he has given us, *Home* (*Magda*), the almost marvellous technique of the exposition compensates to such an extent for this lack of character-drawing that it is not felt until after repeatedly reading or hearing the play. Only in *John, the Baptist* has the dramatist attempted to depict the actual, crucial change in a dramatic character, and here he has singularly failed; for few will be able to follow the poet in his constructive solution of the problem or to accept the motivation presented in the effect upon John of that single word "Love!" as it trembles in the atmosphere from the mouth of the Nazarene zealot. This dead-level, upon which, as a rule, the characters of Sudermann's dramas move, is perhaps the greatest fault of *The Three Heron-Feathers,* inasmuch as we are offered no adequate compensation through the exposition, as is the case in *Home.* Until the close of the drama we are left in the dark in respect to the change that has evidently taken place in Prince Witte when he first appears upon the scene. From this appearance until his death he remains the same, a man impelled by the longing for some vague ideal, concerning which he cannot (nor even seriously attempts to) account to himself—a man without the attributes of manhood, such as Hölderlin has depicted in his *Hyperion* or Novalis in his *Hyacinth*—without even the redeeming qualities of these creations of the romantic school.

Prince Witte has been saved by the uncouth Lorbass from the murderous in-

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trigues of his dead father's illegitimate son, Widwolf. The young Witte is reared in secret by Lorbass, and in their travels the two finally come to the coast of Samland, to the "burial-woman." Prince Witte is by her promised the fairest of women if he will off to the distant Northland, where a Heron is worshipped as God, and return from thence having plucked three feathers from the bird's plumage, a motive that, by the way, is used throughout the drama in the same manner as Hauptmann uses the three draughts of wine in the final act of *The Sunken Bell*. Lorbass remains behind with the "burial-woman" to help her dig the graves in the sands of the ocean. This we learn from the exposition. Prince Witte now returns, having secured the three heron-feathers. Of the "burial-woman" he demands the fulfilment of her promise, though the faithful Lorbass urges him to be content with his achievement, to destroy the feathers, and not to put himself beneath the spell of the old woman. But Prince Witte insists that the way be shown him to gain the one woman for whom even as he drinks he shall thirst with longing; in whom he shall appear to himself as the herald of all that is great; for whose words of counsel and encouragement his soul shall hunger; in whom shall be united passion and purity; who shall not disdain to beg with him, and whose love shall rise triumphant over death. And then he is told that if he burn the first of the three feathers, her figure shall appear to him in the fading light; if he burn the second in solitude, she shall again appear to him "sleep-walking" and he be united to her in love; but if he burn the third, she must die, though until the third feather be burned he shall ever stretch out his arms in longing for her. The prince at once sacrifices the first feather, and in the heavens he sees a majestic, veiled figure, dimly outlined, passing along the horizon. Soon the apparition fades away, and Prince Witte, seized by an unconquerable longing to find the real represented by this shadowy ideal, sets forth with Lorbass to search the world in quest thereof. The first act closes with the boding words of the "burial-woman" bidding the two go forth and struggle until, tired and wearied, they shall return to her to be put to rest in her "garden."

Witte and Lorbass reach the court of the Queen of Samland at the moment when Widwolf, Duke of Gotland, has appeared with his piratical followers to do battle for the hand of the widowed queen, and when her champions refuse to meet this fierce claimant in single combat. At first Witte remains unmoved by the beauty of the queen or the taunts of Widwolf, who recognises in him the rightful heir to the throne he has usurped. Preoccupied with the thoughts of his quest, Witte turns to leave the audience chamber, when the queen addresses herself to him and beseeches his protection. This he may grant, but may not accept her hand, for

I am the child of longing, ever restless;
Her birthmark, secret, on my body bear.
Until I've purged and cleansed myself thereof,
Thou mayst indeed say: Come and die for me!
But never mayst thou say: Remain!

Never, she replies, shall word or action of hers lure him from his heart's desire. But there is a secret luring that will make itself felt in his own heart and when, tired of foot and wearied of soul, his steps shall falter, then shall he know where his home may be found:

For with naught would I urge you to tarry here,
Alone with the whisper that sounds in your ear:
Man's longing seeks ever a resting-place.

The queen then takes oath to wed whomsoever shall conquer, and the two antagonists go forth to combat. Hans Lorbass remains behind, and from the sound of the blows given and received, he knows that his master is not with heart and soul in the combat. A shout announces the victory of Widwolf, and Lorbass rushes forth to save Prince Witte. He falls upon the victor, and with the aid of the followers of the queen forces him and his retainers to flight. Witte is carried in sorely wounded, and is tenderly cared for by the queen. Amid the general confusion, the chancellor charges Lorbass with subversion of the laws of the land and breach of all order. To which comes the latter's reply, as the apotheosis of individualism:

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And I would tell you, sir, myself, I am the
Right!
I bear it on my sword's sharp point,
I bear it here beneath my bonnet,
I give it in my master's name,
Who gave for it both dream and fame,
This land as sacred heritage.

With the half-unconscious words of Witte, "I would away from here," and the prophetic reply of Lorbass, "If you are able," the second act closes.

The third and fourth acts bring the mental and moral breakdown of Prince Witte. For he has married the queen and, having married her not as victor, but as vanquished in his fight with Widwolf, he feels only that he has sacrificed the ability to satisfy his longing without being entitled to that which he may have gained. Hypochondriac brooding supersedes his former ecstatic striving, and the crown becomes a burden, impatiently borne and yet churlishly retained. The councillors of the kingdom look askance at him, the more because in all well-meant advice or mediation he sees but the veiled rebuke for the breach of the country's law. And thus even the queen's young son becomes an object of ill-concealed hatred, inasmuch as he alone seems fully entitled to the throne. Vaguely, however, Prince Witte realises what he has gained, though he lacks the mental and moral strength to mould it into his life. The patient suffering, the loving kindness and the gentle womanhood of the queen repel him as much as they hold him fast, and he finds himself in a bondage whose fetters he has neither the strength to break nor the force of character to utilise for higher purposes. One evening Hans Lorbass finds him in moody despair, and advises him to flee from the land. But how shall he learn to hope anew or whence regain his former joy of striving? Then Lorbass reminds him of the talisman that he possesses in the remaining heron-feathers. Heretofore the thought that the destruction of the second feather will but leave him stretching his arms in longing for his ideal, whereas the destruction of the third will induce the death of her who embodies it, has prevented him from having recourse to these. Now he bids Lorbass quit the chamber, and then burns the second feather. At once the queen enters, sleep-walking: "Called you me not?" But Witt does not realise that it is she who embodies his ideal, and in his vindictive anger at being disturbed, he wakes her with the cruel accusation that she has been spying on him and has purposely broken the charm. He accuses her of having made him what he now is—the mere semblance of a man; he taunts her with her love, and flings into her face the bitter words: "Your sport, your love-drink, and your slumber-draught!" And in contrast to this the supreme, self-effacing love of the queen, the fullest appreciation of his suppressed nobility and her uncomplaining resignation:

But now I give you willingly of all the gifts
The last one that remains to me to give:
Your freedom. . . . Take it and believe: I
love you well!
For I would know you smiling and so radiant,
So heaven-high above all dark necessitude—
Or here or in some lands afar and strange,
It matters naught!—your will in eagle flight
Up to the light so straightway range,
That in the darkness of my solitude
Its reflex shall cast overjoyous light!

For a brief moment Witte is touched and seems to feel the nearness of his heart's longing. But the queen knows him better than he knows himself:

Thus sit we two here, hand in hand,
And silent in our union as the third
Sits misery!

Outside in the garden the queen's maidens are singing and swinging in the moonlight. Wearied of the long soul struggle, calmed for the moment, the prince falls asleep, and as she bends lovingly over him the queen feels that for this evening only is he hers and that on the morrow she must lose him.

And what she foresees comes to pass. The moment of inner peace is followed by dissatisfaction and despair all the greater, so that to silence the inner voice that cries for action, Witte gives himself up to riotous living. For six months he lives apart from his wife in a secluded tower of the castle, shut out from the world, and shocks his subjects with the nightly orgies in which he there indulges. Even the favourite maid-in-waiting of the queen, Unna Goldhair, falls a prey to his dissipation. In the mean time Widwolf

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has gathered a new army, invaded the land, surrounded the castle, and now threatens to put man, woman and child to the sword, unless Witte and his armour-bearer, Lorbass, be delivered to him. A respite is granted until the following morning, and Cœlestin, the queen's brother, in company with Lorbass, ventures to enter the tower, if perchance they may arouse Witte's manhood into action. But life has grown worthless to him. Dissipation has palled on him and only made him feel the greater disgust at his own existence. He will not even defend his life, and suggests that they deliver him into the hands of the enemy. But of Unna Goldhair he has extracted the promise that when death approaches she will secure the third heron-feather and burn it. In vain the two plead with him, in vain even the little prince is brought in to stimulate the energy of his stepfather with the words his mother has put into his mouth. His appearance only causes Witte to mutter:

> If only you were not—if in this hour
> I fought for what is mine. . . .

Lorbass hears the muttered words, and though he loves the child dearly he decides to kill it, if it is he who stands in the way of his master's recovery. He makes an excuse to be left alone with the child and hardens himself to the deed. The latter, imagining that the actions of the man are those of the rugged warrior who has been his best playmate in the last months, draws the royal sword lying close at hand from its scabbard and, when Lorbass seeks to seize the child, defends himself playfully, wounding him in the hand. Full of contrition at the accident, he drops the sword, tears off his kerchief, and endeavours to stanch the blood. The incident so touches the hardened warrior that he summons all his will-power to carry out his intention. But the child will not be frightened by the fierce looks, for he knows that Lorbass loves him as well as does his father. Lorbass is taken aback by the statement, and inquiring further the reasons for the child's faith, is told that one night Witte had come to the bedside of his stepson, and that the child, fearing his fierce looks, had closed his eyes, pretending sleep. That then his father had bent over him and tenderly imprinted a kiss upon his brow. Overjoyed, Lorbass takes the young prince in his arms. If the king will not fight for the child, then he himself will do so. And leaving the bloody sword lying upon the floor, he carries the child out. The queen, having in the meanwhile heard from Cœlestin the fruitlessness of his mission, herself seeks her husband. Witte is shocked when he sees her amid the surroundings of his debauches, and when, notwithstanding his protestations, she avows her faith in him and requests him to take up the royal sword, he can no longer resist. But as he sees the blood drops on the blade and notes the absence of Lorbass and the young prince, he knows that he is doomed unless indeed a miracle save him. At that moment the enemy storms the castle, and Hans Lorbass rushes in with his charge, commanding the entrance to be barricaded. But Witte at the sight of the child breaks out in a joyful shout, for indeed the miraculous has happened. No gates shall be barred now, but thrown wide open to the enemy. Seizing sword and shield, he meets Widwolf as, with his followers, he enters the chamber, and after a brief combat slays him. Peace is restored, yet Witte can no longer remain. Two things force him to leave: the first, his ideal, the giving up of which has so severely avenged itself; the second, the guilt he has heaped upon his head. Could he remain, then indeed he might be happy and make happy; but he cannot. And thus, loveless and guilt-burdened, he must forth into the world. But the queen will not allow him to depart assuming to himself all the guilt.

> I saw your sorrow, saw the trace
> Of growing grief in wearied face,
> And had but the single thought in my breast:
> How can I cheat him of his quest?
> * * * * *
> Thus, parting, we unite to-day,
> Exchanging smiling—guilt with guilt.

Between the fourth and the fifth act years elapse. Vainly Witte has searched for the ideal promised him by the "burial-woman." Broken in spirit and in body, he returns to the scene of his early enthusiasm—the hut of the "burial-woman." But he has been recognised the night before by a peasant, at whose hut he and Lorbass have slept. The

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queen is informed, and hastens to the seashore.

Amid the graves she finds him despairing of life, despairing of himself, wearied unto death, with but one thought, the thought of what might have been—she his peace! And of this he has been deprived by the magic of the heron-feathers. With a vain longing they have filled him, and, angered, he dooms the fateful woman whom he has ever sought and never found to death. The third feather he casts into the fire. With a sigh the queen sinks to the ground:

> Now you and I are freed
> From ev'ry need . . .
> Have been your lifejoy's breath
> E'en—unto—death.

With the despairing cry, "Was't you? Was't you?" Witte falls upon her dead body and expires, as the "burial-woman" comes forth from one of the graves and lifts him in her arms, crooning over him her song:

> Thus from lust and pain and sin
> Spake I free his soul and pure.
> Both, what'er the past has been,
> Shall no more endure.

A few brief words in regard to the poetic idea of the drama.

When Faust alights on the mountain-heights from the mantel of Helena, he exclaims:

> On sun-illumined pillows, beauteously reclined,
> Colossal, truly, but a godlike woman-form,
> I see! The like of Juno, Leda, Helena,
> Majestically lovely, floats before my sight!
> Ah, now 'tis broken! Towering broad and formlessly,
> It rests along the east like distant icy hills,
> And shapes the grand significance of fleeting days.

When Prince Witte, returning from the Northland, burns the first of the three heron-feathers, a similar apparition shows itself to him in the heavens:

> Flamed round with red, suffused with gentle light.

But Faust has learned to see in the manifestations of existence the reflex of the eternal principle of life, and therefore no new longing for the immediate apprehension of the ideal is aroused in him through the vision fading away in the distance, but rather a more sympathetic appreciation of the humanly active life!

> Yet still there clings a light and delicate band of mist
> Around my breast and brow, caressing, cheering me.

And thus, struggling amid the active duties and privileges of the phenomenal world, Faust finds his salvation. Otherwise with Prince Witte. Similar opportunities as those offered to Faust present themselves to him at the court of Samland. Twice he fails to avail himself of these, and instead of rising to a nobler manhood, which transforms dreams into action, Witte remains what he was. Death alone can free him from his vain longing. The fatalistic quality of human life as presented in the unchangeable nature of character seems to have been the controlling factor in the conception of the drama. And indeed Sudermann himself is partly conscious of this fact, in that he endeavours to mitigate the fatalistic pessimism by sending Hans Lorbass forth upon a mission of redemption:

> So now I accept his heritage:
> Out yonder lies a degenerate land,
> That calls for revenging and rescuing hand,
> That calls for the Right and that calls for the Sword:
> The serf let change to the—lord!

Thus, Lorbass assumes the active duties of life which Witte had neglected. It is hardly necessary to say that this effort to modify the grimness of the fatalism of the play is rather unsuccessful. For the "burial-woman," the very incarnation of the fatalistic principle, awaits all who have felt the sting of disappointment:

> No one touches me,
> 'Less himself and hopes
> Hurt and harmed be.

J. F. Coar.

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A CONFIDENT TO-MORROW

THE novel of adventure is the one form of fiction which, if ably treated, never loses any of its interest for men and women. There are literary fashions and literary fads, and each of these has its day and then its period of temporary decline, to be once more revived in a never-ending cycle, of which the whole history of literature affords most ample illustration. Realism had its vogue in Greece when Euripides dared to set upon the stage both men and women as they really are; but after the time of Euripides there is no more realism in Greek literature, though its influence is felt in other fields, as, for instance, in the field of art among the rhyparographers of Pergamum, with their floors so cleverly defaced with melon rinds and scraps of garbage artfully put in by brushes of an almost Flemish cunning. Realism again had its revival in fiction among the Romans at the time when Petronius wrote his novel; and later, among the historians, when Suetonius accumulated a multitude of trivial or repulsive facts, and gave to his collection the name of realistic history. But down through the ages, romance and realism have played hide-and-seek with one another, and neither has held an uninterrupted sway over the imagination and the mind of those who read.

The story of adventure, however—that is to say, adventure which does not transcend the sphere of the possible, and which therefore has a close relation to actual life—has never for a moment ceased to find its readers. Perhaps this is because it blends together in an artful way the real and the romantic, so that it is neither wholly one nor yet the other, but appeals, in the mind of him who reads, alike to the love of truth and to the love of novelty.

The favourite form of the novel of adventure is found in the story which details the struggle of the individual man for a foothold, a basis, in the world, which is to him the arena where he must stand or fall, where he must conquer or else accept defeat, and where the prizes of success are splendid in proportion as the penalties of failure are intolerable. In other words, the one story that all are glad to read is the story of the untried and unbefriended man who at the beginning of his career goes out to face the world and to wrest from it a living. The topic is infinitely old and at the same time perennially new, since it is the story of every one of us who, on the threshold of manhood, has had to go forth into the great, mysterious and apparently unfriendly world, to fight his way to a position which may perhaps be one of eminence, but which, at the very least, ought to be one of security. It makes no difference what the environment and what the ambition of the hero is. He may be the younger son in *Puss-in-Boots,* or he may be Dick Whittington, whose fortune also turned on the possession of a cat. He may be a knavish *picaro* like Lazarillo de Tormes, or a gawky hireling like Joseph Andrews, or a refined, well-bred and sensitive young novice like Pendennis, or a base, foul-minded *maquereau* like Georges Duroy—no matter who he is or what are his ambitions, or whether the story is a story of failure or a story of success, it is in reality and in its last analysis the history of almost every human life in this one fundamental feature, that it shows us the individual winning his way against obstacles and discouragements and disadvantages, in the same old struggle for existence that has been going on since man first trod upon the earth, and which must continue until our planet shall have ceased to be the abode of human life.

No writer who resorts to such a theme as this and who possesses any knowledge of the world in which he lives and of the conditions that confront the tyro, can fail to interest his readers; for he is sure to touch somewhere unerringly a responsive chord. In the book that is now before us,* the second novel that its author has so far given to the public, it is the fortunes of a young writer that form the subject of the narrative. Frank Sartain, who has had some journalistic experience on the staff of a Topeka daily paper, comes to New York with the promise of

*A Confident To-Morrow. A Story of New York Life. By Brander Matthews. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

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a definite position in a publishing house, and bringing with him the manuscript of a novel by which he hopes to make for himself a name. Sartain has a letter of introduction to the successful novelist, Meredith Vivian; and in calling upon him at his luxurious apartment overlooking the Park, he meets the other principal characters of the story—a young artist named Emerson Adams, superficially a rattlepate, but fundamentally a serious worker in his profession; Vivian's daughter, who is a type of the mannish young woman, and who is familiarly addressed by her friends as "Johnny;" an old engraver named Dircks, half anarchist and half philanthropist, and finally Esther Dircks, who is the heroine of the story, and to whom Sartain is ultimately married.

It is unnecessary to recount the various experiences through which Sartain passes before he attains to something like a permanent success. We do not as a rule believe in retelling an author's story for him, and thereby in advance destroying some of the interest of the book for those who have not already perused it. Moreover, in the case of writers who belong to the school of fiction which Mr. Matthews represents, the story as a story is by no means the chief thing. The higher interest of the book must be found in its delineation of character, in its shrewd and accurate observation, and in the reality of the impression which it gives of life. One cannot, in the first place, avoid comparing it with the first novel from its author's pen, entitled *His Father's Son;* and such a comparison is altogether in favour of the later book. *His Father's Son* was well conceived, but inadequately executed. There was in it a lack of strength and body, there was a certain thinness and meagreness, that left upon the reader's mind only a shadowy understanding of what the author had really hoped to do; and therefore the book is to be classed among those in which an admirable idea has been weakened and marred in its working out.

A Confident To-morrow, on the other hand, is full of good, strong work. Nothing is done in outline, but everything is filled out, so that the whole possesses flesh and blood and life and an insistent veracity. As the world with which it deals is, in the main, the world of letters, Mr. Matthews has worked in much shrewd and most suggestive observation; and here and there in the conversation of the characters a topic is suggested or a thought is introduced so full of meaning as to tantalise the reader by the far too casual way in which it is both taken up and dropped. There is many a paragraph in this book that offers the nucleus and the text for a most fascinating essay; but Mr. Matthews has chosen merely to flash forth his thought and then to hurry on. His own wide knowledge of everything connected with both the practical and the theoretical side of literary life has, however, enabled him so to enrich his pages with a wealth of incident and illustration that entirely apart from the merits of the book as a novel, the literary novice might well accept it as a sort of *gradus* or manual for the intending author.

In the character drawing we are most impressed by the art with which Mr. Matthews has set before us and made us feel the charm of Esther Dircks—a girl of whom no one can read what he has written without experiencing the same curious little feeling of affinity and unrecognised desire that thrilled through Sartain when he first beheld her slim and graceful figure, her dainty hands, her exquisitely sensitive mouth, and her thoughtful, responsive, wonderful eyes. It is rather interesting to see how admirably the author has everywhere succeeded in convincing the reader of this woman's innate fascination, without ever attempting to proclaim it or assert it in description. Almost equally good is his picture of the successful novelist, Vivian, in his luxurious surroundings—the well-preserved, urbane and courteous gentleman, perfectly dressed down to the Greek coin in his scarf, and with that "general air of satisfied success" which all men recognise in those who have it. Not the least interesting part of the book is that in which young Sartain comes to doubt the real greatness of Vivian—when he begins to feel that, after all, there is something lacking both in Vivian's work and in his character, that there is a touch, perhaps, of insincerity, an absence of the vital glow which alone can give enduring power and distinction.

The hero of the story is, to our mind, frankly, a mere stick. Mr. Matthews has so stressed Sartain's greenness and his awk-

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wardness and his general incapacity for doing the right thing at the right time as to make of him an unsympathetic figure. Of course, a certain amount of *gaucherie* is quite in keeping with what one should expect from a young Topekan suddenly thrust into an entirely new environment; but in the course of the book this ought to have worn off, or, at any rate, to have been dominated by other and more attractive qualities. Yet Sartain goes on blundering and blushing and becoming tongue-tied, and exhibiting every possible variety of *Treppenwitz* down to the very end of the story; so that when we suddenly discover, at the last, that the only two interesting girls in the book are dead in love with him, we are, in the first place, utterly disgusted, and in the second place, absolutely unconvinced. Why on earth should either of them have fallen in love with him? And, above all, why should Esther Dircks have cared about him? There is no use arguing this point on behalf of the author, for we simply *know* that in life the thing could not have happened.

The artist, Adams, is a sort of piebald character in that he is sometimes real and sometimes nothing but a dummy. He is real when he is serious, and he is a dummy when he rattles and utters slangy monologues. To be sure, he is a lively, active sort of mannikin, and some of his slangy monologues are not devoid of wit; but in this phase he reminds us irresistibly of Jim Fellows in Mrs. Stowe's *My Wife and I*, and he is just as much of a caricature. As to what he says in his more serious moments, we are bound to say that his talk is very good. For instance, he is walking with Sartain along the Plaza:

> They skirted the Plaza and then turned southward into Fifth Avenue. As Sartain looked down that famous vista, the struggling sun on the horizon broke through and flooded the tops of the tall buildings with glory. The spires of the Cathedral rose white and glistening in the distance against a dark bank of slate-coloured cloud.
>
> "There," cried the artist in delight, "isn't that beautiful?"
>
> "What?" asked Sartain, looking about him in surprise.
>
> "This!" answered Adams, making a broad gesture. "The whole thing! This is what makes life worth living here in New York—this mellow atmosphere and this splendid sunlight."
>
> "I can see what you mean, I think," the newcomer admitted; "there is a certain picturesqueness, and—"
>
> "Picturesqueness!" interrupted the artist vehemently, "of course there's picturesqueness—but there's beauty, too, if you have only eyes to see it. I hope you don't take any stock in that rant of Ruskin's about the country being better than the city? That's all rubbish and tommyrot! A great city is the final achievement of 'this so-called nineteenth century of ours'—and it's the perfect flower of the century, too! If the Greeks didn't have anything like New York now—so much the worse for the Greeks, that's all!" . . .
>
> "Look at that!" cried the artist, waving his hand at the steam which billowed down over the roof of a tall building. "There's another thing the Greeks didn't have—steam! And it is absolutely the most graceful, poetic, fantastic, various, and beautiful thing in the world to-day. Look at that wreath of white cloud as it curls along!—that's worth while, isn't it?" . . .
>
> "Look down there, too!" called Adams as they crossed a side street, at the end of which the sun shone through bars of orange and tawny brown and dark red. "We can do very pretty things down at the ends of the streets when we try. But that's mere Nature—and Nature is never as fine as Art. It needs the suggestion of man's presence to make the landscape really sympathetic. That's why the puff of steam from the hidden locomotive seen from afar in the mountains is so effective; it gives the friendly touch; it strikes the human note. That's the sort of thing I try to put in my pictures—just to make them sing!" . . .
>
> As they walked briskly down the avenue in the setting twilight the electric lights suddenly blazed up, and their path, as it stretched away before them, was picked out in dots of diamond.
>
> "There's another thing the Greeks hadn't—the electric light," Adams broke out again. "Indeed, their greatest deficiency was in artificial illumination. You know the wretched little lamps they had in Pompeii?—feeble things a man couldn't see a joke by."

And when Sartain makes the stock remark that in America life is grimy and sordid and material, Adams very sensibly retorts:

> "Life is always grimy and sordid and material, if you stick your nose into the dirt.

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When the Greeks had a symposium, somebody had to wash up the dishes and throw out the slops. I'm sick of having people talk as if the Greeks lived on nectar and ambrosia. That was food for the gods—and the Greeks themselves were very human."

Some of Vivian's talk is also very good, but we can find space for no more than a single epigram, which runs as follows:

"When you have lived out here longer, you will know that all New Yorkers have come from somewhere else. The New Yorkers who were born in New York have either gone West to earn their living, or else they have gone to Europe to live on their incomes."

A few bits of criticism of no very important nature are suggested by the perusal of the book. First of all, we are inclined to think that Mr. Matthews's well-known admiration for the work of Mr. Howells has led him unconsciously to assimilate some of Mr. Howells's material. For instance, the first chapter of the book before us suggests very strongly the opening of *The World of Chance,* just as the character of Dircks is curiously paralleled by that of the old anarchist in *A Hazard of New Fortunes.* We may suggest, also, that the joke on page 235 ascribed to Dora Vivian and turning upon the thought that some oysters are so large that to eat them seems to be cannibalism, originated with the late Mr. Thackeray. Furthermore, the expression "the most of them struck him as coming to the city" is questionable English, while the use of "deprecated" as an intransitive verb on page 23 is neither English nor authorised American. We doubt also whether any one who was so much a man of the world as Meredith Vivian (that name is much too booky) would have perpetrated the crudity of speaking to Miss Dircks as "Miss Esther," which sounds like a country minister making a pastoral visit. Saddest of all is the fact that Mr. Matthews has allowed the immortal Maison Vauquer to appear as "the Maison Vauquier."

These are minor details, however, and we mention them only because every self-respecting critic is obliged to find a certain amount of fault with any book that comes beneath his critical eye. Taken as a whole, *A Confident To-morrow* is a thoroughly good and well-wrought piece of fiction, full of meaning, and instinct with a profound appreciation of many things which it is well for all of us to know. *Harry Thurston Peck.*

CONTRASTS

The sun-kissed blade and the dull, red rust,
Sweet love and the hate that mars;
Low under our feet the smallest dust,
And over our heads the stars.

Benjamin F. Leggett.

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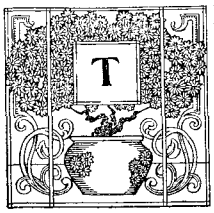
THE FIRST BOOKS OF SOME ENGLISH AUTHORS

IV. Rudyard Kipling.



HE early writings of our famous contemporary, Rudyard Kipling, have been and continue to be a puzzle to collectors and bibliographers. That he as a youthful writer was precocious and prolific there can be no doubt. He was born in December, 1865, and in 1881, before he had completed his sixteenth year, a little book of his verses, *Schoolboy Lyrics,* was privately printed at Lahore by his father, director of the art school there. Rudyard Kipling himself was then at the United Service College, "Westward Ho," at Bideford, in Devon, where he had been about three years, having entered early in 1878. Something of the story of his life there is told in the recently published volume, *Stalky & Co.* In those pages Beetle stands for Kipling himself, and throughout, I believe, there is as much truth as fiction in the events narrated.

During the last year of his stay at "Westward Ho," he was editor of the college paper, the *United Service College Chronicle.* Before he took hold of it only three numbers of the paper had been issued, and those at long intervals. No. I. was issued July 11, 1878; No. II., October 25, 1878, and No. III., February 28, 1879. Though Kipling must have been writing verses during those years, I cannot find that he contributed to these three numbers. The first number issued under his editorship and, so far as I can learn, the first to which he contributed, was No. IV., dated June 30, 1881. There is one poem, *A Legend of Devonshire,* in this number, which is found in part also in *Schoolboy Lyrics.* As there printed it is made up of six stanzas only, of four lines each, while in the *Chronicle* there are eleven stanzas. A comparison of the two shows various alterations in the first part also, and I am confident that the poem as it appears in the privately printed volume was the first form, afterward amplified and altered. In Charles Eliot Norton's "authorised" sketch of the life of Kipling, prefixed to the new edition of his works, we read:

"He became the editor of the school paper, ———. Some of his verses were afterward collected in a little volume, privately printed by his parents at Lahore, with the title *Schoolboy Lyrics.*"

I think that Professor Norton is mistaken, and that these "verses" were written and collected *before* Kipling became editor of the school paper.

Schoolboy Lyrics contains twenty-three poems, filling forty-six pages, besides the title leaf, the verso of which is blank. It seems to have been printed as a twelvemo on two sheets of paper. I have not been fortunate enough to see an uncut copy, if one exists. Trimmed copies vary greatly in size, however. The largest I have seen measures $6\frac{5}{8}$ inches in height by $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches in width. The book was very rudely printed in a newspaper office, and only a small number were printed, probably not more than fifty. They were originally bound in blank, white-paper covers, pasted on at the back. As an afterthought, a cover of coarse, brown paper was supplied, with the lettering "Schoolboy Lyrics, by Rudyard Kipling," on the front, the other pages blank. This cover lettering seems to have been printed with the same types as the title-page. One copy which I have seen has this brown paper cover, which in that copy is about a half inch taller and a quarter inch wider than the book, fastened on only by a blue thread passing through the book between two leaves and then around the back. The book itself, with its blank white cover, is therefore loosely fastened within the brown printed cover. Another copy which I have examined has the brown paper cover pasted on and the whole trimmed uniform. In this copy the front leaf of the white cover has been removed. The book is so extremely rare and has sold for such high prices at auction that I believe I am justified in giving these exact particulars in regard to it. Five copies have thus far been sold at auction. The first, sold in April last, was in the white paper covers only, the front cover containing a drawing by Kipling's father.

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It brought £135. Three copies were sold on July 3 last, all with the brown covers. Two were presentation copies—one from Kipling's mother, with the inscription, "Jeanie from Alice," and the other from his father, with the inscription, "Major A. Harcourt, from J. L. Kipling." These

(Printed for private circulation only).

SCHOOLBOY LYRICS,

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Lahore.

Printed at the "Civil and Military Gazette" Press.

1881.

brought £100 apiece. The third was without presentation interest, and fetched only £76. A fifth copy in brown paper covers, and without any presentation interest, sold on July 28 for £90. Three other copies are to be sold at auction in London the last of this month. Besides these eight, I know of four others.

The poems in the little volume have not as yet, I believe, been reprinted, though it is announced that they will be included in one of the new volumes being added to Scribner's "Outward Bound" edition of Kipling's works.

The poems have little merit. The shortest piece in the volume is perhaps the best.

ROSES.

Roses by babies' rosier fingers pressed
In wondering amazement. Later, youth,
Attired in knickerbockers flings them by
Contemptuously. Lovers' offerings then,
Much kissed and withered. Staid and sober age
In snug, suburban villas rears them last,
The world at large is dowered with their thorns.

Only one of the poems seems to deal with his school life. That will be hailed with interest by the many readers of the Stalky stories. It will be remembered that "Beetle" was always writing verses.

THE DUSKY CREW.

Our heads were rough and our hands were black
With the ink stain's midnight hue;
We scouted all, both great and small,
We were a dusky crew.
And each boy's hand was against us raised,
'Gainst me and the other two.

We chased the hare from her secret lair,
We roamed the woodlands through;
In parks and grounds, far out of bounds,
Wandered our dusky crew.
And the keepers swore to see us pass,
Me and the other two.

And one there was who was light of limb,
Nimble and wary too.
A spirit grim had made of him
Unto our dusky crew.
He fetched and carried for all us three,
For me and the other two.

In secret caves, in the cold, dark earth,
The luscious lettuce grew;
We ate the cress in merriness,
We were a dusky crew.
The radish red gave sweet repast
To me and the other two.

Our lettuces are dead and gone,
Our plans have fallen through;
We wander free in misery,
We are a wretched crew.
For a master's wrath has fallen on us,
On me and the other two.

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He found our cave in the cold, dark earth,
  He crept the branches through;
He caught us all in our Council Hall—
  Caught us, a dusky crew;
To punishment he led us all,
  Led me and the other two.

Our lettuces are dead and gone,
  Our plans have fallen through;
We wander free in misery,
  We are a wretched crew.
Will happiness no more return
  To me and the other two?

I shall now go back to the *United Service College Chronicle* and try to give a list of Kipling's contributions to the paper and some extracts. None of this material, with a single exception, has ever before, so far as I know, been reprinted. In identifying his contributions, I have been assisted by one of his fellow-pupils and by a letter from his old Head Master, Mr. Cornwell Price, to whom *Stalky & Co.* is dedicated.

Kipling seems to have been editor of the paper from No. IV. to No. X., and all these numbers contain contributions from his pen. No. IV. was issued June 30, 1881, and begins with a long editorial, urging his fellow-pupils to help support the paper by sending contributions. It is, so far as we know, his first piece of printed prose, and is in part as follows:

We purpose therefore in penning the *Chronicle* to keep account of the incidents that go to make up our terms, to open our columns to every one—for a paper really to represent School opinion must embody the ideas of the whole community, to suggest improvements, and growl at whatever may strike us as growlable at. Our parents have the privilege of writing to the *Times*. Let us write to the *Chronicle*. Have we spiked ourselves upon a nail in the form? Let us indite burning letters to the Editor, depicting the atrocity of form-spiking. Are our studies draughty? Let us weary the College with appeals for Sandbags. Ought alterations to be made in the Pavilion or elsewhere? Is anything easier than to point out the required improvements to the world at large? Are we convinced nature has created us poets of the highest order? All things must have a beginning; deign to submit to the Editor your effusions; and, to copy the words of a handbill, "All shall receive prompt attention." The summer term has begun, surely some embryo Savant could favour us with his observations on the habits of some bird or beast in the neighborhood. Take the cat, for instance: Why do they gambol at such unearthly hours just under the dormitory windows? By what manner of means are they able to avoid the soap dishes hurled at them? By setting our minds at rest upon this point, society would be benefited, and missiles thrown with a surer aim for the future. But seriously there is a great deal to note in the course of three months, and doubtless many ideas on those events worthy to be handed down to posterity. It is our intention to make the *Chronicle* as readable and concise an epitome of these as we can, looking to every boy in the school to help us. Let fellows clearly understand that the notions of some two or three *cannot* represent those of an entire school, and if they happen to be struck with a happy thought, it is just as easy to hand it in to us in black and white as to dismiss it from their minds with the death sentence of "Too much grind."

In *Stalky & Co.* Kipling tells us that once installed as editor, "he discovered, as others have done before him, that his duty was to do the work while his friends criticised." He tried another appeal, however, in No. VIII., in an editorial, from which I take the following:

It is not enough to write hasty notes on existing abuses or objectionable fellows; what we require is carefully thought-out, original matter, free from personalities, and interesting to all, and we feel sure that there is a sufficiency of native talent in our midst to make this paper as readable to outsiders as any school production can hope to be. Unfortunately, the greater part of us have an idea that the numbers of the *Chronicle* can be called into existence without any human agency beyond an occasional notice, and consequently, in their desire not to interfere with what they regard as a law of nature, leave us sternly alone. We would wish it to be distinctly understood that we are not evolved from the unseen—like dinner—nor, like Topsy, do we grow. If there is nothing to print, Wilson doesn't print it, and we languish.

Wilson, I may perhaps unnecessarily note, was the Bideford printer. His name is given as "Randall" in *Stalky & Co.*

Besides the editorial article, No. IV. contains the following contributions, which I ascribe to Kipling:

1. Life in the Corridor.

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2. Concernynge Swaggers.

These are capital sketches of school life, the second especially so, being written throughout in Elizabethan English. I cannot resist quoting his description of one, his own, variety of "swaggers."

There cometh second, the swagger of the fool, which exciteth laughter, but therewithal pitying. For he who swaggereth essaies after some sort to be always funnie. It is plague beyond endurance to hear the funnie person when he poketh funne. Bye and bye, boys come to love him not, and his wiles wherewith he excited merriment become stale, and certain stories which he telleth have been heard aforetime. Then indeed his actions are strange, with antick wavings of the legs and armes, alle done to raise laughing.

He who swaggereth in the swagger of the fool continues so to the end of his daies, whereas there is hope for the boy-manne, seeing young fowles crowe in like fashion ere they be cockes.

Then, after describing other varieties of the animal, he says:

Verilie, mine own swagger is the vanitie of the foole, strivinge in vaine to raise laughter.

3. A Legend of Devonshire. In verse. Altered and amplified, apparently, from the version printed in *Schoolboy Lyrics*.

4. The Excursion. In verse. Giving an account of a "desultory stroll" of a "lower-third-form sinner" on an afternoon holiday. The following specimen stanza is perhaps the best:

I chase their stilt-legged offspring from the mares,
Hurl sundry rocks at sundry wretched ponies,
Disturbed some rodents (which were really hares,
But verse will have them "conies";)
Beguiled the sheep with scraps of bread and smiling,
Then scared their simple souls with stones and sticks—
A sure and certain method of beguiling
The time from two to six.

No. V. of the *Chronicle* is dated July 23, 1881. It contains three articles, which we ascribe to Kipling:

1. Life in the Studies. A sketch of college life, in prose.

2. De Profundis. A Ballade of Bitternesse. In verse. Telling of the misfortunes of the school after the promulgation of the order, "All cooking is absolutely forbidden in studies henceforth." The following stanza will show that the hardship was not without its benefits also:

We, once that were bloated with brewing,
We, once that were broad of the beam,
Are utterly changed and eschewing
All pleasures of junket and cream.
We, once that awakened in sorrow,
In heaviness, nausea, and night,
Sleep calm through the dark to the morrow,
Through silence to light.

3. The Pillow-fight. A poem, signed "I. N. O."

No. VI. is dated November 1, 1881. It contains four pieces, probably by Kipling:

1. Birds of Passage. In prose. A sketch of the tourists who haunt Bideford in the summer-time and of the native eager to point out places of interest and to tell the tourists strange stories about them. The author seems to have been reading *Sartor Resartus*.

From slum to hedge-row rises Rascaldom, rustic, discursive, imaginative, ready for the shilling that rewards its piled-up fiction.

Black-coated some, sons of the soil, horny-handed of a truth, but scorners of no beer-gaining lie, children shrill-voiced and unwashen, these construct for the stranger history garbled, trebly implicated, quaint and picturesque withal, but even of histories, unreliable. On our side, we watch him from afar—he is a new interest, a bird of passage, human, hotel-haunting, other than we and our neighbours; a thing new, to be stared at, pondered over, criticised in many voices, a bone of contention, grateful as an Angel of Discord to trouble the flat pool of School-living. Rascaldom thrives by him and his simpleness; we, like Rascaldom, thrive also; food for the mind is ours, trousered, hatted, coated, booted, large or little, many-faced, of all dispositions.

2. O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint. In prose. A capital burlesque of the prospectus of a rival school—the Kingsley School—just established in Bideford.

3. Index Malorum. A poem in the metre of *In Memoriam*.

4. A Mistake. By R*****t B******g.

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Of the two hundred fellows at School
I'm no fool,
So I flatter myself, yet confess
My cunning is less
Than a new boy's, whose virulent blows
Brought blood to my nose.

When the term was young at its birth,
And no dearth
Of money perplexed us, I saw,
Bear-sullen and raw,
A new boy, uncombed and uncouth,
An ink-spotted youth;

Whose visage, suggestive of woe,
Attracted me so
That I went to him full of good feeling,
An angel of healing
Self-appointed, and said, " 'Tis relief
To pour out one's grief

To one whose experience immense
Has given him sense."
He, drying his eyes on his cuff,
Pluckt heart up, enough
To answer, all snivel and snuffling:
"Some beggars were scuffling

And hurt him" (I think 'twas his knee
Suffered most in the spree),
Then fled. Now, it chanced I'd a share
In that little affair,
Hit some one, who knows? Did I care
For the how, when or where?

Then I asked him, "Describe me this youth
With spirit and truth;"
He produced a description, full, fervid,
In speech unreservéd,
Of myself as I stood at the time
Of that Corridor crime;

Wound up his long speech with a vow
(I've forgotten it now—
The words in their fulness and flavour)
To instruct in behaviour
The person who smote him; then I,
With eagle-grey eye,

In manner most melodramatic
Transfixed the lunatic,
And said, "I am he, do your worst,
O Urchin accursed!"
And he glared at me hard for a space,
Then full in my face

Threw himself. Laying hold of my throat,
He fixed there and smote—
Tho' I beat on his head with my fist
He would not desist;

This continued, not much to my glory.
To finish my story—

I was pummelled, kicked, scratched, torn, and smitten,
Bemauled and bebitten,
Till I gave up the field, and departed,
Upset and downhearted.

With a new boy you don't know, don't quarrel,
Is my long-winded anecdote's moral.

No. VII. is dated December 5, 1881. It contains only two pieces, which I ascribe to Kipling:

1. The first section of TOLD IN THE DORMITORY. A narrative in verse, written in the style of Tennyson's *Princess*. It ran through three numbers.

2. WAYTINGE.

Waytinge! wearilie waytinge,
Here by the Fives' Court wall,
When the miste comes over the Burrowes,
And the Daye is beginning to fall,
And the Sea and the Sandes and the Shingles
Are hid in the shudderinge Pall.

Waytinge! wearilie waitinge,
While the dead Leaves flutter and flee,
While the Locke-uppe Bell is ringinge,
And drearilie moanes the Sea.
Has hee eaten the Buns and the Biscuits
I told him to get for my Tea?

Waitinge! wearilie waytinge!
Torn of an inward Paine!
While Nighte comes o'er the Hil side
Borne in a Guste of Raine.
I am wearie at Heart of Waytinge:
Robinson, bringe me a Caine.

No. VIII. is dated March 20, 1882. It is perhaps the most interesting number, and besides the editorial from which I have already quoted contains six articles, almost undoubtedly from Kipling's pen:

1. The first part of IBBETSON DUN, a story of Devonshire.

2. FABLES FOR THE YOUNG. These might have formed a part of Eugene Field's *Primer*.

3. The second part of TOLD IN THE DORMITORY.

4. ROMANCE AND REALITY. In verse.

5. THE KNIGHT ERRANT. In verse.

6. AVE IMPERATRIX. In verse. Said to have been reprinted in the *Youth's Companion*.

In No. VIII. also occurs the account

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of the Holiday "Pastimes" which took place the preceding December. Sheridan's *The Rivals* was acted by members of the school, Kipling taking the part of Sir Anthony Absolute, Beresford (the original of Stalky) the part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and Dunsterville (the original of McTurk) that of Mrs. Malaprop. This is said to have been Kipling's first and last appearance on the "boards." One of the original programmes of that entertainment, perhaps the only one existing, is owned by an enthusiastic Kipling collector in New York City.

No. IX. is dated June 3, 1882. I ascribe five articles in this number to the editor:

1. HINTS ON FOOTBALL. It is well known that as a schoolboy Kipling took no interest in athletics, partly, perhaps, on account of being near-sighted. After telling, in a burlesque of the style of the Light Science "Playbooks," how to dress for the game, and giving some instructions in regard to it, he tells how to preserve the ball from season to season, as follows:

> After the winter season is over carefully empty the Footballs with an air-pump (any three and sixpenny playbook of sciences will tell you how to make one), take out the India-rubber bladders, lock them up under patent Chubb, thief-detector, pneumatic locks. (These can be got at any village ironmonger's for a few pence.) Grease the leathers, inside and out, with vaseline, lip salve, cherry tooth paste, weak gum water, cold cream, pomade and bandoline fixature, wrap them up in any soft substance (three-pile velvet is the best and cheapest) and lay them by till wanted. To prevent moths, take camphor and muslin in equal proportions and tie them up together, etc.

2. A second section of IBBETSON DUN. Although ending with "To be continued," none of the other numbers contains the concluding chapters.

3. A second series of FABLES FOR THE YOUNG.

4. A third instalment of TOLD IN THE DORMITORY.

5. THE WORST OF IT.

> The Jampot—tender thought!
> I grabbed it;—so did you—
> "What wonder, while we fought
> Together, that it flew
> In shivers," you retort.
>
> You should have loosed your hold
> One moment; checked your fist—
> But, as it was—too bold,
> You grappled—and you missed.
> (More curtly—you were sold!)
>
> "But neither of us shared
> The dainty"—*That* your plea?
> Well, neither of us cared,
> I answer—Let me see
> How have your trousers fared?

No. X., dated July 24, 1882, seems to have been the last number edited by Kipling, though he contributed to several later numbers. He seems to have written only one article for this number. This, a poem in Devonshire dialect, has the title DONEC GRATUS ERAM.

When Kipling left the school and sailed for India in August, 1882, he was less than seventeen years of age. No. XI. of the *Chronicle,* issued October 28, 1882, apparently contained nothing by him, but No. XII., dated December 11, 1882, contained a poem, FOLLICULAR TONSILITIS. This had been printed the year before in *Schoolboy Lyrics,* under the title *The Song of the Sufferer,* and a note there stated that it was "written when ill with fever and sore throat." One line is much altered and there are two other minor changes.

The next number of the *Chronicle* to contain anything by Kipling, so far at least as I can identify his work, is No. XVI., of October 15, 1883, where I find a poem, THE SONG OF THE EXILES, written from Lahore, and signed "Gigs." This was Kipling's real nickname at the school, and not "Beetle," as it appears in the Stalky stories.

In No. XVIII., dated March 28, 1884, there is a poem, ON FORT DUTY, signed "Z. 54 R.A.," and in No. XXI., dated October 30, 1884, there is another, THE RIDE OF THE SCHOOLS, signed "N. W. P." Both of these are undoubtedly by Kipling.

The only set of the *United Service College Chronicle* which has thus far been offered at public sale brought £101 at Sotheby's in July of this year. That set was not complete (it lacked the first three and several late numbers), but the catalogue stated that no number was wanting "that could add further to every part he took in the life of the school." Although the catalogue also stated that it

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was supposed to be the only set existing containing all the Kipling numbers, two or three others have since come upon the market, and three other sets, all more or less imperfect, are to be sold at auction in London the last of this month. Meanwhile, in India Kipling had been working on the *Civil and Military Gazette,* and in the pauses of the routine office work writing poetry. Some of this, like much of his earlier attempts, was in the form of parodies on the work of living poets. In 1884 he collected some of these parodies, together with eight pieces by his sister Beatrice (for his father, mother and sister were also writers), and had them printed in a little volume of seventy-two pages, not including title leaf, issued in a brown paper cover, with the title *Echoes By Two Writers.* Our facsimile is of the front cover slightly reduced. The title-page has only the words "Echoes By Two Writers," and a quotation.

To his Alma Mater he sent a copy of *Echoes,* with the following inscription signed "Rudyard Kipling":

To
"My very noble and approved good masters."

Placetne, Domini?—in far Lahore
I wait your verdict, 'mid the palms & roses,
Much as I did those judgments writ of yore
Upon my "Proses."

Blue-pencil X's when constructions queer
Ran riot down the inky, thumb-marked page;
And wondrous words that moved too oft, I fear,
Your righteous rage.

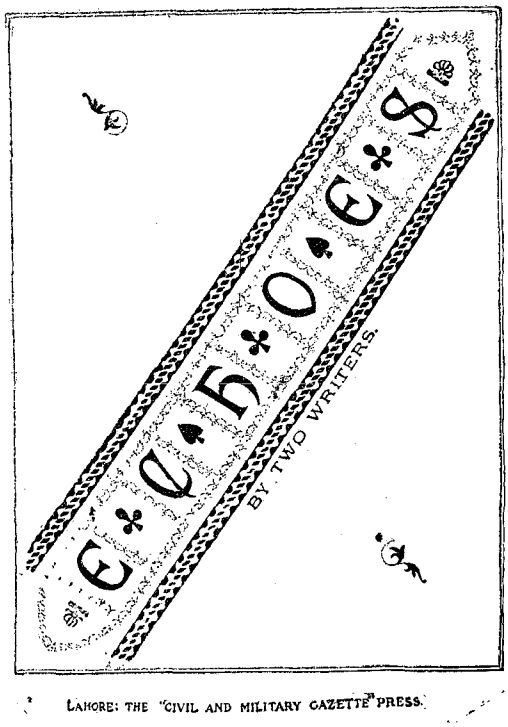
Red-pencil marks when half a dozen rules,
Smashed at one stroke, broke down your patience too,
And left me, in the silence of the Schools,
With "lines to do."

These were your judgments—well-deserved enough
By one who daily scorned his Latin Primer—
What is your verdict on the latest stuff
Sent by this rhymer?

Placetne, Domini?—'neath India's sky
I wait your answer, laymen and divines;
And, as of old, upon your table I
"Show up my lines."

Schoolboy Lyrics does not seem to have been noticed in any contemporary journal, and it is doubtful if *Echoes* received more than a bare notice, if so much, anywhere else than in the College paper. There, in the number for July 2, 1886, is found an interesting review, in part, as follows:

Although no name appears on the title-page, we are not betraying any confidence when we assign the authorship of the greater part of



this work to Rudyard Kipling, to whose ready pen our *Chronicle* was so much indebted in days gone by. As the title implies, a considerable part of the volume consists of parodies of well-known poets, but, besides these, there are several original compositions of no ordinary merit; indeed, it is seldom that we find in so young a poet so much power compressed into so small a space.

* * * * *

Echoes is itself very rare, though there were probably a larger number printed than of the *Schoolboy Lyrics.* It has been sold at private sale for about $250.

The next year, 1885, he contributed several articles to *The Quartette, the*

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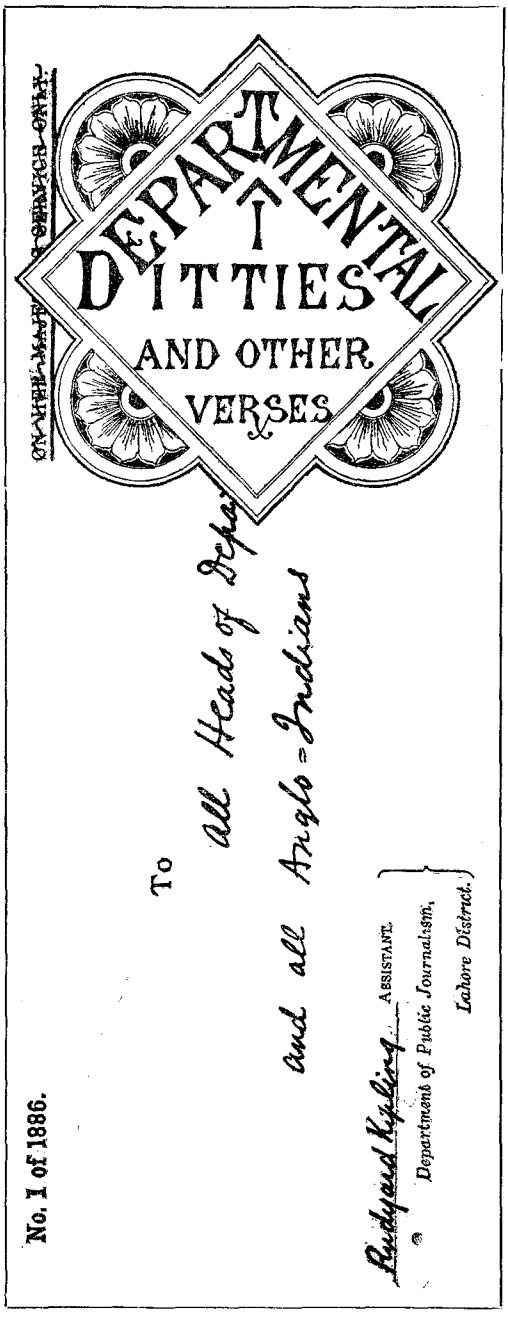

Christmas Annual of the Civil and Military Gazette, and the year following, 1886, published the first edition of his *Departmental Ditties, and Other Verses*, which he has himself described as his "first book." After telling how the verses were printed in the newspaper, he goes on to say:

Men in the Army and the Civil Service and the Railway wrote to me saying that the rhymes might be made into a book. Some of them had been sung to the banjos round camp-fires, and some had run as far down coast as Rangoon and Moulmein, and up to Mandalay. A real book was out of the question, but I knew that Rukn-Din [the foreman] and the office plant were at my disposal at a price, if I did not use the office time. Also, I had handled in the previous year a couple of small books [*Echoes* and *The Quartette*], of which I was part owner, and had lost nothing. So there was built a sort of a book, a lean, oblong docket, wire-stitched, to imitate a D. O. Government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper, and secured with red tape. It was addressed to all heads of departments and all Government officials, and among a pile of papers would have deceived a clerk of twenty years' service. Of these "books" we made some hundreds, and as there was no necessity for advertising, my public being to my hand, I took reply-postal cards, printed the news of the birth of the book on one side, the blank order-form on the other, and posted them up and down the Empire from Aden to Singapore, and from Quetta to Colombo. There was no trade discount, no reckoning twelves as thirteens, no commissions, and no credit of any kind whatever. The money came back in poor but honest rupees, and was transferred from the publisher, the left-hand pocket, direct to the author, the right-hand pocket. Every copy sold in a few weeks, and the ratio of expenses to profits, as I remember it, has since prevented my injuring my health by sympathising with publishers who talk of their risks and advertisements. The down-country papers complained of the form of the thing. The wire binding cut the pages, and the red tape tore the covers. This was not intentional, but Heaven helps those who help themselves. Consequently, there arose a demand for a new edition, and this time I exchanged the pleasure of taking in money over the counter for that of seeing a real publisher's imprint on the title-page. More verses were taken out and put in, and some of that edition travelled as far as Hong-Kong on the map, and each edition grew a little fatter, and, at last, the book came to London with a gilt top and a stiff back, and was advertised in the publishers' poetry department.

But I loved it best when it was a little brown baby with a pink string round its stomach; a child's child, ignorant that it was afflicted with all the most modern ailments; and before peo-

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ple had learned, beyond doubt, how its author lay awake of nights in India, plotting and scheming to write something that should "take" with the English public.

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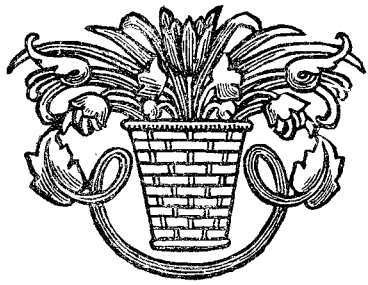
Luther S. Livingston.



TO RUDYARD KIPLING

Prophet of brawn and bravery!
Bard of the fighting man,
You have made us kneel to a God of Steel,
And to fear His church's ban;
You have taught the song that the bullet sings—
The knell and the crowning-ode of kings;
The ne'er-denied appeal!

Prophet of brain and handicraft!
Bard of our grim machines!
You have made us dream of a God of Steam
And have shown what His worship means,
In the clanking rod and the whirring wheel,
A life and a soul your songs reveal,
And power and might supreme.

Bard of the East and mystery!
Singer of those who bow
To the earthen clods which they call their gods,
And with God-like fees endow;
You have shown that these heed not the suppliant's plea,
Nor the prayers of the priest and devotee,
Nor the vestal's futile vow.

Singer, we ask what we cannot learn
From our wise men and our schools:
Will our offered slain from our gods obtain
But the old reward of fools?
Will our man-made gods be like their kind?
If ye bow to a clod of clay inshrined,
Will we pray our prayers in vain?

W. G. L.

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THE LUCK OF VESPRIE TOWERS

(FROM A FORTHCOMING POETICAL ROMANCE.)

BY THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

CHARACTERS.

THE POET, a friend of VIOLET VESPRIE'S late brother, unknown to VIOLET. Until he overheard her speak heedlessly some scornful words of his low birth, he was secretly in love with VIOLET.

VIOLET, a beautiful girl—the last representative of the ancient Vesprie family, to whom, if to anybody, must come the Luck of Vesprie Towers.

SCENE.

A room in a wing of Vesprie Towers. VIOLET, *alone, sitting in an antique arm-chair, has fallen asleep. Before her is spread a drawing of the Towers, which she has been looking at by lamp-light.*

THE POET.

[*Entering the room and starting back in surprise on seeing* VIOLET.

The lovely face I loved thrown back in sleep—
The lamp-light flushing all the silken skin,
The brow of pearl whose sunny tresses sweep
Adown the throat and neck and lifted chin—
The lips Love shaped for his own lips to press,
Then saw them grow to such cold haughtiness
That he himself, though longing to caress,
Has never dared to win.

[*While he stands gazing at her the proud expression on her mouth relaxes, and then fades away, and she smiles.*

THE POET (*drawing nearer*).

"The Luck of Vesprie Towers," a Prince of Elves
Whose mirrored rainbow guards the Vesprie girls—
(Though, from of old, they well could guard themselves)
Is surely hovering o'er these golden curls—
Is bringing you that wild old Vesprie dream,
Making you smile with lips and teeth that seem
To open like a rose whose petals gleam
Half-hiding dewdrop pearls.

VIOLET (*talking in her sleep*).

'Tis the spirit brings that glow
Smiling where the skies were dark,
Bends the many-coloured bow
O'er the oak, the wood, the park,
Wakes the skylark's merry strain
As he mounts through drops of rain—
Makes the river glitter once again
With the mirrored arc.
In the water, amber-tinted
By the stain of fallen leaves
Blown from sward the leaves have printed
With the hues the Autumn weaves
Gleams the mirror'd bow of love,
Painted from the one above,
Where the river pauses, full thereof—
Full and yet receives.

THE POET.

Where moonbeams glimmer through the panes of glass
And mingle with the lamp-light's rosy bloom,
You dream of "Vesprie Oak" and leaves and grass
And mirrored rainbows!—in this panelled room!
Beneath that oak you stand in that same place
Where I have seen you oft when trying to trace
The Vesprie elf in gossamer-opal lace
Outspread on Autumn's loom.

VIOLET (*her lips shaping themselves in her sleep to a kiss*).

Faintly, sweetly in the water,
Like a half-forgotten bliss,
Gleams for me, the "Vesprie daughter"—
What I long'd for, pined for—this
This sweet bow, the happy sign,
Of the joy that will be mine!
"Vesprie Luck," while fairy colours shine,
Claims me by the kiss.

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THE POET.

Now, Sleeping Beauty, was it Fate or chance—
My foemen both!—that led my footsteps here?
Where, like that Princess, daughter of old Romance,
Imprisoned in the Fairies' magic sphere,
You sit and dream and see the sought-for sight
Your fancy fashions for your heart's delight,
What Powers have brought my pallid face to-night?
Dead Love is pale as Fear!
What Powers have brought you this unhonoured boy
Who loved you, spite of Fate and Vesprie creed—
Yea, spite of all, and asked no sweeter joy
For his own passionate heart's divinest meed
Than just to love you—just to stand apart
And love you, Lady, you whose heedless dart
Careless of what it wounded—slew his heart—
Ah, left it dead indeed!
While you were yearning for the spirit who brings
The mirrored bow—"The Luck of Vesprie Towers,"
How *should* you dream of me who took the stings
Of playful scorn to spoil his lonely hours?
All things must yield to fate—must yield at last,
Even Violet's lips must yield—though guarded fast
From low-born lips—held safe by guardian caste!—
Fate brought me to these flowers.

[*He leans forward over the table and touches her lips with his own. Then, seeing that her eyes open, he springs away and glides out of the room.*]

VIOLET (*awakening*).

What is this mysterious thrill?
Sleep seems wearing Love's warm wings:
Do I wake, or am I still
Mingled with immortal things?
Did I hear, and did I see
One who sighed—who gazed at me,
While the moon's rare music seemed to be
Struck from fairy strings?
All a dream! Ah, well, they say
Sleep can make her dreams come true
If—before the arid day
Dries them up like morning dew—
We can seize them, own them ours;
Then they grow to fairy bowers.
All a dream! And yet through Vesprie Towers
Ev'n the air seems new.
Did I stand in Oaken Grove
Where the deer had come to browse?
Did a rainbow shine above
Vesprie Oak and tinge the boughs?
Did the ferns and leaves and stems
Down the deer park shine like gems—
Shine like Autumn's glittering diadems
Woven for elfin brows?
Spring seemed gone and summer faded,
Autumn wore so sunny a glow
That the birds seemed half persuaded
June was back with flowers in blow,
Trees and hedges, bowers and bushes,
Woke with June's own jays and thrushes!
Every warbler in the reeds and rushes
Hailed the glittering bow,
Till a voice said, "In the river
See the mirrored bow grow dim:
When the stream begins to quiver
It will fade or lose a limb."
Ere the voice had left my side
Love's reflected rainbow died,
And I woke, for some one near me sighed:
"Let me think of him."

[*Starting up.*]

That fond face which seemed, even now,
Bending o'er me when I woke—
That soft light upon the brow—
Those wide eyes whose deep lights spoke
Worlds of love—'twas love for me!—
'Tis the face I yearned to see—
'Tis the Luck of Vesprie Towers, and he
Waits beneath the Oak.

[*She hurriedly leaves the room.*]

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THE RENAISSANCE OF WONDER

TO wonder was in the eighteenth century the attribute of fools; at the end of the nineteenth it is the privilege of the wise, and the wisest is he who wonders most. Half a century ago Positivism was considered the only religion worthy of an intellectual person; Supernaturalism was ruled completely out of court; about which time arose the Fox sisters, and Spiritualism had its beginning.

The truth of the matter is, that man is born to wonder as the sparks fly upward; it is, perhaps, a not unhealthful feature of our own time that its inventions and discoveries have been so largely of a mystical or supernatural character (if we may so term them), as is pre-eminently seen in the case of the Roentgen rays, that the faculty of conjecture being literally paralysed, we are left free to wonder, without a guess, as to what our next development is likely to be.

That this mental condition must powerfully affect our literature goes without saying; rather, it says itself is the case of one of the very first of these discoveries which we have ventured to term mystical. Even as an hypothesis, the interfluent ocean of ether exercised a most powerful influence upon the imagination of Edgar Allan Poe, whose statement of it is probably the clearest and most coherent known to the world. And to it the world demonstrably owes that freedom in dealing with the weird, the mystical, the supernatural—by which terms we mean such phenomena as cannot be immediately accounted for by known natural laws—which gave us the *Prose Tales*, and marked thus the beginning of the new epoch.

Nothing is more remarkable in the literary period which just preceded these Tales than the supposed necessity under which every writer laboured of explaining those supernatural incidents of which, so treated, the public was decidedly fond. Sir Walter Scott, whose literary life belonged to this period, though for some years he was contemporary with Poe, is a remarkable example. The ruthless robbing of one's early years of faith in the demoniac parentage of *Anne of Geierstein* is something which in middle life one finds it still hard to forgive. Yet Scott himself was capable of wonder; among other things at the second sight of Allan MacAulay, which thrilled his blood though his understanding blushed. It is curious that his unexplained phantoms, such as the *White Lady of Avenel*, are peculiarly bodiless, *invraisemblable* creations, for which, as an artist, he might have blushed with very good reason. Scott's explained mysticisms constitute therefore simply an apology for his own credulity.

It was because the eighteenth century retained a sneaking faith in the possibility of a marital union between man and supernatural being, that it required so stringently a categorical assurance that nothing of the sort had affected the genealogy of Geierstein; the nineteenth feels itself to have ascended the hill of science above the level of these clouds of superstition, in whose conformation and swiftly changing outlines it feels therefore a philosophic and artistic interest.

But we must not omit all reference to a certain form in which the unexplained marvellous found immediate acceptance even during the period of Scott. As an allegory of life, the supernatural explains itself; credulity is unnecessary in the case of the *Faust* of Goethe or the cameo-like romances of De La Motte Fouqué. It is curious, however, that the German people, certainly the most mystical and speculative among the nations, should so allow their English-speaking cousins to lead in the production of the literature of the marvellous; but wonder, after all, is rather Celtic than Teutonic; your true German investigates, ruminates, experiments; but he is almost never surprised.

The American and, in a less degree, the Englishman, on the other hand, is either surprised or bored, both in life and literature; hence, the recent tidal wave of romanticism, which some of our critics are disposed to deprecate; hence, also, the popularity of novels treating of hypnotism and kindred topics; and the avidity with which the public seeks after that class of story which deals with the discovery of crime, and which we call "De-

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tective Novels," or tales, according to their length and mode of construction.

That the Detective Novel should be classed as the child of Wonder, that very prolific literary Mother who lives in an ink-bottle, can surprise no one for longer than a moment. True, it involves no element of the mystical, at least, necessarily; but it is certainly included under the definition which we ventured a moment ago to offer of the supernatural, as that which cannot be immediately accounted for by any known natural law. As, for example, in *Lost Man's Lane,* the work of a writer of this school, some of whose productions only just fall short of being literature, we are presented at the very beginning with an apparent impossibility, more difficult of credence than any ghost or demon of them all; and it is the plucking out the heart of this mystery, and the bringing it into the realm of natural law, that supplies the interest of the story.

But to admit the existence of a "school of detective literature" is to outrage the critics, whose attitude is rather that a writer whose power of making literature is already established may be guilty of a detective story without total death to his reputation, if he throws himself on the mercy of the court. If, however, tales of this character are based upon a fundamental need of the human mind—the need to wonder—they are at least worthy of respectful consideration; to dismiss their case unheard as irrelevant to literature, is to degrade them, their readers and their authors; which last, when necessity is laid upon them to write a story of this character, will feel that they appeal to a lower type of audience, and hence will fall into a lower style, both morally and artistically, than would be the case were they allowed to believe that even a detective story might possess the very highest degree of literary merit.

It has been said already that some of the works of Anna Katharine Green only just fail of being literature, which, perhaps, when one considers the matter, is rather a broad way of putting it. For the critics have, as usual, the law on their side. Literature is a reflection of life, and life is not solely occupied with the discovery of hidden crime; hence, no story which is solely or chiefly concerned with such discovery can be literature. But, on the other hand, to the victim of a crime or to the chief friends of the accused, the discovery of the truth is, as a matter of fact, for the time being, the whole meaning of life and the world; may not literature reflect life as it appears under such circumstances? Unquestionably it may. But it *must* reflect *life;* and life is growth—the growth of character. "Life is never the same again" to any of the participators in such an experience; and to depict the fusing of the character in such a crucible, and its re-crystallisation under other and perhaps purer forms, might tax the skill and the insight of the most sincere artist. One cannot recall that it has ever been adequately done; Mr. Kipling, perhaps, could do it if he would, as he could do most other things. The writer who has come nearest to it, who has, at least, given us a lady-like and Church of England rendition of the theme, is Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, in *The Trial,* a tale of a false accusation and a final discovery of the truth.

But if a detective story is one that contains a detective, Miss Yonge's is not such; *The Trial* lacks also many other features which we are accustomed to recognise on the pages of works very far apart in literary merit. Let us take *The Moonstone,* of Wilkie Collins, *Dossier 113,* of Émile Gaboriau, and the already alluded to Anna Katharine Green's *Lost Man's Lane,* and note the points which they have in common, and which are so usual in stories of this class as to be dangerously near establishing their claim to be considered necessities of construction. Each of these writers has, then, in the first place, created his or her own type of detective; and it would be most instructive, had we the space at our disposal, to indicate the contrast between the astute M. Lecoq, in his habitual disguise and with his decidedly free manner of life, the melancholy Cuff, morally devoted to the culture of roses, and the stout and rheumatic Mr. Gryce, estimable and virtuous. A marked difference between the French mode of seeking after truth and that which commends itself to the Anglo-Saxon instinct of justice might also be pointed out, with a foot-note referring to *l'affaire Dreyfus";* and possibly one might go so far as to characterise the Gallic as the subjective method, which, having first determined before the tri-

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bunal of the seeker's own intellect what the truth ought to be, proceeds to look for alleged facts to support the result so gained, ignoring such as tend in an opposite direction, and filling up *lacunæ by* the aid of a lively imagination and documents more or less genuine.

Two features common to these stories strike us at once as savouring of clap-trap —that is, the invariable putting forward in the early part of the tale of a supposed criminal, who is never by any chance the real one; as a correlative to this, the veritable guilty party is always represented as particularly estimable; and, secondly, the weapon of death or the means to the commission of the crime is as regularly placed from the first in what the children's game calls "open sight," so innocently and apparently casually, that the reader is almost certain to overlook it. This method, as has been said, borders upon clap-trap; yet, when deftly handled there is not only no objection to it, but it has some artistic necessity. This is very evident in *The Moonstone,* where the cabinet in Miss Rachel's room, the "vehicle" which "stank," and the insomnia of Mr. Franklin Blake are in turn examined and described, without exciting the shadow of suspicion in the mind of the most blasé, that they are of any particular importance to the story. And not one only, but each of several persons, is subjected to suspicion before the great Cuff finally writes upon a slip of paper, in a sealed envelope, the name of Godfrey Ablewhite. *The Moonstone* is, indeed, as regards artistic construction, easily first among detective stories; its incidents fall out so naturally as to conceal the skill with which they are introduced and woven into the texture of the story. M. Gaboriau's works are only a good second, in spite of the interest which he manages to infuse into his long narratives of the early life of his characters. Invariably one feels impatience with the beginning of these narrations, then becomes interested, and is almost sorry when they finally come to an end. But French villains are always a little incredible to the American mind; and Miss Sarah Brandon, "Sir Tom" and the other members of *La Clique d'Or* are open to this imputation in a very high degree.

Miss Green's stories exhibit precisely the same features which we have noted already. Who suspects the well-sweep in *Lost Man's Lane* of being concerned in the mysterious disappearances? or the hatpin in *That Affair Next Door,* of having been the instrument of death? What one does learn, however, is to suspect the apparent and to recognise the stereotyped in Miss Green's work. Perhaps it is impossible for one writer to produce very many detective stories and yet not lose his spontaneity—a misfortune which has happened not only to Wilkie Collins, but to Dr. Conan Doyle. Nothing, not even poems of Shakespeare or Browning, tipped out by a spiritualistic table, is sadder or more weird than the resuscitation of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, in the last cited author's recent stories in the *Strand,* as an anonymous newspaper critic. Sherlock Holmes is a real artistic creation, a detective of altogether a new type; while the only machinery to which the author condescends in producing his *Adventures* is that of the assistant detective, always mistaken in his deductions, whom we might also have discovered in the other writers examined. Everything else is perfectly individual and spontaneous in each separate adventure; and Dr. Doyle has even rendered an actual service to psychology, by showing us the possibilities of development in that power of observation which most of us carry with us, wrapped in an absent-minded napkin. It is true, perhaps, that the astute Mr. Holmes sometimes observes what isn't there; for example, we should like to be made acquainted with the typewriter which tends to make worn places on one's cuffs; but for ingenuity of construction, these are unrivalled among detective tales; we believe it to be practically impossible to solve the mystery of a single one of them, except by the reprehensible practice of peeping at the back of the book.

We have referred to the possibility of Mr. Kipling, or perchance Mr. Richard Harding Davis, giving the world our ideal detective novel; necessarily it will and must, when it comes, contain still a newer type of detective. M. Lecoq is the imaginative or subjective, Sergeant Cuff the deductive, Sherlock Holmes the philosophic and inductive reasoner from observed facts. What remains? The present writer can hazard only one con-

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jecture. Could one discover crime by telepathy? May the detective read the mind of the criminal, fathom his schemes by sympathetic insight, and thwart his plans through the knowledge acquired by pressing the letter containing them, unopened, against his forehead? If so, what, in other respects, will be the character of the telepathist? Must he, like Dr. Doyle's hero, repair the ravages of criminal hunting by means of the cocaine bottle? And how will his personality affect the delinquents with whom he comes in contact? Hypnotically, of course, but just how?

The subject has far-reaching possibilities, and as for the story, it will probably not be told immediately, even by Mr. Kipling; but with a suitable background and adequate handling, it may prove, when it does come, to be the great American novel for which all of us profess to be patiently waiting.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

HOW AN EDITOR TESTS A STORY.

THIS is not a talk about story-writing by a story-writer. It is only the confession of an editorial reader who has had to read some thousands of stories in the undress of manuscript.

I once knew an undertaker who claimed that he never grew callous, and that his tears were authentic. Most editors also, I think, grow more tender with experience toward the naked bits of eager authorship which they have to decline. The business of sitting, like a little deity, over manuscript never becomes altogether mechanical. Of course the editor gets hardened to the old rounders who turn up regularly; but every day there are stories offered which bear unmistakable marks of dreaming ambitions, and to each of these he knows that his decision is an awaited crisis. The result of this squeamish feeling is that he is led to write many personal letters to accompany the declined manuscripts, and in these, with a weak benevolence, he seeks to say some word of discriminating commendation.

Naturally, this good talk is near to criminality. I knew a young woman who kept writing rubbish year after year because, when she sent her first story to Colonel Higginson, he wrote her in general terms of kindness and advised her not to try to publish anything for five years. He was, perhaps, not to blame for not knowing that she was foolish, but she turned his caution into a word of eventual hope and cherished it like a guaranty.

Softness of this kind is not the fatherly virtue that it used to be. There is now scarcely a bright girl in school who does not have some notion of some day being a clever story-writer. She sees no reason why she cannot be. She probably knows she cannot be an actress; she sees no chance of becoming a physician or a college professor. But the praise she gets for her compositions and the apparent simplicity of the successful story in the periodicals fill her mind with foolish and impossible dreams. It is appalling to think that a single paper like *The Youth's Companion* can have twenty thousand stories submitted to it in a single year. *The Ladies' Home Journal* is said to have about as many stories, of a different order, sent for its inspection. The other magazines and the syndicates swell the number beyond belief. It is not too much to estimate that a grist of sixty thousand short stories comes to the editor's desk every year.

There is nothing encouraging about

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this; the more of it the worse. The mass of this stuff is without a redeeming quality—acres of paper with neither style nor reason. It is a lucky day when even the hundredth story bears a mark of promise. The rest ought never to have been written at all; and instead of returning them with over-civil regrets, the editor ought to advise their authors with brutal frankness that they are no more able to write stories than to run a battleship. The editor's first duty before the Lord is to discourage story-writing.

For the real story-writer cannot be discouraged. If the demon is in him, he has an instinct which makes him master of the editorial office. He finds out its secrets without being told, and he brings wares that have got to be bought. He is not made by the editor, and he owes him nothing. He makes the standards for the editor; and what the editor learns of him becomes the test by which newcomers are measured.

It ought to be wholesomely discouraging to the general class of sanguine story senders to be aware of some of these standards.

There is the plot, for one thing. The plot of the good story comes from far away. The best story critic I ever knew said one day, "A good plot is the gift of God." I think he was almost literally right. When an editorial reader reads through a score of fair stories he wonders why some of them that have really interested him are not acceptable; but then he reads one more which directly lifts him from his feet. It may not be distinguished by style and it may not be adapted for his publication; but in plot it belongs to the highest aristocracy; in motive it is of distinct origin.

The merely ordinary story, on the contrary, has a plot which comes from a nebulous neighbourhood which is not far away from every one of us. We have near our brains a field of story constructions which are probably the confused, left-over impressions of all the stories we have ever read. It takes but little invention to pull out an idea from this drift and build up a decent story.

But this story is of an inevitable pattern, or rather it is sure to be one of several inevitable patterns. In the editorial office of one well-known periodical the ordinary patterns are labelled and listed. There are, for instance, the "saved-the-train plot;" the "proved-his-innocence plot;" the "drifted-to-sea-in-a-fog plot;" the "went-to-the-city-and-raised-money-to-pay-the-mortgage-on-the-farm plot;" and a dozen or so other familiar models. Other periodicals have their own peculiar lists, of a sort suited to the character of the publication. The "beautiful-governess-who-catches-the-hero plot;" the "clever-girl-who-makes-the-man-forget-his-fiancée plot;" the "mistaken-identity plot;" the "wife-who-finds-her-affinity plot;" the new-woman-who-nevertheless-wins-a-husband plot;" these are types from the little group of labels that might be pinned to most of the stories submitted.

The strange thing is that the writers would be astounded if their stories came back to them with the intimation that their plots were repetitions of hackneyed models. In most cases there is no doubt that the plot was welcomed by the writer as a notable discovery. The beguiling process of giving it a dress drew the author's mind away from a scrutiny of its origin; but probably, just because he is and always will be mediocre, he would never, under any conditions, have ascertained that he got the idea of his story in the line of easiest cleavage.

It is never in this path of least resistance that the plot of high degree is found. It takes clairvoyance to penetrate into the far tissue of dreams and bring back a real creation. The average endeavourer is forever unable to distinguish the typical from the crudely actual; much less so to develop it with a sincerity of imagination that it conveys an imperious truthfulness.

Another rigid test for the submitted story is style. This word carries different meanings to different people who attempt to deal with it. To some writers it has its scholastic significance, and suggests a compound of requisites. It is to these an observance of the rules of lucidity, precision, imagery and the like, but with them it lacks the quality itself; the personality is not there. These writers, however, do not sin by having a self-conscious style. There are other writers who would do well if they had more idea of these primary essentials of style and less of morbid self-consciousness. They have attitude, but it is not their own attitude,

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nor one commanding any respect. You comprehend before you have read a page that the author had formed an idea of how his words were going to sound; that he had thought of other stories which he had read and had posed himself in one of the attitudes which their memory suggested to him. This most recognisable of insincere attitudes seals its own doom quickly, for two pages are not needed to uncover it.

Yet, perhaps, in the editor's mind the essential in style in story-writing is attitude. The writer must convince the editor that he has a very definite point of view; his first pages must give evidence that his stuff has not run away with him; that he has got it corralled where it can be led out at will, or where it can be kept back for some play of swift allusion; his choice of the way he approaches it must be beyond question and inspire respect. Or, to put it in another way, the substance he deals with must be his plaything—the punch-bag before the trained boxer, who governs its lightning rebounds with careless skill. In other words, the author must assure the editor first of all that he is absolutely master of the story he started to tell, and that he is telling it from a purely original point of view and one which he can sustain to the end.

This matter of attitude allows the widest scope. As many individual ways as there are of telling a story verbally, there are of telling the story on paper. The snappy way, the drawling way, the quaint way, the deprecatory way, the quizzical way, the dialect way of the *raconteurs* have their analogies in the written story. In both kinds we demand that the method must be so individual, so apparently unconscious and so sustained that it shall capture us.

Beyond the plot, and separable from the style, is another quality which is more important than either; it is the convincing power of the story. I remember many years ago sitting one night at a theatre with a now famous dramatic critic, who, to my inexperienced admiration of the play, replied with the question, "But do you think it is convincing?" I suspect that in play criticism this word has lately become a catch term and may seem overworked. But even in the field of stage criticism the prevalence of this word is one of the marks of the improvement in the popular judgment of the drama. People have learned to demand the ring of genuineness in serious plays.

While as yet most of the millions of story readers have not learned to apply this test to their fiction, the editorial reader in every careful periodical has measured by it from the beginning. Subtle, impalpable, pervasive, is the quality which keeps you from feeling that the author is shambling along with unrealities. You grant the story-teller at the outset all the privilege he assumes; you want to believe his tale; you are prepared to accept improbabilities, to sleep with ghosts, to give credence to dialogues cleverer or more inane than ever dropped from human lips, to accept miraculous deliverances from danger and sudden regenerations of character. But you require that he shall not by the least slip convey to you the suggestion that he is only writing a story. There lies the ditch of his undoing.

I suppose the psychology of story reading is that along with the desire to believe is the unconscious readiness to disbelieve. We are momentarily on the unseen edge of repudiation. It is difficult to realise this perpetual hazard in such pages as Jane Austen's, and with Scott it is hardly possible to fancy a thin ice. On the other hand, Kipling is no less the great artist if he allows us to be scared lest in the next line we may disbelieve; but we never do, and he brings us around with an exultant throb of faith. Henry James may lead us through interminable analytic dialogues which seem to tend nowhere; yet we do not lose heart, for there is a persuading assurance in his very carriage of himself.

Whatever the artist's methods, it is his final art to keep us heartened. A great artist is sure to do this; the smaller artist does it now and then; yet always the ability to be conclusive is an inherency; experience may confirm it and training may save it from fluctuating, but I doubt if he in whom this kingly sense of art is not born can ever get it otherwise.

Francis Bellamy.

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AN AUTHORITATIVE DREAM BOOK*

THERE is no doubt that the world has long been waiting for a really accurate and authoritative dream-book. We all have dreams, and we all spend valuable time in meditation on the probable meaning of those dreams. We usually pretend that such is not the case, but this is only a pretence; and you will seldom find four human beings gathered together at a breakfast table without hearing one of them exclaim: "Oh, I had such a curious dream last night!" and at once proceed to tell about it. Then the other three persons always discuss the possible meaning of the dream, and wonder what particular train of thought on the previous evening was responsible for its evocation.

When we say that there is need of an accurate dream-book, we do not lose sight of the fact that many dream-books are already in existence. Quite a variety can be had in paper covers, first hand, at the low rate of ten cents apiece. There is *The Egyptian Sibyl's Dream-Book,* and *The Napoleon Dream-Book,* and *The Mystic Guide to Life,* and various others; but somehow or other we have never been able to feel entire confidence in what these volumes say, possibly because they do not agree with one another, and possibly because their authors are not intimately known to us as reputable and established wizards; and possibly, also, because of a half-formulated impression that a dream-book which is sold for the sum of ten cents can scarcely be regarded as uttering the last word upon a subject so profoundly occult.

The present season of the year, especially, is one at which the appearance of a new dream-book is very timely. It is the season when you are beginning seriously to dine out; and every one knows that the season of serious dining-out is a season when the most unusual dreams are rife. A bisque of lobster, a *filet de sole à la Marguery,* a roast partridge, a complicated salad permeated with an unctuous dressing, accompanied by *pâté de foie gras en aspic,* and leading the way to a segment of Camembert, together with a gamut of wines running from sauterne and dry sherry on through claret and burgundy and champagne *brut,* with the usual liqueurs, a demi-tasse, a black cigar, and then something else a little later on, are in themselves, and without all the other factors, entrées, and concomitants of a tranquil three-hour dinner, sufficient to give you dreams such as no ordinary wizard could explain satisfactorily at any price whatever.

What we want, then, is a dream-book prepared by a real wizard, or by a combination or syndicate of wizards—not the kind of wizards who advertise in the *Herald* and have their caves of mystery on Sixth Avenue, but wizards who can actually wiz. It was a happy thought, therefore, of Messrs. Laird and Lee to bring out a dream-book at this particular season, and to make it a dream-book which should have back of it the united authority of Nostradamus, Albertus Magnus, and those other "famous sorcerers" whose names are not given on the title-page, but who must be all right, or else Madame de Barsy would not have deciphered their ancient manuscripts and arranged their prophecies and explanations in alphabetical order.

We can say after a conscientious perusal of this work that it covers the whole ground; that you can dream about anything you like, even the most uncommon objects, such as kangaroos and T-squares, Persian cats and hedgehogs and blood sausages, and then turn right to this book and find out precisely what is going to happen to you. Moreover, not only have the "famous sorcerers" provided an explanation for dreams relating to objects, but also explanations of what will come to pass as the result of your association with those objects. Thus, we are told not only that to see a donkey in a dream denotes an approaching quarrel, but that if you see yourself in a dream engaged in hugging a donkey, or even a horse or a mule, this means prosperity and happiness your whole life long. On the other hand, if you should hug a

*Dreams and Omens. From the ancient manuscripts of Nostradamus, Albertus Magnus, and other famous sorcerers. Modernised and alphabetically arranged by Madame Carlotta de Barsy. Illustrated. Chicago: Laird and Lee. 75 cents.

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monkey in a dream, it shows that you are in danger from some treacherous enemy. And so on. All sorts of contingencies are thoughtfully provided for by the "famous sorcerers."

Several days of study have served to convince us that, after all, there is a closer and more intimate relation between dreams and what the dreams forebode than ordinary, unthinking persons are willing to admit. For example, we read here that "In a dream, cows mean laziness." So they do outside of a dream. Again, "In a dream, cramps mean an invitation to a dinner." We should say that this is only a case of what rhetoricians call *hysteron proteron,* implying probably that an invitation to a dinner frequently leads to cramps. Further along it appears that "A lady on a side-saddle visiting your dreams is a prophecy of endless bickerings between you and your wife." This is reasonable enough, except that we don't see what the side-saddle has to do with it. We should say that a lady visiting your dreams even without a side-saddle would bring about precisely the same result. The following is also obviously true, as many a "Johnny" has discovered to his cost: "You may expect to be temporarily short of money if you dream of tights." Two prophecies are given, the bearing of which will readily be seen by those who live in apartment houses of which the walls are not particularly thick: "If you hear yourself playing a horn you will receive a heavy sentence in court"; and "The singing of hymns in a dream announces the death of the dreamer."

None of these statements appears to involve much occult knowledge. There are others, however, that we have to accept simply as a matter of faith and on the authority of the famous sorcerers. For instance, "If you dream of a billy-goat your health will be poor"; "If you dream of a female monkey, expect deceit and fraud to harm you," and "If you dream of fish-bait, some one you love is about to forsake you." The following perhaps is not so much abstruse as it is cynical: "To dream that you are a widow or a widower is a promise of great satisfaction coming." The last that we shall quote seems just a bit inadequate: "When hairpins drop from your hair some one for whom you care is thinking of you." We are afraid that the eminent sorcerers lacked a certain amount of practical experience when they wrote this down in their ancient manuscripts. It is not for us to set up our personal authority on these matters; but we venture modestly to suggest that when hairpins (and, for that matter, side-combs) begin dropping from your hair, some one for whom you care is doing a great deal more than thinking of you.

We cannot close this very inadequate review without calling attention to the beauty and originality of the illustrations which adorn the volume. They represent every possible phase of life. In one of them, for instance, a young girl is dreaming in a hammock, and in the next one a lunatic is yelling on the top of a burning house. A third represents a newly married couple breakfasting on an Italian *loggia.* All they have had for breakfast is one cup of tea, two flowers, and a cruet of vinegar, but they don't know this because they are so much in love. For the same reason, apparently, the lady has not yet finished dressing and the man has got on somebody else's coat. There is a sort of graphic diagram in another part of the book which explains just how much chance a woman has of getting married at the various stages of her life. Her best chance, it appears, is when she is between twenty and twenty-five, which fact is expressed pictorially by a woman sitting with her back to a throng of anxious men, who are bending toward her and trying to get her to look around. From twenty-five to thirty the men are a little farther off, and the lady is beginning to turn her head. Between the ages of forty and fifty she is shown as having turned square about, while the men who are nearest to her are staggering fearfully in their attempt to escape her grasp. Altogether there is a vast amount of worldly wisdom and of practical sorcery compressed within the pages of this unique and agitating book.

H. T. P.

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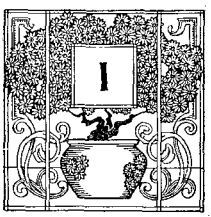
NEW YORK IN FICTION

Described and Pictured by Arthur Bartlett Maurice

Part IV.—Suburban New York.

XIII.

HARLEM HEIGHTS—THE NEUTRAL GROUND —SCENES OF CHIMMIE FADDEN—LAGUERRE'S—SLEEPY HOLLOW.



N one of the sketches of *Made in France,* which was a collection of short tales from Guy de Maupassant told with a United States twist, the late Henry Cuyler Bunner described one of those quaint old frame houses with great gardens which, until ten or a dozen years ago, were to be found here and there throughout the upper West Side. It was in the garden that the hero of the tale came upon the strange old couple pirouetting through their ghostly dance. As to the actual situation of the house and garden there was very little said positively. It was somewhere west of Central Park, rather far up, and with this as guide the reader who knew this part of the city in those days, before the sweeping invasion of the real estate agent, the architect and the mason, swept away the traces of the island's earlier history, may make such selection as suits his taste. Whatever the selection may be, the reader will not have to journey far to find the scenes of Professor Brander Matthews's *Tom Paulding,* which were laid about what is now the Riverside Drive. The opening chapter of the book treated of West Ninety-third Street, and years after it was written the author took up his residence in this street, and there lives at the present day.

Among the parts of New York which have been ignored in fiction Harlem is strikingly prominent. Perhaps this is in a measure due to the swiftness of its growth and the constant changes in its architectural aspect and social conditions from year to year. The ubiquitous Mr. Fawcett has occasionally alluded to it, Mrs. Anna Katharine Green has used it as the background of one or two of her sensations, but it wholly lacks the charm of maturity which appeals to the literary temperament, and has, justly or unjustly, been regarded as dull and commonplace. Moving up the Heights, we come to the Jumel mansion, frequented by so many of the great personages of our national history, and one of the reputed places of concealment of Fenimore Cooper's Harvey Birch. Beneath the Heights to the northwest stretches the broad expanse of the Hudson as the Spy and Captain Wharton saw it during their flights from the Virginian troopers. To the north the broken fragments of the Highlands, throwing up their lofty heads above masses of fog that hung over the water, and by which the "course of the river could be traced into the bosom of hills whose conical summits was grouping together, one behind another, in that disorder which might be supposed to have succeeded their gigantic but fruitless efforts to stop the progress of the flood, and emerging from these confused piles the river, as if rejoicing at its release from the struggle, expanding into a wide bay, which was ornamented into a few fertile and low points that jutted humbly into its broad basin." Near by are the scenes of *Janice Meredith* when Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, in the fifteenth chapter, carries his narrative from Southern New Jersey to the northern end of Manhattan Island; whisking the characters of the book to Harlem Heights, and showing us Washington at a time when the colonial cause was beginning to look dark and hopeless. A group of horsemen on a slight eminence of ground were watching the movements of the British men of war, and the discomfiture of the raw American recruits. Later the action shifts to the Roger Morris house, where Washington had his headquarters and Mr. Meredith and his daughter are brought to answer to a charge of conveying to the British vastly important information as to the lack of powder in the American army.

The country at the northern end of

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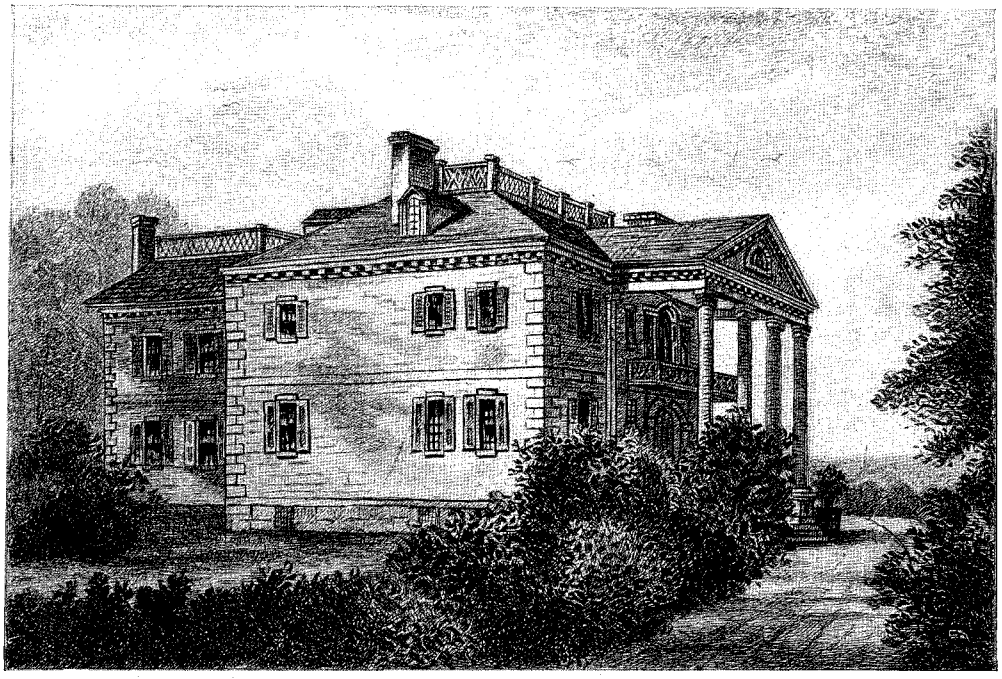

THE ROGER MORRIS HOUSE—WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS—P. L. FORD'S "JANICE MEREDITH."

Manhattan Island and beyond the Harlem was in a measure the inspiration of Fenimore Cooper's *The Spy*. Every crag and valley was the scene of one of the skirmishes between partisans of the rival causes in the Revolutionary period; every road knew the wanderings of Harvey Birch. The opening pages of the book find General Washington, under the name of Harper, pursuing his way through one of the numerous little valleys of Westchester, which became after the occupation of New York by the British army common ground until the end of the war. The towns in the southern part of the country near the Harlem River were, for the most part, under English dominion, while those of northern Westchester were in sympathy with the Revolutionary cause. "The Locusts," the home of the Whartons, which was a meeting place for the officers of King George's army, stood and still stands on the side of a hill overlooking the distant waters of Long Island Sound, the scene of *Water Witch*. "The Locusts" at the present day is occupied by descendants of the family that Cooper, when living at Closet Hall—the home of the Littlepage family in *Satanstoe*—was in the habit of visiting on his little journeys inland. The appearance of this house, which played so important a part in *The Spy*, has changed but little since the time when Cooper knew it. All the country to the north of the Harlem, stretching from the Hudson to the Sound, is rich with associations of Cooper's first great historical novel. Near by at "The Four Corners" is the site where stood the building from which Harvey Birch escaped disguised in Betty Flanagan's clothes. The village of Four Corners was a cluster of small and dilapidated houses at a spot where two roads intersected at

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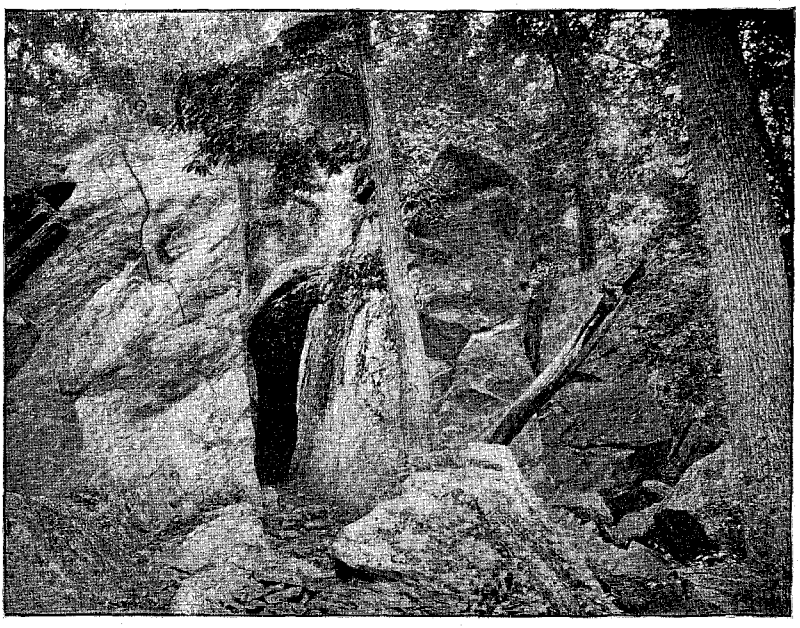
THE JUMEL HOUSE—A REPUTED REFUGE OF HARVEY BIRCH.

right angles. The hilly country between Supyten Duyvil and Yonkers was the scene of the flight and wanderings of the peddler and Captain Wharton, after the escape from the farmhouse in which the English officer was imprisoned awaiting execution, and from which he was rescued by Harvey's strategy. The cave in which they took refuge when pursued by the troop of American horse was in the Washington rocks at Park Hill. Turning from the fiction which finds its background in the last years of the eighteenth century to fiction which very dis-



HARVEY BIRCH'S CAVE—WASHINGTON ROCKS.

Courtesy of owners of Park Hill.

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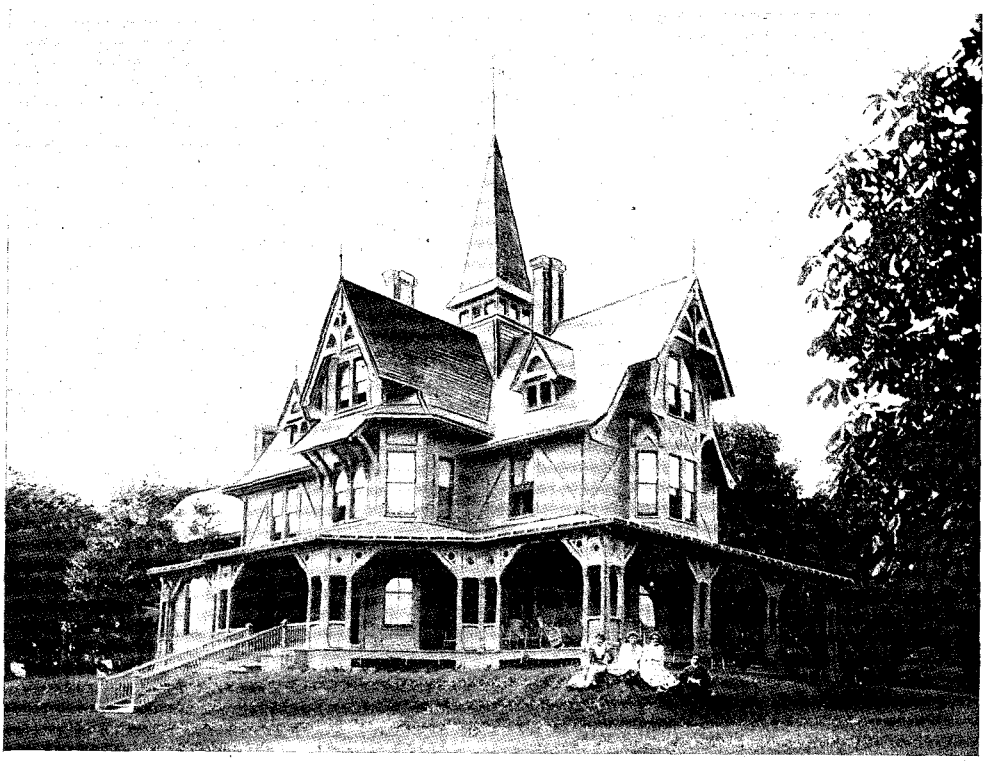
"THE ROAD WINDING AROUND LITTLE HILLS"—"THE SPY."
Courtesy of owners of Park Hill.

tinctively belongs to the closing years of the nineteenth century, we find a few miles from "The Locusts" the house which was the scene of the exploits, belligerent and amorous, of Edward W. Townsend's *Chimmie Fadden*. The little Bowery boy,



RESIDENCE OF "HIS WHISKERS"—E. W. TOWNSEND'S "CHIMMIE FADDEN."

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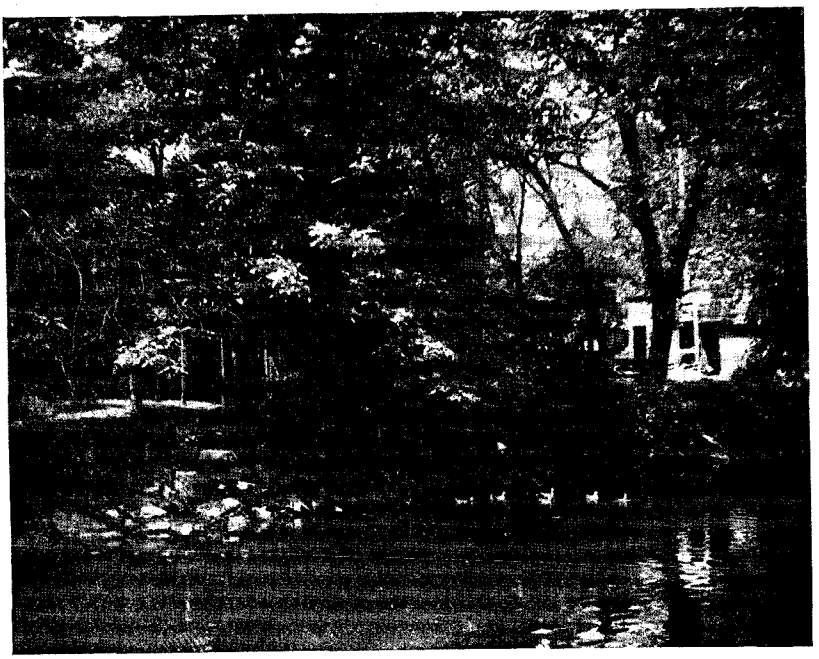
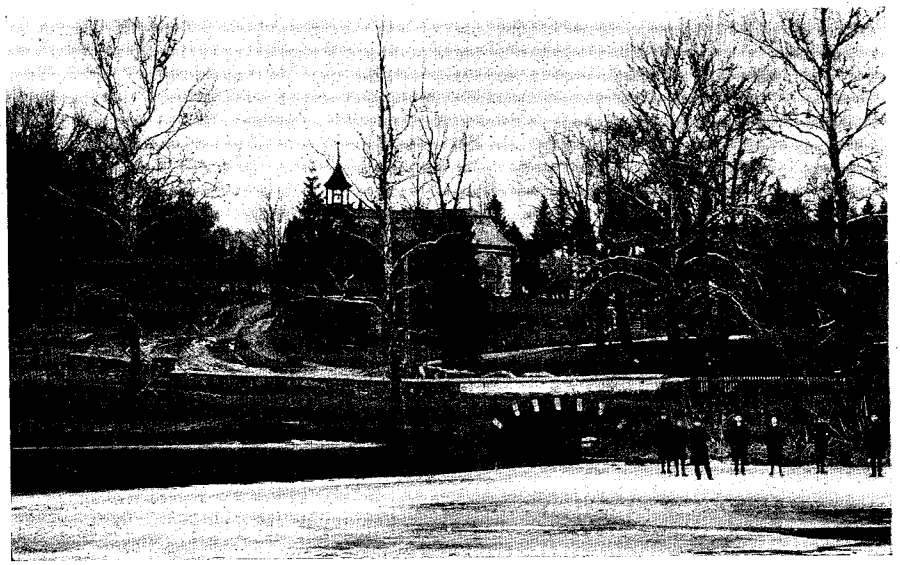


"FLOCKS OF WHITE DUCKS PADDLING TOGETHER"—F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "A DAY AT LAGUERRE'S."

it will be remembered, after his reclamation by Miss Fannie was taken as footman to the country residence of "His Whiskers." It was there that he entered polite society, and wooed and won "De Duchess." The original of the country home of "His Whiskers" was the residence of Mr. Gillig, ex-Commodore of the Larchmont Yacht Club, at Larchmont, overlooking the Sound. To this



"THE WALLS OF THE CHURCH DIMLY GLARING UNDER THE TREES BEYOND"—IRVING'S "LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW."

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"THAT BROAD EXPANSION OF THE RIVER DENOMINATED BY THE DUTCH NAVIGATORS THE TAPPAN ZEE."

great house the author of *Chimmie Fadden* has been a frequent visitor. Fifty or a hundred feet away from the northern end of the house is the stable to which "His Whiskers" was in the habit of taking Chames whenever he deemed that the young man was in need of more vigorous redemption than Miss Fannie's instruction could supply.

On the banks of the Bronx, sung by the aforesaid Chimmie, was Laguerre's, so well beloved by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, who characterised it as the "most delightful of French inns in the quaintest of French settlements." From the windows of the passing railway trains one may see the "tall trees trailing their branches in the still stream—hardly a dozen yards

THE OLD MILL—GEOFFREY CRAYON'S "CHRONICLES."

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"THE MOST DELIGHTFUL OF FRENCH INNS"—F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "A DAY AT LAGUERRE'S.

wide—the white ducks paddling together, and the queer punts drawn up on the shelving shore or tied to soggy, patched-up landing stairs." Alighting from the train at Williamsbridge, crossing the water, passing the tapestry factory, a short walk brings one to the former home of Henri Lemaire, the original of François Laguerre. Farther down the road there is a café very much like Laguerre's, only more modern and pretentious, and consequently less picturesque. Like Laguerre in the story, Lemaire was a maker of *passe partouts*. He is still living, and has a shop somewhere on Sixth Avenue. It is only ten or fifteen years since Laguerre's was unique in its mouldiness and charm. But now everything is much changed. The old house and the punts are going to decay, the stream is bit by bit losing its quaintness.

No portion of New York or its environments has been more sympathetically and tenderly treated than in Washington Irving's *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. Following the post road to the north from Tarrytown one may from the countless associations of stone and wood readily re-evoke the quaint figure of Ichabod Crane astride his horse Gunpowder in the wild flight from the Galloping Hessian. The little valley among high hills and the small brook gliding through it remain much the same as in the days when Irving was living at Sunnyside. The old church where Ichabod instructed Katrina Van Tassel in psalmody is still to be seen surrounded by locust trees and lofty elms from among which "its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson." This church was built in the seventeenth century. From the surrounding churchyard the Headless Horseman was said to issue nightly. Ichabod's fright began when passing the tree by which Major André was captured. His experience with the Headless Horseman began at the bridge, about two hundred yards farther on. It was not until the old church had been reached that the Headless Horseman, rising in his stirrups, hurled the pumpkin which laid the fleeing schoolmaster low. The old Mott homestead, believed to have been the home of Katrina Van Tassel, was recently destroyed. The schoolhouse in which Ichabod Crane taught and which was har-

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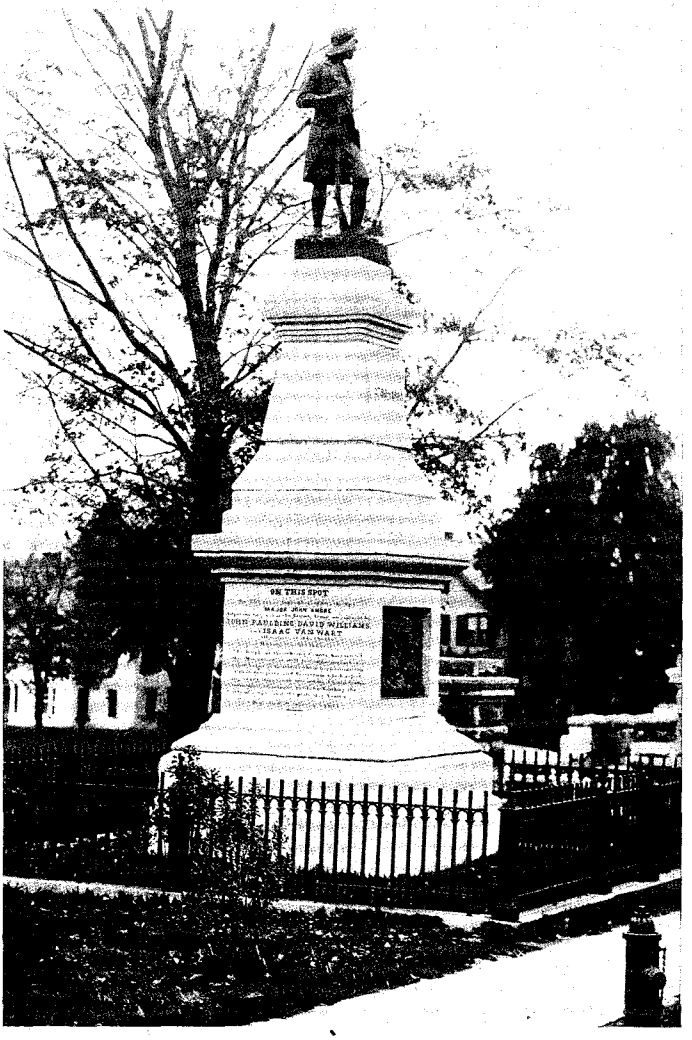
assed by Brom Bones and his wild cronies has also passed away. Near by we find the ruins of the haunted hill of Geoffrey Crayon's *Chronicles*.

XIV.

GREENPOINT — SCENES OF "TOM GROGAN."

In *An Ambitious Woman* Edgar Fawcett gave us a description of an outlying portion of New York strikingly adequate in its scope and conviction. Of Greenpoint he says that its sovereign dreariness still remains. He dwells at length on its melancholy, its ugliness, its torpor, its neglect. To him it always had a certain "goblin hideousness keenly picturesque." When writing *An Ambitious Woman* he went time and time again to Greenpoint to study its conditions and atmosphere—to get all its tragi-comic suggestiveness well in memory. The background of the story—the black, loamy meadow and the sodden bridge and the little inky creek, and the iris-necked flock of pigeons and the dull, dirty smoke from the factories—was all very real to him.



THE ANDRE TREE AND MONUMENT—IRVING'S "LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW."

The Twinings lived in a three-story wooden house of a yellowish drab colour, with trellissed piazza, Corinthian pillars and high basement windows, in one of the retired side streets of Greenpoint. A few such houses are still to be found, but the book offers no evidence that the author had in mind any particular structure. Claire Twining before the encounter with Josie, which marked such a crisis in her life, was standing on a little hill which overlooked the lights of the city. This hill from which Mr. Fawcett described his heroine as "watching the wrinkled river, drab and tremulous, the boats and beyond the church spires of New York," was probably Pottery Hill, which was razed about ten years ago. Crossing two rivers and the city between we find at Hoboken the little green park described in the same author's *A Daughter of Silence*. This book was a favourite novel of the late Colonel Ingersoll. In this park, which may be

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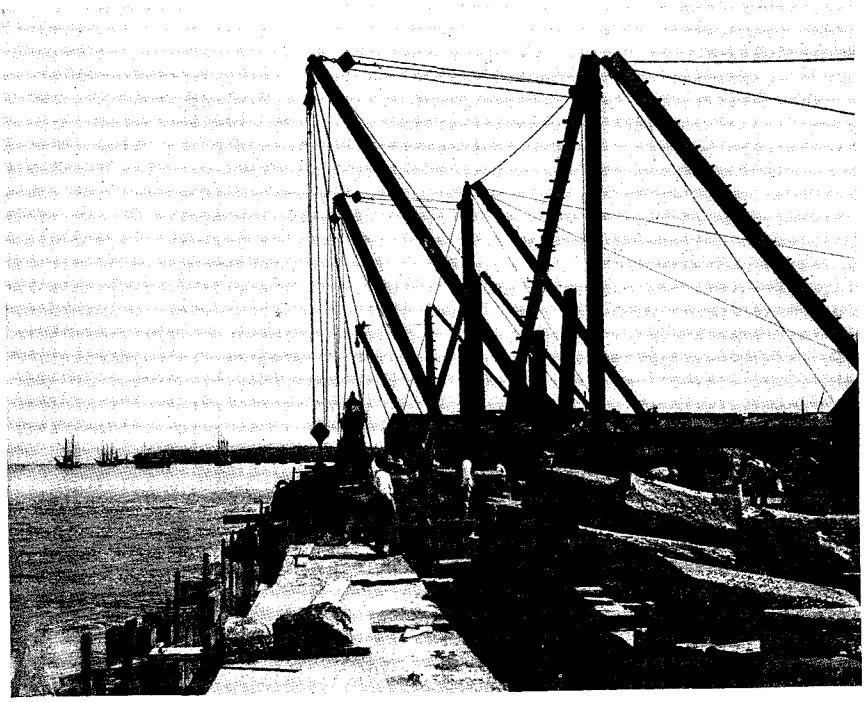
"THE INKY CREEK AND FLAT MARSH LAND"—EDGAR FAWCETT'S "AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN."



"THE SEA WALL THAT BABCOCK WAS BUILDING FOR THE LIGHTHOUSE DEPARTMENT"—F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "TOM GROGAN."

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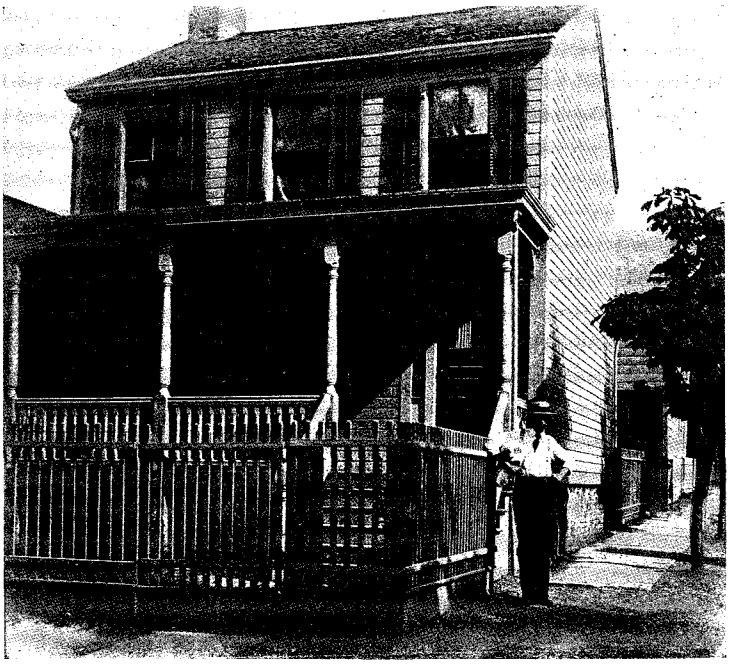
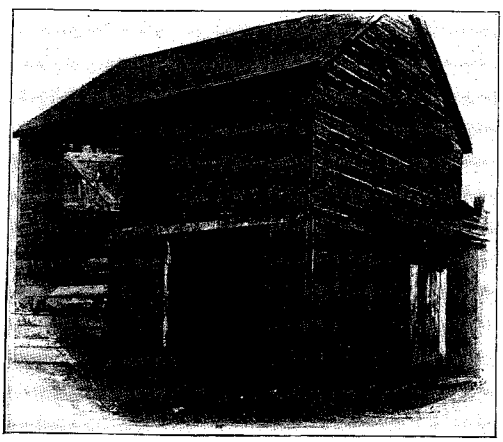


TOM GROGAN'S HOUSE.

seen from the river, Guy Arbuthnot and Brenda first speak.

The opening pages of F. Hopkinson Smith's *Tom Grogan* deal with the work about the Lighthouse Department and the Government dock at St. George, Staten Island. Babcock, building the sea wall, comes upon Tom Grogan in the depot yard with its coal docks and machine shops. Over the hill in Stapleton, thinly disguised in the story as Rockville, was Tom Grogan's house and stables. The house, a plain, square frame dwelling, with front and rear verandas, protected by the arching branches of a big sycamore-tree and surrounded by a small garden filled with flaming dahlias and chrysanthemums, is today occupied by the daughter and son-in-law of the original of the character, who herself lives in a house of recent erection only a stone's throw distant. Directly in the rear of this house may be found the stables, the stable yard and the pump and horse trough, all of which play a conspicuous part in the tale. It was while in the larger of the two stables that Tom was struck down by the hammer in the hand of Dan McGaw, and through the window at the side came the light by which she saw his face before the blow fell. The long room in which Judge Bowker gave the decision which settled finally the question of the award of the contract, and allowed Tom Grogan the right to use her husband's signature in carrying on her business, was not, as might be supposed, in the Town Hall proper, but in a room direct-



TOM GROGAN'S BARN.

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ly over the Stapleton Post-Office. Across the square is a one-story frame structure, which was the original of O'Leary's saloon, where McGaw and Crimmins hatched their plots against Tom. The experiences which went to make this book were gathered during Mr. Smith's connection with the Government Lighthouse Department as contractor. It was then that he came in contact with Mrs. Bridget Morgan, stevedore, the original Tom Grogan.

Down the Atlantic Highlands are the scenes of Fenimore Cooper's *Water Witch,* and out from Sandy Hook is the Scotland Lightship, thoughts of which inspired Mr. Richard Harding Davis when writing one of his best and most charming scenes of love making—that of Robert Clay and Hope on the northbound steamer off the coast of South America.

THE END.

GILIAN THE DREAMER *

MR. MUNRO has achieved a most notable literary success in *Gilian the Dreamer.* His genius is very different from Mr. Barrie's—I had almost said as different as Celtic imagination is from Saxon judgment. Yet I doubt if any book that has appeared since *A Window in Thrums* has gone so straight to the heart of Scotland as this. If there had been nothing else in the story but the self-executed portraits of the members of that household which receives into its bosom the orphaned Gilian, and tries not quite successfully to "make a man of him," it would have deserved and been assured of immortality. The three brothers—the General, the "Cornal" and the Paymaster, otherwise

> Captain Mars, Captain Mars,
> Who never saw wars

—and their sister, Miss Mary, of the sharp tongue and the warm sympathies, "a dear fond heart, a darling hypocrite, a foolish bounteous mother-soul, without chick or child of her own and yet with tenement for the loves of a large family," are quite worthy to be placed in the same gallery with the best of Miss Ferrier's and John Galt's characters. And then Mr. Munro has made a very great advance as a stylist since he wrote *John Splendid.* He has not yet reached the perfection of prose poetry, which, whatever may be said of the undiluted article, ought undoubtedly to be "simple, sensuous, passionate." Occasionally he stumbles—it would be most unjust to say he sinks—into bathos, as when he speaks of "the mist a slattern, trailing a ragged gown," going over "the high and numerous hills." "High and numerous hills" smacks of the gazetteer. Occasionally, too, Mr. Munro allows a conceit to run away with him, and—which is of more importance—with the idea he wishes to express, as when he says, "The great bell upon the roof swung upon its arms like an acrobat in petticoats and loudly pealed the hour of seven." One feels inclined to suggest to Mr. Munro that when next he goes into severe literary training he should not forget a course of Erasmus's Letters. But the march of sentences and chapters—one cannot conscientiously add of plot—is much more decided in *Gilian the Dreamer* than it is in *John Splendid;* one does not feel tempted to say every tenth page or so in Burke's phrase, though not for Burke's

*Gilian the Dreamer. By Neil Munro. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

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reason, "For God's sake let us pass on, for God's sake let us pass on." The book above all things suggests in its literary strenuousness and ingenuousness that the author has done his very best, and after all supreme sincerity is preferable even to supreme charity.

Whether *Gilian the Dreamer* will have the popularity of *The Lost Pibroch* or of *John Splendid* is a different question. There is no sensationalism in it, no bloodshed, no flashing of swords; we have but the tuck of the recruiting drum. There are hardly any adventures except an elopement, which breaks down half way, and a third-rate shipwreck, which is apparently intended to show that Gilian, as De Quincey said of Pope, "does not like wet feet." To Scottish readers familiar with Mr. Crockett's rather too "buirdly" chiels, Gilian—at least as a hero—will seem as irritating as the Rev. Robert Spalding. He can do nothing; he has no "smeddum," as his guardian the Paymaster says. He fails as a man; he fails even as a lover. When he plans and partly carries out an elopement, and has even mustered up courage and passion enough to imprint on the lips of the wayward yet practical Nan the kisses for which, by the way, she has an almost Ouidaesque appetite, his courage fails him, and young Lochinvar, or at least young Islay, steps in and takes by violence what is to him the kingdom of heaven. But Gilian as he is portrayed—the dreamer who deceives himself and deceives others, who lives in a world of such absolute unreality that he can make believe that the hum of a bee in the ear is the roar of a wild beast far off—is, so far as I know, unique in Scottish fiction. He recalls Wordsworth's boy, of whom it is written:

> A gentle shock of mild surprise
> Had carried far into his heart the voice
> Of mountain torrents.

Take the Saxon solidity out of this boy, substitute for it the pathetic fatalism of the Gael, and you have Gilian. As a failure, except perhaps as a ballad-monger, he is perfection. You close this chapter of his dreamings with the certainty that even the tactful Miss Mary will fail in making a man, as her brothers have failed in making a "soger," of him. As a vigorous, self-willed, and delightfully capricious girl, yet with enough of Charlotte in her composition to know that woman, much more man, must have bread and milk as well as kisses to live on, Nan is also a remarkable creation. But, as I have already hinted, the talks of the three brothers over their own adventures in the past, romantic as well as military, and over the fortunes of Gilian, with Miss Mary close at hand to make the charm of the whole of their work as firm and good as it could be under the circumstances, contribute to this story the element of classicality as a transcript of Scottish life. I know no book whatever in which Highland pride and Highland tenderness are so admirably realised. And when the egotistic but veracious garrulity of the "Cornal" and the General is taken in conjunction with the "meridian" prattle and reminiscence of the frequenters of Sergeant More's change-house, I doubt if there is any book which reproduces so fully or so clearly the feeling of this country after the Napoleonic wars as it lingered lovingly in small towns. It does for the post-"Boney" period of our history what *The Trumpet Major* does for an earlier decade.

William Wallace.

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A MODERN FAIRY-TALE

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH, BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE.

ONCE there was a poet, who had married a pretty, simple little wife. They were happy. They lived together in a simple, pretty little house, that faced the East.

It was an out-of-the-way place, unknown to land-speculators and even to summer-boarders. The poet had a modest income, and already knew the hollowness of fame. So he wrote his verses just for himself, with the quiet pleasure a rose-bush takes in blooming. Besides his art, he cared for nothing but his simple little wife. The simple little wife cared for nothing but her husband, and she busied herself with looking after the garden and the house and the flower-beds in the front yard. They had no servants—I've already told you they were happy. So, when the housework was done, the pretty, simple little wife would come and sit down beside her husband, and watch him write.

He read his poems to her. The little wife did not understand their technique, but she knew they were very beautiful. With lips half open she drank in the rhythmic phrases and sonorous melodies. He preferred this simple faith to the reasoned admiration of the critics. Besides, in that blessed place there were no critics.

Did I tell you how pretty she was, this simple little wife, and how she was dressed? Her husband could have given her beautiful robes and jewels. But there was no need; he was a poet, and so he possessed in his imagination such a magnificent wardrobe as no queen ever owned. One day he would dress her as a Japanese girl, the next day like a Swiss peasant, and another time he would give her the costume of a noble Persian lady; she was in turn Titania, the Fairy-Queen, or the beautiful Marguerite, or the Goddess Hebe, just as the caprice of his fancy changed. So her toilets were never soiled or wrinkled, and fitted her delicate beauty better than if they had been made by the first costumer in the land.

For Worth himself cannot rival the dreams of a poet.

In reality, the simple little wife always wore a soft grey gown, as simple as was she; and a pretty little apron with two pockets, that she had embroidered herself.

So the story would end here, without having begun—only the little wife had one bit of sorrow, that kept her from knowing perfect happiness.

She never told her husband about it; and he—of course—never noticed. But sometimes, in the morning at sunrise, when she was throwing out the wheat in blond handfuls to her white pigeons, she would stop and draw a deep sigh. And the white pigeons, surprised, would look at her wonderingly, with upturned faces and grains of wheat in their bills.

One day, while the poet was still asleep (for he had worked late the night before in hunting down a rebel rhyme), the little wife left the garden and wandered a little way into the wood near by. It was a forest of high pines, tall enough to be the masts of great vessels; and their soft green tops that swung in the wind sounded like the caressing murmur of the sea along the sides of ships.

The day before her husband had read her a poem about the Fairy Estelle; and the simple little wife was dreamily thinking that she would have liked to live in the time of the fairies; for then she could have called one and told her her trouble.

Just as she formed this wish, she saw appear, in an open space of the woods, a young man on a light bicycle, so light that its swift passage hardly bent the star-flowers aside, and did not seem to touch the pine-needles at all.

In a wink he was beside her, and stopped short, leaping off his metal steed.

Then she recognised that he was a woman. A few strands of light brown hair escaped from under her cap and hung down over a red jersey, and her steel-blue eyes looked sharply at the simple little wife.

"You called me?"

"Are you a fairy?" asked the little wife, more surprised than frightened.

"Yes. Don't you know me? I am the fairy Go-Ahead."

"Then, there still are fairies?"

"Did you doubt it? There are the

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fairies of the new age, the fairies of modern science, the fairies of progress. Do you suppose that Edison and Tesla and Roentgen could have done anything without the help of the fairies? And don't you know that you are all the time using forces the wisest of men can't explain?"

The face of the little wife showed that she had never asked herself that question.

"We are *practical* fairies," the bicyclist went on. "The human race is behindhand. It has been idling till now, just because it was deceived by useless dreamers and by the fairies of former times. Now, the fairies of to-day fight against those empty delusions, such as Art and Religion and Poetry. So we consider your husband one of our worst enemies."

"What?" stammered the little wife, a bit frightened now.

The fairy Go-Ahead softened her clear-cut voice somewhat, and said:

"There, there! Don't worry. I don't lay it up against you—I'm really sorry for you. Yes, the poets and philosophers are evil geniuses that resist progress. There are hardly any philosophers left, to be sure; my friend, the fairy Dollar, has transformed most of them into politicians or professors. But there are still poets, they will spring up here and there, and they do not become harmless until we make them successful."

"I don't quite understand."

"To be sure. You are only a simple little wife; and here I am gossiping with you—I that usually talk like a telegram! To the point: Why did you call me? Want me to make your husband stop writing verses?

"Oh,—I never thought—"

"That would be a natural wish, but I couldn't grant it. The power of the new fairies is great, but we can't always keep a poet from rhyming. Is there anything else I can do for you? Tell me while I oil my wheel."

She took a little aluminum can from under the 1900 model saddle, and delicately forced just two drops under each patent oil-cap.

"I am happy," began the simple little wife. "I love my husband. He loves me."

It was the fairy's turn to look puzzled. But she only said, "Well?" and oiled the pedals.

"But," went on her protégé, "there is something that keeps me from being perfectly happy. When he has finished writing, and we talk about our love, he never speaks simply. I say, 'I love you;' and instead of just answering, 'Marie, I love you' (my name is Mary, and he calls me Marie), he compares me to beautiful flowers and to wonderful animals and to all sorts of things I don't know anything about. And he compares himself—oh, I don't know—he says ever so pretty things—but when one really cares for anybody, it isn't so—complicated—is it? And, you know, it all mixes me up, and makes me timid with him. And he isn't satisfied, and it isn't my fault, and—anyway, why is he always making—"

"Tropes and similes and metaphors," interrupted the fairy, snapping the little oil-can into place. "That's what they call them. I see. Bad case of monomania, but I'll guarantee to cure him. Go home, and don't worry."

"Thank you—"

"Oh, needn't thank me. I shall be very glad to show him a thing or two. Good-by."

Already the bicyclist was astride her saddle, and in less than a second she disappeared.

* * * * *

No later than breakfast that morning the fairy proved true to her word. Coming to the table, the poet said smiling to his pretty housekeeper:

"You look slender and pale this morning, my Mariettina. You are a tall lily of the Ganges, envased within the rarest porcelain of Singapore."

Hardly were the words spoken when his simple little wife had disappeared. In her place a great tropical lily, in an Oriental vase, was gently swinging to and fro; and its head almost touched the ceiling.

The poet was stupefied for a moment; but knowing well that our existence is the toy of unseen powers, he concluded to make the best of the situation, and climbed on a chair to smell the milk-white flower. But instead of the sweet breath of his simple little wife, he inhaled a pungent odour that made his head swim; and his nose was smeared with yellow from the pollen of the stamens.

And the lily swayed to and fro, slowly, gently, ironically.

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Out of patience, he was going to carry it to the garden, when the charm suddenly ceased. The simple little wife reappeared, with her faithful smile and her dear brown eyes.

She remembered only a vague sensation of having bloomed all at once, and having felt her delicate feet run out into thin white roots under the fresh earth.

"Come, eat your breakfast, dear," she said; "it's all getting cold."

And the poet ate, with rather an ill grace. Yet, watching his wife as she sat opposite and poured the coffee for him, he could not but admit that she was much pleasanter to look at than a pot of flowers.

Soon he made up his mind that he had been a victim of some hallucination, and went back to finish his love-poem, which he had interrupted at the lines:

And so, like passionate honey-bee that sips
The rose's heart, I swoon upon thy lips,
Thy flower-lips, and draw sweet perfumes thence
Of aloes, and of myrrh, and frankincense.

The rhymes came easily, and he was so well satisfied with his day's work that by supper-time he had quite forgotten the untoward incident of the morning. But just as his little wife jumped up quickly to bring the dessert, he was unlucky enough to call her, not "my dear Mary," as he ought, but "my Persian gazelle."

Immediately he saw a light gazelle leaping about on the table; it broke three old Nevers plates with its dainty hoofs, and began to nibble at the lettuce in the blue salad-dish.

At his first motion the timid creature ran around the dining-room and tried to make its way out by butting against the carved panels of the old-oak sideboard. Meanwhile, the poor poet swore a mighty vow that if only his Mary were restored to him he would ever after speak as a vulgar Philistine, and that he would deny himself even the commonplace and authorised terms of endearment, like "my mousie" or "my dove."

After all, to what can one compare the woman he loves that is not absurdly inferior to her?

Mary had recovered her own form, this time without any memory of the change, and was heartbroken to see the table in such disorder.

* * * * *

The poet kept his oath, and great was the joy of the simple little wife, who fervently thanked the good fairy.

He, however, suffered cruelly from the poverty of the language he had to use in expressing his love. Even before the second week was over he began to fail.

Soon he was so feeble that he had to give up writing. He could not leave his bed; and the little wife, anxious now, pushed it out on the balcony, where the climbing vines embraced each other.

One quiet evening in June, the poet, holding his wife's hand in his, said:

"I feel that I shall leave you soon, Marie."

The simple little wife burst out sobbing.

"It is my fault," she stammered through her tears.

And she told her dying husband of her meeting with the fairy Go-Ahead.

"I was afraid it was so," murmured the poet. "But it was very natural; I cannot blame you. And I feel no pain at all now—almost pleasure—I seem to myself—like a bird—just spreading its pinions—to fly away—"

As he spoke, he felt his arms grow feathery, change to light wings, and beat the air.

And he added quickly:

"With you, my bird, my mate; with you!"

Already, far from the wide-open windows, two birds were flying out and away into the golden light of the setting sun.

* * * * *

For the fairy Go-Ahead is after all not such a bad fairy, and she knew that they would be happier so.

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SOME FOOTNOTES TO CYRANO

ROSTAND'S play is still in the infancy of its years, yet it has had placed upon it more general and specific praise than any other work of its kind in memory. The delight with which it is read and beheld on the stage is not more remarkable than the lack of understanding or appreciation of much of the scholarship of M. Rostand's work.

There is focussed in the play a wide circumference of neglected social and literary history. Cyrano and his native town of Bergerac, the founders of the Académie Française, the *Précieuses,* are rescued from the oblivion of neglect to a brilliant renaissance. The fascination of a superficial search for an explanation of many of M. Rostand's casual references has led to the compilation of more complete, though not entirely thorough, series of notes on the latent scholarship of this dramatic poet. They are offered in the hope and belief that the text may take on additional charm with more thorough understanding. The references to pages are based on the translation by Howard Thayer Kingsbury (Boston: Lamson, Wolffe and Company, first edition), which has the authority derived from its acceptance and presentation by Mr. Richard Mansfield.

The first act takes place in the theatre of the Hotel de Bourgogne. This famous playhouse stood near the Porte St. Denis, and was the cradle of the Théâtre Française. Here were produced the plays of Corneille and Racine and many of the actors mentioned in *Cyrano* were distinguished for their achievements on this stage. Observe that (page 14) one of the audience, pointing out a particular seat, remarks: "I sat there on the first night of *The Cid.* The theatre was opened about 1550, and was closed in 1783. The next year it was destroyed.

The tradesman and his son are astonished to find Rotrou and Corneille played to such a doubtful audience (page 13). Such sentiments with regard to the great Pierre Corneille are easily appreciated, but our interest in Jean de Rotrou is only whetted when we discover that he was one of the founders of the Théâtre Française, had plays successfully acted before he was nineteen, and left thirty-five plays of every description to the Library of the French Drama. He was born at Dreux in 1609.

On the next page there is mention of the play *Clorise,* which the audience had assembled to hear and see its author, Balthasar Baro. Neither attained fame, though Baro gave nine plays to the stage and was exceedingly popular with the ladies of the salons. Cyrano passes on him rather severely farther on (page 27): "Since Baro's verse is less than nothing, I interrupt without regret." The popularity of Baro among *les précieuses* is evident from the murmur of surprise and resentment this thrust brings from the boxes.

"You'll see the most distinguished actors—Montfleury, Bellerose, L'Eprey, Beaupré and Jodelet!" (page 15). This is indeed a famous group. It was the custom of the time to call a favourite actor familiarly by the name of his most famous rôle. Montfleury was Zacharie Jacob. He was born of a noble family in Anjou about 1600, and became the principal actor of the Hotel de Bourgogne, where he created the title part in Corneille's *The Cid.* Montfleury was the preceptor of the great Barron. He died on the stage while acting Andromachus in December, 1667. Next in importance was Bellerose, whose real name was Pierre Le Messier. He joined the company in 1629, and it is said of him that he acted comedy and tragedy with equal success. He died in 1670.

Christian de Neuvillète was from Touraine, as indicated by Lignière in introducing him (page 17). The Marquises rather held aloof from him: "Well enough, but not the latest style," and in the next act he is put upon his courage to prove to the high-tempered Gascons that "one can be from the North and yet be brave." Touraine was one of the old provinces of France, forming what is now the Department of Indre et Loire, of which Tours is the principal city.

The young nobles in the pit point out an interesting group in one of the boxes, mentioning (pages 17-18) Mesdames Aubry, De Guémenée, Bois Dauphin and De

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Chavigny. These were all distinguished Parisian names of the period, though it is difficult to say exactly whom M. Rostand had in mind. The Madame Aubry singled out was doubtless the wife of Antoine Aubry, an indefatigable and scholarly writer of the time, and the Madame de Chavigny most apt to have attracted attention at the Hotel de Bourgogne was the wife of Leon de Bouthilier, Comte de Chavigny and De Busençais, statesman and friend of Richelieu.

Then the members of the Academy are pointed out at the next line. "Bondu, Boissat, Cureau, Porchères, Colomby, Bourzeys and Bourdon—names that will not die." These are indeed among the most distinguished of the first forty of the Immortals. Bourzeys was a priest, and was, because of his literary attainments, one of the first chosen by Richelieu for the Academy. Bourdon was a great artist. His "Crucifixion of St. Peter" is one of the *chef d'oeuvres* of Notre Dame. Marin Cureau de la Chambre was a scientist and physician, and Boissat was a poet and linguist. It is scarcely probable that Colomby was present at the performance of *Clorise* in 1640. He was a poet, and took Holy Orders, his biographer and the encyclopedias all noting that he became a recluse, not even attending the meetings of tl.e Academy. He died in 1848.

After the actors, gentlewomen and Academicians have been pointed out a Marquis says: "Attention! Our blue stockings take their places! Barthénoïde, Urimédonte, Felixe, Cassandacë." These are *les précieuses,* to which class of culture Roxane belonged. In Act III. (page 139) Roxane, returning from the discourse on "the tender passion" at Clomire's, bids adieu to "Barthénoïde! Alcandre! . . . Grémionë! Urinédonte!" These names were affected by the *précieuses,* who nominally made a classic of Paris and all their environment. The most complete index to this classic fiction is *La Dictionnaire des Précieuses* of Le Sieur de Somaizer. Here we find that Barthénoïde was la Marquise de Boudreno, "one of the most spirituelle of their empire." Uridémonte was M'lle Vaugeron. Grémionë was la Marquise de Grenouillère. Clomire, whose house stood opposite Roxane's, was the name taken by M'lle. Clesson, Constance-Françoise de Bretagne, daughter of the Comtesse de Vertus, and sister of M'lle. de Montbazon. Of her, Tellement said: "She had no fault, except that she never married." Roxane was the name assumed by Madelaine Robin.

There is a whole drama, an entire history, congested in the one line (page 19), "D'Assoucy waits for me at the wine tavern." Charles Coypeau D'Assoucy (1604-79) was notorious, as well as notable, all over France in his lifetime. He was the counterpart of François Villon. He wrote and drank, plunged into excesses of all kinds, fascinated every one, spent as much time in prison as out, but left to posterity not only the fame of his name, but seven volumes of verse.

The first mention of Cyrano is when Ragueneau, coming into the midst of the brilliant assemblage of Paris familiars (page 20), asks with surprise: "Have you seen Monsieur de Cyrano?" Hercule Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac (1620-55) was born at the château de Bergerac in Perigord. Very little more than this, if as much, might have been told of this man, so conspicuous in his time before M. Rostand reincarnated him for the stage. From the hints found in the text of the play, chroniclers and commentators and antiquarians have taken their cue, and the world is now reasonably well acquainted with the celebrated Gascon. Pursuing the purpose of these notes, however, it may be well to recall in passing that in his boyhood he studied with a poor country priest, and then plunged into an irresponsible sort of life in Paris. He joined the cadets of Captain Carbon de Castel-Jaloux, and fought with them at the siege of Arras. He was a poet and a dramatist. His chief dramatic works were *Agrippine,* a tragedy, and *Le Pedant Jou,* a comedy. The latter was the first prose comedy to be played on the French stage. He also wrote several imaginative works in prose: *A Voyage to the Moon* and *A Comic History of the States and Empires of the Sun,* while two are believed to have been the inspiration of several subsequent books—*L'Histoire des Oiseaux* and *Lettres Divers es.* His collected works were published last in Paris in 1741, five volumes.

Phédon (page 21) is the principal rôle in Baro's pastoral drama *Clorise.*

Lebret (page 22) is drawn from life.

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His name was Henri Le Bret, and he has come down to us with no other distinction or description than that he was the friend, companion and biographer of Cyrano, as Rostand faithfully portrays him in the play.

Philippe de Champaigne (1602-74) and Jacques Callot (1592-1635) (page 22) were two celebrated artists. De Champaigne, "solemn and grave," was a painter of religious subjects, many of which may be seen even now in Paris. Callot was more versatile and more prolific. He is said to have left six hundred pictures. His life was written by Hussan, and there is a portrait of him by Van Dyke.

Gascony (page 23) was one of the provinces of old France. Bergerac (page 82), now a city of about ten thousand inhabitants, was even in 1640 one of the principal towns in Gascony. Touraine (page 17), Perigord and Béarn (page 174) were others of the now obliterated provinces.

The Comte de Guiche (page 24) was one of the illustrious house of Grammont. He was born 1604 and died 1678. All his life was given to the pursuit of arms. It was after the campaign in Flanders, of which the siege of Arras was an incident, that Antoine, Comte de Guiche, was given the baton of a marshal of France. His memoirs were published in 1716 (two volumes). This man has twice before been used by dramatists. Several years ago Otis Skinner very charmingly presented the character in a play, *His Grace of Grammont,* written for him by Clyde Fitch. When Alexander Salvini was taken with his fatal illness, he had in preparation *The Heir of Grammont,* by Paul Kester, of which he boasted hopefully.

Nearly every reference to the Porte de Nesle (page 28) in other than M. Rostand's plays speaks of it as the Tour de Nesle. It had a romantic and revolting history. The Tour de Nesle gave its name and its bloody romance to a drama by Frederic Gaillardet, which ran for six hundred nights in Paris. There was a famous controversy over this piece, friends of Alexandre Dumas claiming that it was his genius which gave vitality to the play. It was also used by Roger de Beauvois in a novel. The Porte or Tour de Nesle stood on the site of the present Institute, or Palais Mazarin, the home of the Academy.

The Duc de Candale (page 39), Henri de Nogart d'Epiruon, was a famous general, conspicuously active in all the French campaigns of his lifetime (1691-1739).

Like Céledon, graceful and tall,
Like Scaramouche, quick hand and brain—

These lines from the ballade of the duel (page 48) more than likely refer to two actors of the company of the Hotel de Bourgogne. There is a record of an actor of conspicuous merit and favour, and even at this time of fame, whose real name was Fiurelli, whose celebrated performance of Scaramouche cemented the name upon him.

The Church of Saint Roch, where, the Duenna says (page 59), Roxane will go to hear mass the next morning, stands today close by the Place Vendôme on the Rue St. Honoré. The "old Malherbe," to whom Ragueneau makes allusion (page 68), is François de Malherbe (1555-1628), the celebrated lyric poet and father of French poetry.

Ragueneau says (page 69): "The verses of my friends she calmly takes and fashions into bags to carry cakes." We learn who these friends are when (page 81) Cyrano offers the Duenna a lunch of sweets—Benserade, Saint-Amant, Chapelain. Isaac de Benserade (1613-91) was Court poet to Louis XIII.; Marc Antoine Gerard de Saint-Amant (1594-1661) was a poet and member of the Academy, and Jean Chapelain (1595-1674) was also a poet and Academician. He presided at the framing of the statutes of the French Academy.

"Hair, like one of D'Urfé's heroes," exclaims Roxane (page 86). There were two D'Urfés, sister and brother, the former a poet, the latter a writer of romance. It is Honoré D'Urfé to whom reference is made.

"Theophraste Renadaut, the inventor of the *Gazette*" (page 92), began his life as a physician, and later, under the patronage of Richelieu, established the *Gazette de Paris.*

The Marshal de Gassion (page 92), Jean de Gassion (1609-47), was an able and celebrated general in high favour at court. When any one placed grave obstacles in the way of Richelieu, it was

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the Cardinal's custom to say: "Gassion will take them away."

A square in the old Marais, as shown in the scene of Act III., takes us into the heart of what was the most exclusive residence section of the great capital. It is now the retreat of small pensioners who seek modest livings.

Cyrano, it appears (page 117), was a pupil of Gassendi. But though all his pupils were musicians, Pierre Gassendi (1592-1656) was a philosopher, a friend of Galileo, Hobbes, Keppler and Pascal.

The siege of Arras, with which Act IV. is largely occupied, resulted in a victory of value to the French. This city and its adjacent territory, now the Department of Pas de Calais in the north of France, had for a long time been alternately in the possession of the French and their enemies. Robespierre was born there. Arras was noted as early as the fourth century for the richness of its sculptures and its tapestries. The best-known tapestries of Arras are those in the cathedral of Beauvais, the Church of Chaise Dieu and those given by Philippe le Bon to the Sultan Bajazet, which are now in the seraglio at Constantinople.

The Cardinal Prince of Spain, who besieges the besieging French (page 166), is Giulio Mazarin (1602-61).

The river Scrape, in which the Gascon caught the gudgeon (page 168), is a river which rises in the Department of Pas de Calais, flows past Arras and empties into the Scheldt. It is navigable from Arras to its mouth.

Bapaume, where De Guiche speaks of having put the Count de Bucquoi to flight, is a village of about three thousand, near Arras, to the south. The nobleman spoken of was one of the patrician family of that name, whose estates were near Arras. The family name has passed out of France, but survives in Austria.

A general search through customary sources of geographical information fails to reveal even the existence of a place called Dourlens (page 178). Possibly this is another spelling for Doulens or Doullens, a town of France in the Department Somme, sixteen miles north of Amiens. Its citadel was formerly considered one of the strongest in Picardy.

The names by which the cadets are introduced (page 188) are all traceable as illustrious Gascon names. Madame Athis (page 229) bore a name familiar to all fashionable Paris of the period. Lygdamere (page 230) was the Duchess de Longueville. This charming *précieuse* was also known as La Princesse Leodamie. She was a fascinating woman, who knew how to make herself especially attractive to men. One can easily guess at La Montglat, but who was De Fiesque? The fair party to this flirtation was in all probability the wife of Louis XIV.'s Marshal of Camp. "Thursday, Mancini is Queen of France—almost!" The four Mancini women wrought sad havoc in the courts they frequented. They were nieces of Cardinal Mazarin. Cyrano refers to Laure, Duchesse de Mercœur (1636-57), who was a mistress of Louis XIV.

Paul Wilstach.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

The correspondents of the Letter-Box have been working overtime lately, and have so filled our pigeon-holes with letters that we are obliged to omit the preliminary observations which it was formerly our custom to make. In a general way, however, we may remark that there seems to be an increasing thirst for information and a gradual subsidence of pugnacity in those who favour us with their communications and confidences.

I.

A subscriber in Topeka, Kansas, asks us two questions of a bibliographical nature.

(1) Will you give me the names of two or three books that I shall find most helpful in studying Tennyson?

We should recommend these three: Dixon, *A Tennyson Primer* (New York, 1896); Jones, *The Growth of the Idylls of the King* (New York, 1895), and the *Memoir of Lord Tennyson* by his son (New York, 1897). The still more recently published book on Tennyson by Gwynn we do not rate so highly as the English reviewers of it have done.

(2) Is there any book which gives an account of Napoleon's strategy and military genius in general, not written in technical language, but in such a way that any intelligent person can understand just how and wherein he was a greater master of war, for instance, than Frederick the Great, or Wellington, or Von Moltke, or Grant?

Yes; there is a most admirable little book by Lieutenant Sargent of the United States Army entitled *Napoleon Bonaparte's First Campaign* (Chicago, 1895). It describes the battles fought by Napoleon against the Austrians under Wurmser and the Archduke Charles in Italy—battles which brilliantly illustrate all that was supreme in the military genius of the greatest soldier of all time. Lieutenant Sargent has appended to his account of each battle a most lucid statement of just why Napoleon's manœuvres were so wonderfully adapted to the conditions of the moment; and at the end of the book is a chapter comparing the strategy and tactics of Napoleon with the strategy and tactics of other distinguished soldiers, with a view to making it clear just wherein it was that no other commander has ever equalled him.

II.

From a reader in Englewood, New Jersey:

Will you kindly indicate the proper pronunciation of the words Boer, Joubert, and Kruger?

Boer is pronounced as though it were written "Boor." Joubert, properly a French name, is pronounced by the Boers as though written "Yowbert." As to Kruger, we are amused to see so many American newspapers giving it the form "Krüger," as though Oom Paul were a German. The name is, to be sure, pronounced like "Krüger" in German, but there is no umlaut in Dutch, and the *ü* sound is the only sound possessed by *u* in that language; so that the letter in question requires no diacritical pointing. It is as absurd to use an umlaut in President Kruger's name as it would be to write Dreyfus "Dreyfüs" to show how the French sound the last vowel. No journals published in England perpetrate this linguistic absurdity.

III.

Not long ago we quoted something uncomplimentary about ourselves written by an irritated lady, and in doing so we characterised her language as exhibiting "a fine trajectory frankness." Now a correspondent asks, with a certain tone of civil superiority, what part of speech we suppose "trajectory" to be. We answer,

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with an equally civil assurance, that, in the sentence written by us, "trajectory" is a noun used as an adjective. Perhaps this adjectival use of a noun troubles our correspondent. No doubt, when he speaks of a gold watch, he calls it a "golden watch," and would convert bull-dog tenacity into "bulldoggish tenacity." To him the Dewey Arch is "the Deweian Arch," and when he visits New England and eats Washington pie, he does so only on condition that it shall be spoken of in his presence as "a Washingtonian pie." Anyhow, we advise him to go off somewhere all by himself and think very hard.

IV.

Students of biographical literature will remember that when Dr. Johnson fell, as he often did, into fits of moody silence, and was therefore giving out no material for preservation and comment, Boswell used to propound all sorts of ingenious and irrelevant questions merely for the sake of finding out just what the lexicographer would say in reply; as, for example, "What would you do, sir, if you were shut up in a tower with a baby?" Now, we have not the temerity to compare ourselves with the inimitable Johnson, but we do think that some of our correspondents are afflicted with a Boswellian mania for asking questions out of pure curiosity and in default of any legitimate subjects of inquiry. For instance, here is some one down in Patchogue, Long Island, who sends us this upon a postal card:

What do you think of the race between the *Columbia* and the *Shamrock?*

We have searched our mind in the vain hope of finding something profound to say in answer to this question; but not being yachting experts, we shall have to fall back upon a rather simple and obvious thought which has bothered us considerably ever since the races were officially arranged. And the thought is this: the *Columbia* is an American boat designed by an American, built by Americans, manned by Americans, and intended solely and absolutely to represent American science and seamanship against the science and seamanship of Englishmen. We can't help thinking it, therefore, a great pity that in the races for the championship she should have had for her captain an Englishman. This takes some of the gloss off our victory, and it would give the English an excellent chance to say things, if they were not just now animated by a spirit of friendliness such as we hope may never be diminished. Yet we wish that Captain Barr had been an American by birth.

V.

Like unto the preceding inquiry is another which comes to us from a subscriber residing in this city. He asks:

When the Dewey Arch is made permanent, where do you think it ought to stand?

Precisely where it stands at present.

VI.

An amiable subscriber in St. Paul, Minnesota, is very much pleased with our assertion made some time ago to the effect that Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy" is a better story than "The Brushwood Boy." He says, "If there were two of me, I should double my subscription." Then he goes on to prefer a request in algebraic language, as follows:

Having been unconsciously agreeable, can you bring yourself to such a state consciously? I want you to say that Sir Edwin Arnold is an *n*th rate poet, and that his translation of Sa'adi's *Rose Garden* is quite the *n*thest thing that he has ever done. I maintain (and the maintenance is difficult in this Town, for once upon a time Sir Edwin was in this Town and all the Literary Ladies met Him at an Afternoon Tea) that there is no Persian spirit in the translation, and if the Roses of Sa'adi are so anæmic as these, they had best be left to pine on the Persian stem. Dear BOOKMAN, I hope you have not met Sir Edwin at an Afternoon Tea, and that you will agree with me and not with the aforementioned Literary Ladies.

Yes, yes, yes. We agree with everything that our correspondent has written; and we never drank any tea with Sir Edwin.

VII.

The following paragraph from a letter which bears the signature "Eccentric" we print herewith for the benefit of the lady in Sierra Madre who writes a beautiful English hand—for we indignantly resent our correspondent's imputation that it is a decadent vertical hand.

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The lady with "the beautiful English hand" (it may be only a decadent vertical hand, after all) may be interested in knowing that in Trevelyan's *American Revolution* great care is taken to call our glorious battlefield "Bunker's Hill." When will the good people learn that nouns are often used adjectively? If they were not, we should be forced by the lady from California to write flag's staff, whip's stock, and a lamb's chop, with what a resulting sibilation of speech! Fortunately, usage has marked out an easier way, and usage is king.

VIII.

From West Palm Beach, Florida, comes the following inquiry:

I wish to ask you a question, which, I hope, you will not think is very unnecessary. I ought to know the answer myself, but I am not sure that I do. How should a man's letters be addressed who is professor in a college, and who has had several degrees conferred upon him? Is "Prof. James Green, A.M., LL.D., Ph.D.," too much, or should the "Prof." be omitted?

Thanking you in advance for your kindness, I am,

ONE OF YOUR ADMIRERS.

There is no particular reason for omitting the "Prof." If you want to omit anything, you might drop a degree or two. Professor Green would never miss them.

IX.

Several letters have reached us referring to our opinion that "Porto Rico" is on the whole a form to be preferred to the more correct "Puerto Rico." Out of these letters we select the principal paragraph of one written by the commanding officer of the United States cruiser *New York*. It runs as follows:

All our sailing directions and all charts use the proper spelling, "Puerto Rico," as have also our newspapers heretofore—that is, preceding the late war. There was no reason for the change to the Portuguese except the carelessness and ignorance of the ordinary newspaper correspondent. I do not think English misuse should hold in such a case as this. It seems to me that we should have the good taste and the kindliness of feeling not to force upon the inhabitants of the island so lately taken by us a spelling which is undoubtedly disagreeable and distasteful to them. Common politeness should cause us in the circumstances to use the name which belongs to their country.

We think that Captain Chadwick is mistaken in his belief that American newspapers used the form "Puerto Rico" before the late war with Spain. Our observation leads us to think that "Porto Rico" was almost universally employed, not only by newspapers, but by the compilers of text-books on history and geography, and by writers in general. We fully admit, however, the force of his concluding argument, which is based upon policy, courtesy, and sentiment; and from this point of view we have no objection whatever to a general adoption of the Spanish form.

X.

Another correspondent, who also discourses on Puerto Rico, winds up by asking a question on a different subject.

Do you consider the expression "future prospects" a pleonasm?

Etymologically, yes; but in general usage it is the sort of pleonasm that one can hardly condemn without appearing to be hypercritical.

XI.

A Philadelphia lady has something to say about our recent grouping of six famous novelists in what we considered to be the order of their merit. She writes as follows:

In your arrangement of authors you place Balzac before Dickens. When I showed this to my uncle, he said that he could not understand your reason for doing it. My uncle is a great reader, and admires both French and English novels very much, and so I want to know what you have to say about his opinion of your arrangement.

Your uncle is doubtless a good man, and we can only explain his objection to our comparative estimate of Balzac and Dickens in one of two ways. Possibly he has not read Balzac. On the other hand, possibly he has not read Dickens. Please show him this, with our compliments.

XII.

Some one has written to ask us, in order to decide a controversy, to arrange the various stories contained in Mr. Kip-

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ling's *Day's Work* in the order of their merit. We are pretty good-natured, but we shall really have to draw the line at this. Grouping authors is all very well, but when it comes to grouping their different productions and dividing and subdividing and splitting hairs, then we simply shut up the office for the day and go out and take a walk.

XIII.

An inhabitant of South Norwalk, Connecticut, who has a certain deadly efficiency about him, sends us the following upon a postal card. We can imagine that after sending it he leaned back in his chair and smiled a hard, inexorable smile.

"*The Fowler* proves one thing, that Miss Harraden is not a woman of one book, but that she is a literary artist and a serious novelist whose work will have to be reckoned with in the literature of the present day."

Editorial, THE BOOKMAN, *June, 1899.*

"The whole thing is unreal." "We think that Miss Harraden's literary career, so far as it really counts, may be said to have begun and ended with the publication of *Ships that Pass in the Night.*"

Harry Thurston Peck, in THE BOOKMAN, *July, 1899.*

Query: Is this the inconsistency of a great mind, or has Harry Thurston Peck ceased to edit THE BOOKMAN?

G. H. B.

Now, we fancy that most editors would suppress this little communication altogether. It is a facer. We cannot get around it, or crawl under it, or lightly float away from it in a verbal mist. But if we have any virtue at all, we think that we may truthfully lay claim to the virtue of perfect frankness; and so we are just going to tell G. H. B. the whole inside history of this painful affair. When the June and July numbers of THE BOOKMAN were being made up for the press, and, for that matter, after they had appeared, the Senior Editor was in the country leading a harmless, but idle and irresponsible life. For the moment his philosophy was the philosophy of Harold Skimpole; and the shadows on the grass and the susurrus of the bees temporarily obscured his immediate interest in his editorial functions. Consequently, when he wrote his review of *The Fowler* he was oblivious of the fact that other editorial writers in THE BOOKMAN had expressed an opinion different from his own; and the result was a certain lack of conductivity between the different departments of the magazine, a slight critical asymmetry, or, to put it more lucidly, an absence of the true Anaxagorean homœomeria. This, of course, was very, very wrong; but if G. H. B. has meditated earnestly upon the profounder problems of human life, he must be aware that almost anything can happen in the summer.

XIV.

A question from Tarrytown, New York:

Would you describe Kipling's latest lyric on the "Absent Minded Beggar" as verse, or as a coghlan?

No; we should call it rag-time poetry.

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LITERARY PARIS

ZOLA'S *Fécondité*, which I have already mentioned in my last article, is an undoubted success. Of course a book by Zola is always sure to sell. But in addition all the critics agree that the book contains some of the most brilliant pages that have been written by the author of *L'Assommoir*. Like most of Zola's books, it is part of a series of works springing from a common inspiration. The title of the series is *Les Quatre Evangiles*. This time, therefore, Zola undertakes to do something more than simply to describe what he saw or imagined; he assumes the part of the preacher, and intends to point out for the benefit of his country what ought to be done if France is to retain her historic position in the community of nations. Needless to say that there will be those who will refuse to take him seriously in this new garb and, beginning with this work, the purpose of which is to help curing the evil of childless marriages, they will ask him why he did not himself practise what he preaches.

Great as Zola's name is in literature, his last production has to compete for public favour with a still greater one. We have had a new instalment of the posthumous works of Victor Hugo, a second volume of *Choses Vues*. The volume is intensely interesting. It is even amusing. It may be taken for short snaps of leisure reading. It consists of a large number of disconnected pieces, which the editors have endeavoured to classify under a number of headings. Thus we have notes jotted down by Hugo about some of the companies that he passed through during his long existence, the French Academy, the House of Peers of Louis-Philippe's reign, where he occupied a seat and was always mentioned as Le Vicomte Victor Hugo, the National Assembly of 1848, the Assembly that met at Bordeaux after the Franco-German war, from which he retired in a huff when he thought he discovered a determination on the part of the Royalist majority not to listen to him respectfully. The portraits are very numerous, Odilon, Barrot, Thiers, Dufaure, Proudhon, Lamartine, Louis Napoléon, whom he was soon to call Napoléon le Petit, Mademoiselle Mars, Mademoiselle Georges, Frédéric Lemaître, Louis Philippe, his sons, his daughter-in-law, the poetical and ill-fated Helen of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, whose union with the brilliant Duc d'Orléans was dissolved by the catastrophe of July 13, 1843. On the whole, it is a book that no student of Hugo's poetry can afford to pass by. It shows what a close observer of real things the poet was, how clear everything he had seen or heard remained in his mind, and how well provided he was with what Zola later called *Documents Humains*.

Another great man of the past has this month come out of his grave with a new book—namely, Ernest Renan. But I doubt whether the general public will take a great interest in this addition to the complete works of the historian of the origins of Christianity and of the people of Israel. Renan was not only an *Orientaliste*, a philologist, a philosophical historian; he was also a remarkably accurate mediævalist, as is shown by his contributions to the celebrated *Histoire Littéraire de la France*. His posthumous volume belongs to that side of his activity. Its title is *Etude sur la Politique Religieuse sous le Règne de Philippe le Bel*.

Two more of the men who disappeared within the last few years will in the same way be brought before us again. One is Michelet, whose literary *reliquiae* are just now being put in order by the most com-

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petent of his disciples, Professor Gabriel Monod. The other is Michelet's life-long friend and political coreligionist, Edgar Quinet, whose letters are soon to appear.

Two dead men of letters have just been honoured by the erection of monuments to their memory. One of them, the Duc d'Aumale, whose statue has been set up at Chantilly, near the magnificent estate left by him to the Academy, was a good deal else beside being a man of letters. His fate was not a happy one; he spent a large part of his life in exile; he was every inch a soldier; his dream was to lead a French army to victory, and, except in his earliest years, he was never allowed to have any part in his country's numerous fights; he was a great art amateur, and the representations of him that will be seen by posterity are no better than travesties. Gérôme's statue does him no more justice than did his portrait by Benjamin Constant, which was exhibited only a few days before his death.

The other monument was erected in a modest village cemetery, in St. Aubin du Gaillon, to a man who is almost forgotten to-day, Marmontel, who was the last *Secrétaire Perpétuel* of the old French Academy, before it was temporarily destroyed by the French Revolution.

We are not yet through with books relating to the Napoleonic period. This month I have to mention the *Mémoires Militaires du Maréchal Jourdan,* which deal almost entirely with the peninsular war.

France is decidedly returning at last to pure literature. We have again novels, poems, books of criticism. Among the first I wish to call attention to a book the authorship of which recalls the name of a writer who was for a great number of years one of the favourites of the French reading public. The widow of Octave Feuillet publishes a narrative which decidedly reminds one of the style and the method of construction of her dead husband. Title, *Une Divorcée.*

In poetry we have a volume of original poems and one of translations. The original poems come from America, from the American France, from Canada. It is a small volume of verse published in Montreal, with a preface by Louis Fréchette. The author of *Femmes Rêvées,* M. Albert Ferland, is likely to be heard of again.

The translation was not an easy one to make. It is a rendering in French verse of Shakespeare's *Sonnets.* The author, Fernand Henry, is at least a very clever versifier.

The works of criticism are extremely interesting. I must first mention *Humour et Humoristes,* by M. Paul Acker. It is one of the keenest and best presentations of one side at least of the literature of France during the last twenty years.

We go back to the seventeenth century with M. Amédée de Mengrier, to whom we owe a charming monograph of St. Francis de Sales, the author of *L'Introduction à la Vie Dévote.*

We go still farther back with M. G. Michaud, the author of a very suggestive study on *Le Génie Latin.*

The preoccupations of modern Democracy are visible in a very unpretentious little book, *La Rhétorique du Peuple,* by M. Gache. Now that everybody speaks and that nearly everybody writes, it was not a bad idea to present the principles of clear composition in the simplest language and in as brief a compass as the subject would allow—hardly one hundred pages.

We find the same preoccupations of the present time in the two very curious volumes of Maurice Pottecher on *Le Théâtre du Peuple.* One of them is an account of what he has done and tried to do in the mountain village of Bussang, in the Vosges, where he has had a theatre erected for the performance of plays that deal with simple passions and that can be performed with comparatively little study by simple country folks. The other, *Chacun Cherche Son Trésor,* is a play in three acts written by him for his theatre.

In the literature of information I have to mention first the beginning of a great work which promises to be a masterpiece of its kind. It is the *Histoire du Château de Versailles,* by Pierre de Nolhac. The book will be invaluable both to the student of French history and French art.

To Franz Funck-Brentano, who a few years ago finally cleared up the mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask, we are indebted for a study of another mysterious seventeenth-century subject. In his book, *Le Drame des Poisons,* he tells us all it is possible to know on the poisoning epi-

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demic which for a while raged in the highest French society.

M. Eugène Gallois's *A Travers les Indes* seems to be as accurate as a guide-book; but it is a good deal more than a guide-book. It provides very pleasant reading and makes the reader feel that he knows a good deal more about India after closing the book than before opening it.

Alfred Duquet deals with a subject much closer to us. He is nearing the end of his great history of the Franco-German war. The volume he gives us, *Paris—Capitulation et Entrée des Allemands,* describes the last stages of the drama enacted at the close of the war in the capital of France.

Americans will be interested in another military book just published, *La Guerre Hispano-Américaine,* by Major Bujau.

I must not omit to mention the translation of Kipling's *Second Jungle Book,* due to the same writers who so ably translated the first one; and the second volume of Dr. Mardrus's remarkable translation of the *Arabian Nights.*

Two men of letters have recently disappeared. One of them, Emmanuel Masseras, lived for quite a while in New York, where he edited *Le Courrier des Etats-Unis.* He was at a time Secretary to Emperor Maximilian in Mexico, and his best contribution to literature, *Un Essai d'Empire au Mexique,* is connected with this chapter of his life.

The other was the universally loved and respected Paul Jouet, the best professor of the History of Philosophy that the French universities have had in this century. His complete works would fill two good-sized shelves in a private library. He wrote till the very last. His first important work, *La Famille,* was published in 1856; the last, a bulky philosophical treatise, in 1897. Between the two dates he found time to be my examiner in philosophy when I took my bachelor's degree. He dealt leniently with me. Peace be to his revered memory!

Adolphe Cohn.

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

AMONG the juvenile publications of Messrs. D. Appleton and Company *The Half-Back,* by Ralph H. Barbour, is a book that will undoubtedly appeal to boys and will not be found unentertaining by such of their elders as still preserve a youthful love for outdoor sport. The hero's career at a preparatory school and at college is described with a wealth of detail and incident that preserves the story from the slightest implication of dulness. The closing chapters are devoted to the foot-ball game between Harwell and Yates, and the great run and touchdown made by Joel March. Two other timely and interesting books published by the same firm are *The Hero of Manila,* by Rossiter Johnson, which places the great Admiral intimately before young minds, and *The Story of Magellan and the Discovery of the Philippines,* by Hezekiah Butterworth. *The Story of Betty,* by Carolyn Wells, which endeared itself to girls while running serially in *St. Nicholas,* now appears in book form from the press of the Century Company. Another girl's story which appeared in *St. Nicholas* is *Quicksilver Sue,* by Laura E. Richards, while from the same source we have Rupert Hughes's *The Dozen from Lakerim,* designed to stir the boy's imagination. *The Dozen from Lakerim* is an admirable sequel to *The Lakerim Athletic Club,* which Mr. Hughes gave to youthful readers last year.

Three writers who have won secure and lasting reputations as purveyors of boys' literature are included in the list of authors whose books are published by Messrs. Henry T. Coates and Company. In *Rupert's Ambition* we have a thrilling story of adventure by Horatio Alger, Jr. *The White Beaver,* by Harry Castlemon, is a story of woodcraft and forest life.

Few American writers have held the place in the heart of the American boy vouchsafed to Edward S. Ellis. In *Iron Heart, War Chief of the Iroquois,* he gives us another of his exciting romances of pioneer life. A new and handsomely

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illustrated edition of *The Swiss Family Robinson,* that delightful story which will never lack ardent and enthusiastic readers among the young, is easily the most important among the juvenile publications of Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell and Company. The same firm issue *Christmas at Deacon Hackett's,* a sequel to *How Tommy Saved the Barn,* by James Otis; *Sunbeams and Moonbeams,* a story for girls, and boys, too, by Louise R. Baker; *Strawberry Hill,* the tale of an ideal farm, by Mrs. C. F. Fraser, and *The Young Boss,* by Edward William Thompson, which tells how a self-reliant young man took hold of an engineering contract which an accident had prevented his father from accomplishing, and in the face of all sorts of trials carries it through to a successful issue.

Elsie in the South, by Martha Finley, published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, is the latest addition to the well-known and widely read "Elsie Books," to say which is to make further introduction superfluous. The same firm publish two books by Amy Le Feuvre, *The Carved Cupboard* and *Legend Led; Margaret Thorpe's Trial,* by Lucy C. Lillie, and *The Heir of Sherburne,* by Amanda M. Douglas. The author in her dedication says, "There are terraces in life—Childhood, Youth, Womanhood and then a long garden walk wherein we gather what other hands have sown, and plant anew for those who shall come after us." *Dorsey, the Young Inventor,* by Edward S. Ellis, is the tale of a country boy whose father's occupation of brick-making incites his native ingenuity and starts him on a career of clever contriving of labour-saving devices. In addition to telling an interesting story the author contrives to impart considerable valuable information. The book is published by Messrs. Fords, Howard and Hulbert.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers publish *Forward March: A Tale of the Spanish-American War,* by Kirk Munroe. The story shifts from New Orleans to Cuba, tells of the sinking of the *Merrimac,* the life of the camp, the charge up San Juan Hill and the hardships endured on board the Government transports. Noteworthy among the juvenile publications of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company is *Plantation Pageants,* in which the author of *Uncle Remus* tells us of the New South immediately after the close of the War of Secession. The stories which go to make up Mary Hallock Foote's *The Little Fig Tree Stories* were originally published in *St. Nicholas.* Other juvenile publications from the same press are *Dorothy and Her Friends,* by Ellen Olney Kirk; *An Unknown Patriot,* by Frank Samuel Child; *A Jersey Boy in the Revolution,* the scenes of which are laid in Monmouth County, by Everett T. Tomlinson; *The Boys of Crooby,* another romance of early American life, by Ruth Hall, and two stories designed to appeal to girls, *Loveliness,* by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, *Nannie's Happy Childhood,* by Caroline Leslie Field; and *Betty Leicester's Christmas,* by Sarah Orne Jewett.

Elvira Hopkins of Tompkins Corners, by Izora Chandler, published by Wilbur B. Ketcham, is written in the quaint country dialect of Central New York, and abounds in homely wit and droll observation. From the same press we have *Roses,* by Amy Le Feuvre. Two war books are among the most interesting juvenile publications of Messrs. Lee and Shepard. *Henry in the War,* by General O. O. Howard, is a story from real life, depicting West Point before the War of Secession. The recruiting of the Union regiments, the advance to the front, the fighting at Bull Run and on the Peninsula. The hero from a private rises step by step until the last chapter finds him a colonel and brevet brigadier-general. A story of even more timely interest is *Under Otis in the Philippines,* by Edward Stratemeyer. This is the fourth volume of the author's "Old Glory" series, which relate to the haps and mishaps of the three Russell brothers, Larry, Ben and Walter. From the same pen we have *To Alaska for Gold,* the third volume of the "Bound to Succeed" series. *Camping on the St. Lawrence,* by Everett T. Tomlinson, and *Grant Burton, the Runaway,* by W. Gordon Parker, are two other books that will prove of interest to boys. Stories designed to entertain little women coming from the same press are *Told Under the Cherry Trees,* by Grace Le Baron; *We Four Girls,* by Mary G. Darling; *The House With Sixty Closets,* by Frank Samuel Childs, a story of the old Sherman mansion of Fairfield, Connecticut; *Wee Lucy's Secret,* the fourth

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volume of the "Little Prudy's Children" series, by Sophie May, and *Beck's Fortune,* a story of school and seminary life, by Adele E. Thompson.

A unique juvenile publication from the press of the J. B. Lippincott Company is a new edition of *Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes,* illustrated with two hundred and fifty pictures by F. Opper. George A. Henty, whose popularity as a writer for boys seems to grow with each new book, gives us *The Brahmins' Treasure; or, Colonel Thorndyke's Secret,* a story of fascinating adventure. From the Little Folks Publishing Company we have *The Return of the Fairies,* by Charles J. Bellamy. *Fife and Drum at Louisbourg,* by J. Macdonald Oxley, is one of the most interesting of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company's publications. From the same press we have *Boys and Girls of Brantham,* by Evelyn Raymond, a story of events in a military academy to which it has been proposed to admit girls; *Madam Mary of the Zoo,* by Lily F. Wesselhoeft; *The Boys of Marmiton Prairie,* by Gertrude Smith; *The Island Impossible,* by Harriet Morgan, illustrated by Katherine Pyle; *A Flower of the Wilderness,* by A. G. Plympton; *The Young Puritans in Captivity,* by Mary P. Wells Smith, the story of three English children's experiences as captives among the Indians during King Philip's war; and two little books of verse, *Plish and Plum* and *Max and Maurice,* translated from the German of William Busch by Charles T. Brooks.

Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company publish *Yule-Tide Yarns,* edited by G. A. Henty, who contributes the initial story, "Château and Ship." Other contributors of stories to this book are John Bloundelle Burton, W. C. Whistler, Lieutenant-Colonel Percy Groves, Robert Leighton, David Ker, Fred Whishaw, Harry Collingwood, E. F. Pollard and George Manville Fenn. In *Captain Kodak,* published by the Lothrop Company, the author, Alexander Black, has made the camera and a Camera Club the background of his story. This firm also publishes *The True Story of Lafayette, the Friend of America,* by Elbridge S. Brooks; *The Stories Polly Pepper Told,* by Margaret Sidney; *When Grandmamma Was New, the Story of a Virginia Childhood,* by Marion Harland; *In Blue and White,* a story of the American Revolution, by Elbridge S. Brooks, and a new "Pansy" book, *Yesterday Framed in To-day,* by Mrs. G. R. Alden. *On General Thomas's Staff,* by Byron A. Dunn, the latest addition to the "Young Kentuckian" series, carries the young reader through many of the most exciting scenes of the Civil War. It is published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company. The Macmillan Company are the publishers of *Wabeno, the Magician,* by Mabel Osgood Wright, a sequel to *Tommy Anne and the Three Hearts.*

The Voyage of the Avenger, by Henry St. John, published by Messrs. L. C. Page and Company, is a tale of stirring adventure by sea and land. The same firm publishes *Little Bermuda,* by Maria Louise Pool; *The Making of Zimri Bunker,* by William J. Long; *Little Peterkin Vandike,* by Charles Stuart Pratt; *Little King Davie,* by Nellie Hellis, and *A Little Daughter of Liberty,* by Edith Robinson. Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons are the publishers of *The Treasure of Mushroom Rock,* a story of Rocky Mountain prospecting, by Sidford F. Hamp, and *Sleepy Time Stories,* by Maud Ballington Booth, with an introduction by Chauncey M. Depew. *A Roving Commission; or, Through the Black Insurrection of Hayti, Won by the Sword,* a story of the thirty years' war, and *No Surrender,* a tale of the rising in La Vendee, are three more books by Mr. G. A. Henty published by the Messrs. Scribner. The same firm are also bringing out *Midshipman Stuart; or, The Last Cruise of the Essex,* a tale of 1812, by Kirk Munroe. *Through the Year,* Books I. and II., by Anna M. Clyde and Lillian Wallace, published by Silver, Burdette and Company, are designed to appeal to very young children. Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes and Company publish *Loyal Hearts and True,* by Ruth Ogden; *The Story of the Treasure Seekers,* by E. Nesbitt; *Jack, the Young Ranchman; or, A Boy's Adventures in the Rockies,* by George Bird Grinnell, and *Gallant Little Patriots,* by Maud Humphrey. A new edition of the ever-new Fairy Tales of Hans Christian Andersen, profusely illustrated by Helen Stratton, with an introduction by Edward Everett Hale, is published by Truslove, Hanson and Comba. Thomas Whittaker has brought out *The Herd Boy and His Hermit,* by Charlotte M. Yonge.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE. By Norman Hapgood. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

At the time when Mr. Gladstone's character was in the hands of the paragraphers, and when newspapers and reviews were about evenly divided between indiscriminate eulogy and pointless anecdote, Mr. Hapgood published a little character sketch which for insight and genuine appreciation would have been noticeable at any time, but at the moment was especially conspicuous by contrast. It was rather analytical in spirit, and showed no sense of obligation to do honour to the dead by saying stupid things to the survivors. Any one who read this essay would have been prepared to find something of the same characteristics in Mr. Hapgood's treatment of the life of Lincoln. There is, in fact, the same disregard for the conventional obligations of the hero worshipper, but the method which Mr. Hapgood has followed here is altogether different. He is not analytical, nor does he philosophise about the meaning of Lincoln's life. He merely tries to bring out the intimate and personal details of that life in order to show the man as he was. The method is concrete, and he leaves these details to tell their own story. The plan of the book is therefore not unlike that of Mr. Ford's *True George Washington,* and it produces much the same impression. It emphasises the little things that show the man's real personality, and the result is the same as that of Mr. Ford's study, in that the nearer view does not lessen our admiration for Lincoln as a statesman, while it increases our interest in him as a man. For in what has been written about him of late we have lost sight of the real Lincoln in the mass of information which has been given about every fact in his public career, or else our minds have been benumbed by set phrases and pompous tributes.

"Thrown intellectually naked into the world," as Mr. Hapgood puts it, and brought up in surroundings where a liberal education was held to consist in an ability to cipher through a whole arithmetic, Lincoln passed his early life in circumstances that afford his biographers small chance for romantic treatment. The present biographer does not try to tone down the bareness and squalor of this frontier life; he writes of it in very homely language. Nor does he pretend to find in everything that Lincoln did a sign of his future greatness. He hints that he was not so expert in splitting rails as it has been supposed. He speaks of his slovenly personal habits, and the unbusinesslike methods which characterised him from the time when, as postmaster, he used to carry the mail in his hat, to the days when seeds sprouted in the accumulated dirt of his law office. He offers no theory to account for his mysterious marriage or for the equally mysterious love passages that preceded it. But through these chapters we never lose sight of the strong, kindly, patient spirit of the man. It is easy to understand the basis of his popularity. Stories of his helpfulness and of his inability to cherish personal resentment are already familiar, but Mr. Hapgood adds to them a number of new ones. At the same time it is evident that Lincoln was not eminent for certain qualities, even in that rude community. He did not excel in technical knowledge of the law or in general learning. He failed as a lecturer, and his poetical attempts were of a kind to cause no regret that his ambition led him into other paths. In political morality Mr. Hapgood shows him not to be squeamish in small things. He did not hesitate to solicit patronage according to methods which were then practised, but he never made a dishonourable use of his influence, or asked office for men whom he thought unfit. In general Mr. Hapgood presents him as a practical man, an opportunist in the right sense, in that he did not disdain to do the best he could with the means at his disposal. There was nothing of the prophet about him, or of the maladjusted philosopher, or of the pelican in the wilderness. The longing for the distant end did not make him purblind to present facts. That is how he appears to the reader of this volume.

The work as a whole presents a very clear and convincing portrait, but it is more limited in scope than readers of Mr. Hapgood's writings, and especially of the essay on Gladstone which we have mentioned, could desire. Something more discursive and reflective is what he has taught us to expect, and he has held himself too rigidly to the narration of facts and anecdotes. This may make the book more valuable to the general public, especially to that portion of it which has grown up since the war, but to all who are somewhat familiar with what has been written upon Lincoln it will be disappointing that Mr. Hapgood has refrained from that broader generalisation and that analysis of character in which he has shown unusual skill. To be sure, many will say that such general discussion does not belong to a biography, and that what is needed is

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information set forth in a compact and straightforward way. And this is true as a rule, since the average writer is better fitted to present facts than to venture any general deduction from them. But Mr. Hapgood is an exception to the rule, and it is his interpretation of facts and his analysis of character that one values most. But here and there he admits comments of a general nature, and these are of a kind which make one regret that they do not occur more frequently. The following passage, which we quote in conclusion, will serve as an example:

In natural harmony with his breadth in great things went his easy tact in small ones. The course of the story has taken us through many proofs of this, has given pictures of anxious steering around obstacles, where a straight course would have meant shipwreck; but a tale of his mild superiority, told by Lowell in his powerful essay on Democracy, adds another to a list which can hardly be too long. The Marquis of Hartington, although he wore a Secession badge at a public ball at New York, yet was led by curiosity and bad taste to seek an introduction to the President. Lincoln, with the dignity of ease, kept his gentleness, without quite hiding his contempt, by innocently and persistently addressing the foreign nobleman as Mr. Partington. The critic who tells this story, referring to Lincoln's writing, says that the tone of familiar dignity is perhaps the most difficult attainment of mere style, as well as an indication of personal character. Certainly, the power to speak, act and write with humility and elevation, with familiarity and dignity, with common equality and personal distinction, sprang from the roots of Lincoln's character. It was no feat of literary or intellectual skill. It was altogether the man. It was what was left after the storms and wastes of a gloomy life had given their large and solitary schooling to a noble soul. In one of his dreams he was in a great assembly, where the people made a lane to let him pass. "He is a common-looking fellow," said one of them. "Friend," replied Lincoln, even in his dream, "the Lord prefers common-looking people; that is why he made so many of them." Even Disraeli, hypocritically, no doubt, said that in Lincoln's character there was "something so homely and innocent that it takes the question, as it were, out of all the pomp of history and the ceremonial of diplomacy," and "touches the heart of nations."

Frank Moore Colby.

THE TRAGEDY OF DREYFUS. By G. W. Steevens. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

MR. DOOLEY IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. $1.25

It is strange in taking up a newspaper and reading therein a five-line paragraph about Dreyfus or any of the numberless figures in his tragedy to look back and think how very recently the civilised world was convulsed with passion and prejudice. Despite all that was predicted at the close of the trial at Rennes, *l'affaire Dreyfus* belongs now to history. France and the world is weary. Human anger, indignation, hatred, have been exhausted. The prisoner of Devil's Island, living quietly with his wife and children, with the full liberty to devote his life to the vindication of his patriotism and honour, is not a figure to threaten national stability. The whirlwind of passion has passed. France is once more normal. Zola in his latest letter to *L'Aurore,* compared the case to a great spectacular tragedy. He feared the fifth act. But the fifth act, after all, seems to have been played out. And there was no climax. Yet Zola merely put into words what had appealed to many, irrespective of prejudice or sympathy.

One did not have to be a Dreyfusard to realise the dramatic beauty of it all; one might easily be an anti-Dreyfusard, and yet feel its force. This immense drama may be cut up very logically for imaginary stage presentation. As a spectacular show, with plenty of lime light and red fire, it would prove immeasurably more stirring and vivid than *Excelsior* or *Mazulm* or *The Black Crook.* The prologue, for instance, we had in the arrest, trial, conviction and punishment of 1894. Odd as it is now to look back three months, it is odder still to look back five years and think of the faint interest we bestowed upon the brief newspaper paragraphs relating to the affair—little foreseeing the great drama that was to come. Between the prologue and the raising of the curtain for Act I. almost three years elapse. After that the reader may arrange it all as pleases himself. There is no danger of his lacking material. In looking over the history of the last twenty-four months, one is amazed with the swiftness and beauty with which the scheme has unfolded. What a musical *motif* is there! First we have the vague unrest; the muttering, the discontent, the growing suspicion of illegality; the efforts of Mathieu Dreyfus, of Schuerer-Kestner, of Picquart are symbolic of the dawning of light; Mercier, Boisdeffre, Du Paty de Clam, as the emissaries of darkness, play the appropriate mischievous pranks. With feverish shiftings and changes the act moves on through the events of the autumn of 1897 and the succeeding winter, leading up to the climax—the thunderbolt—Zola's terrible *j'accuse* letter in *L'Aurore*—his trial—exile—the curtain going down on the temporary eclipse of Light; Darkness for the moment ascendant, but ringing in the spectator's ears the cry—defiant,

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prophetic, even exultant—*"La vérité est en marche, et rien ne l'arretera."*

The second act will find no cessation of the variety and wealth of spectacular incident. *La vérité* is still *en marche*. The angel of light, chained for a time, is gathering her strength. She rends her bonds. The storm bursts out anew. The spectacular is carried on by contrasts no less vivid and dramatic, leading us up to Henry's arrest, confession and strange death in the dungeon of Fort Valerien, and Picquart's trial, the curtain going down on "If I find in my cell the razor of Henry or the noose of Lemercier-Picard, it will be assassination, not suicide." Act III. will of course treat of the events of the immediate past. The Cour de Cassation has declared for revision. The eyes of the world are no longer on Paris, but on the Lycée of the ancient capital of Brittany—the rout of witnesses, journalists, soldiers troop in, and—well, of the rest nothing need be said.

Despite the pity, the pathos, the sombre gloom of it all, there have been now and again the little touches of humour, of buffoonery, without which no epic tragedy is complete. To confine our attention to recent events, we have the hoax played by Karl on Quesnay de Beaurepaire, or Crazy the Boorepare, as Mr. Dooley calls him, the droll figure of Bertillon, the clownishly comical testimony of the amiable Cordier. But the buffoons are not all on the stage. There is a great noise and bluster in the galleries and pit; some spectators are turning handsprings, some making grimaces, others shrieking and canting, a great many, in short, comporting themselves very badly. To drop the stage figure, we have the spectacle of a great many people of many countries, undoubtedly actuated by perfectly honest motives, but by their bad behaviour and bad manners perfectly justifying the contention of the French that the affair is one which vitally concerns none but the French people. Not, of course, that we, were the affair an American one, would advance any such claim. We are wise. We are serene. We are just. We are spotless. Tush! After all—and Mr. Dooley would agree with us on this score—every German is a barber, every Italian an organ grinder and every Frenchman a cook—that is, when he is not a scoundrelly member of the General Staff. As our newspaper correspondents at Rennes, who know their market, remarked at the outset, and repeated often during the course of their accounts of the testimony, "in English and American eyes," "before an American or an English Court," "according to English or American ideas of justice." If, for instance, the European mind should suddenly become enthusiastic and indignant over our conduct of the war in the Philippines, or the negro lynchings of the Southern States, and a motley troop of journalists—Russian, Greek, Italian, French, German—were to invade our shores, wax partisan and violent in our courts of justice, and point out to us our paths of duty, we, of course, would have recourse to those "English and American ideas of justice," and bear it with fortitude and meek thankfulness. Mr. Dooley is aware of this.

"All our affairs ar-re in order," he says in his immortal address to the Court at Rennes. "We convict no innocent men an' very few guilty wans, perjury is unknown amongst us, we have no military scandals, and our private life is beyond rebuke. So we have the time and th' inclination to study th' vices iv our neighbours an' give thim advice free iv cost."

Every educated, fair-minded man understands that, to the world in general, the merits of the Dreyfus case were all surmise until the publication in full by the *Figaro* last winter of the evidence given before the Cour de Cassation. With that great newspaper "beat," if "beat" it was—for there is much reason to believe that it was connived at or at least winked at by the government—the floodgates of light for the first time were opened. But, bless us, the fishman and the iceman and the conductor had settled the question long ago, and demanded that the purveyors of their literature serve up their conclusions garnished with endless smug and pleasing allusions to "English and American ideas of justice." After witnessing the seriousness with which the shrieking denunciations of perfectly obscure and often totally illiterate people have been received, one wonders whether the American people, as a people, really possess a sense of humour. Any one who during the Dreyfus trial passed through the streets of the lower east side of New York City found placarded here and there, against tenement walls, saloon windows, ash barrels, a print entitled "The Defenders of Dreyfus." Round the rim of the print were small and insignificant pictures of Zola, Labori, Demange, Picquart, Schuerer-Kestner, Mathieu Dreyfus, Clémenceau. But these were totally obscured by the great portrait in the centre, showing the features and huge mustachios of the German Emperor. Here was a delicious bit for Mr. Dooley to have served up to us in his own inimitable manner.

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Among the vast number of books for which this famous case has been responsible, the two at present under consideration—both posthumous works, so to speak, and differing as widely as possible in their treatment—seem unique in their sanity and sincerity. While Mr. Steevens in his new journalism makes effect his end, his pictures of the trial are rich with keen insight and observation. Mr. Dooley's figures of speech may be inelegant and even startling, but underlying them there is a shrewdness, a sense, a satire that have been too rare on both sides of the case. Mr. Steevens paints the heroic figures of Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards with impartial warmth and glow; Mr. Dooley brings the philosophy, the sarcasm of the Archey Road to bear on both with equal vigour. Each professes his belief in the innocence of Dreyfus, yet each in his way brings out into the strong light that strange, vital point—Dreyfus's unexplained presence at the Mühlhausen manœuvres—which has been so smugly passed over by the inadequate reporting of the trial. Says Mr. Steevens:

He paused, hesitated, stammered, asked to have a question repeated that was audible all down the hall. First he denied; then he qualified. First he said he had been present at no manœuvres; then that he may have seen German regiments manœuvring; but this was not, properly speaking, manœuvres. He was afraid to tell the simple innocent truth.

Mr. Dooley's opinion in the matter is equally emphatic.

Thin there ar-re some other things about ye I don't undherstand. I can't make out what ye meant be pretindin' to go to It'ly an' doublin' back into Germany; an' I wish f'r me own peace iv mind all ye'er explanations 'd mate.

In the same address to the court Mr. Dooley gives some excellent advice. He advises the retirement of the "gin'ral staff" to some quiet country village and the exportation of the press to South Africa. Regarding the uncertainty of the French people, he says:

If I was a Fr-rinchman, I'd be afraid of no man but th' cab dhrivers, an' I wudn't be afraid of thim long, f'r I'd be a cab dhriver meself.

Firmin Dredd.

THE FUTURE OF WAR, IN ITS TECHNICAL, ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL RELATIONS. By I. S. Bloch. Translated by R. C. Long. New York: Doubleday and McClure Company. $2.00.

This book is a translation of the sixth and concluding volume of the work which is said to be directly responsible for the Czar's wish to bring about the Peace Conference. M. Bloch's modest conviction is that war is impossible: meaning a war between the great powers of Europe. His argument may be stated briefly enough in three main divisions: 1. A great power at war with a great power must mobilise practically the whole of its troops; if it does not, it will be at once overwhelmed by its adversary by force of mere numbers. If two great powers mobilise all their troops, the perfection of modern fortification and engines of defence is such that neither party will dare attack, on pain of annihilation; we shall be presented with the edifying spectacle of two armed camps each remaining within the limits of its stronghold. 2. No great power can mobilise and maintain all its troops without assuming practically the exclusive use of its entire system of railways, telegraph lines and generally its means of transport and communication; and the immediate effect of this action on the part of the government will be distress and even starvation in every large city. Large cities live from hand to mouth; facilities of transport and communication at their best just suffice to supply a nation's economic needs. 3. In any country in Europe distress and starvation mean riot and armed and triumphant socialism.

There is a neat, mathematical symmetry about all this which positively calls for a Q. E. D. M. Bloch deliberately omits from his calculations the human element and the element of "chance." A general of more than ordinary gifts, an hour's panic on the battlefield, a week of comparative incompetence on the part of a minister of war or of his subordinates, a snow-storm or a flood that interrupted communications or a season of bad crops, would suffice to show the purely academic quality of M. Bloch's reasoning. If the generals on both sides are so matched that neither ever succeeds in outwitting the other or in massing troops where they are least expected—if the troops are in every case equal in number, weapons and pluck, and are handled with equal skill—if there be no advantage, on either side, of ground or wind or sun or any other particular whatever—then indeed victory on the field is impossible; but if one allow one's self a similar liberty of fanciful hypothesis, one may prove victory in a prize-fight or a game of chess impossible. Considerations of the same sort are applicable to the rest of M. Bloch's argument: the great powers are not at any given moment equally rich, equally skilful in making the most of their resources, equally willing to endure privation and famine without disaffection; there is every chance that one of

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them could maintain its great fighting force more efficiently or for a longer time than the other. *The Future of War* ranks with such books as Nordau's *Degeneration.* M. Bloch has used an immense stock of technical and interesting information to make a special plea for a "sensational" thesis.

Alfred Hodder.

THE ROMANCE OF LUDWIG II. OF BAVARIA. By Frances Gerard. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.50.

In spite of the bulky volume Miss Gerard presents, the true and adequate story of the Mad King is yet to be written. Neither the political biographer, who can judge of the value of outer events, nor the old woman gossip of either sex can do justice to one of the most fascinating and interesting figures on whom the fierce light that beats about a throne ever shone. A subject for a poet's loving insight, as surely as ever was Hamlet the Dane, was Ludwig II. of Bavaria, a poet, modern, mystic and yet strong; or a patient for the physic physician, he who reads the cause of the ills of the body in the ills of the soul and the mind. This man was one of the saddest figures in history. With all good qualities, with personal charm ineffable, he lived several centuries too late. Living now in this, our modern prosaic life, he should have been merely a rich citizen, free from care and responsibility, free to live in the world of the imagination, which was so vividly real to him. The weight of the responsibility of power, the sudden change from restrain to limitless freedom of action as regards himself, but to countless unseen restraints as regards his actions toward others unhinged the brain of this dreamer, who would have been happy entirely in fancying himself a king, but, being a king in reality, was doomed to worse than death. Although missing much of the possibilities of her subject, Miss Gerard still arouses sympathy for the unhappiness, self-inflicted and self-torturing, which was the concomitant of the malady throwing its dread shadows around the unfortunate king. She is interested in her subject, although she has made the telling of her story much too easy, crowding in facts which are not always correct, and padding with commentaries which sadly miss the mark. The political side of her narrative is very weak, for, dreamer and visionary as Ludwig was, his reign fell in a time of immense importance politically, and his very vagueness, combined with his mad dreams of absolute power, made him such a willing slave in the hands of the Master-Mind, Bismarck, that the fact of his being on the throne at the time did much to bring about the great changes in Germany's political history and standing. One could forgive a woman writer this weakness in questions political, if she could talk well of other things, of personalities, and the more intimate life of her subject. Miss Gerard chats brightly of the tittle-tattle of court gossip, but the more intimate life of the unfortunate Ludwig was not one of which a woman ever could or ever should chat. What Miss Gerard has to tell is unimportant and without much bearing on the subject. Her best work is done in the narrating of the king's love and affection for Wagner, and his enthusiastic and foolishly shown admiration for the master's work. With surprising insight Miss Gerard grasps the truth as to the king's enthusiasm, and tells much that is interesting and valuable in the description of the madman's eccentricities, which yet were of such far-reaching importance and influence on German art. This is by far the best portion of her book, and her facts here are nearly all accurate, which is more than can be said of some of the other information she gives us. So that while students of history can get little more than an ill-arranged mass of facts from her book, and students of the human heart and mind nothing at all, music lovers in general, and Wagnerians in particular, will find much of value.

In style the book is not always worthy of praise. The writing is slipshod and careless, and marred in places by serious defects, such as the constant use of the hermaphrodite monstrosity of a word, "Munichener," evidently of Miss Gerard's own coining.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

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NOVEL NOTES

THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday and McClure Company. $1.50.

This book stands out from the average on the strength of its treatment of a single episode —that is, the contest between the hero and a band of self-styled White Caps. It is the story of a young college graduate, the most promising man in his class, who, instead of doing at once the great things that were expected of him, settled in a dull little Indiana town and became the sole proprietor and editor of the local newspaper. Here he attacked the hosts of evil with such bravery and vigour that he became the most popular man in the county, but his course made many enemies, and they were bent on revenge. His active, personal part in bringing to justice a number of the White Caps, whose repeated outrages had hitherto gone unpunished, marked him out as a special object of their vengeance. With that absurd indifference to danger which your young hero is sure to display, and which makes it unpleasantly certain that he will come to grief, young Harkless prefers to go about unarmed and unattended and to laugh nonchalantly while foes in ambush take pat shots at him in the dark. The indifference in this case seemed chiefly due to the feeling that life was a failure because it involved the editing of a newspaper in a small Indiana town. The climax was reached when, on taking sudden leave of a girl who is evidently trying to tell him that she returns his love, he dashes desperately off into darkness and is at once set upon by a band of white-robed cutthroats. The townsfolk find no trace of him in the morning save a bloody stain near the railway track, and they give him up for dead. Bald as this narrative sounds in this brief summary, the chapters of the story which relate to this White Cap affair are really stirring. And so is the account of the mob's attempt at vengeance. The impression given of the mingled lethargy and patience with which the community had endured the long string of hideous outrages, committed by the neighbouring settlement of the Six Cross Roads, whence the White Caps came, is true and vivid; and when the storm of anger finally breaks and the crowd, moved by one impulse, starts out to kill and burn, the reader longs to take a hand. The end of the matter is as might be expected. News comes that Harkless is alive. The hamlet of the Six Cross Roads is spared, and all who have taken part in the attempted murder give themselves up to the authorities. The hero finally returns in triumph and marries the girl of his choice, who in his absence has run his paper for him with great success, exploited the petroleum industry which has just started in the county, boomed the town, brought in an era of prosperity and contrived somehow to have him nominated as a member of Congress, all without his knowing anything about it.

Apart from the author's gift for vigorous narration of stirring incident, there is little in the book to draw it above the level of the commonplace, and a good deal that is in bad taste. The description of nature is always too exuberant and sometimes far-fetched. Witness the following sentences:

> A second great flock of blackbirds was settling over the Plattville maples. As they hung in the fair dome of the sky below the few white clouds it occurred to Harkless that some supping god had inadvertently peppered his custard and now inverted and emptied his gigantic blue dish upon the earth, the innumerable little black dots seeming to pause for a moment, then floating slowly down from the heights.

This is an unusually bad case, but the description as a whole lacks distinction and leaves no well-defined impressions. Even when it is applied to other than natural objects the same overstrained effect is apparent, as when a rather stout young man is described by saying, "A crescendo of portliness was playing diminuendo with his youth." Add to this an unduly collegiate atmosphere, a rather tiresome insistence upon the sentimental glories of the college life and an utter failure in all attempts at humour, and you have a style which is not likely to carry the author far without the unloading of a good deal of ballast.

C. M. Francis.

SIREN CITY. By Benjamin Swift. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

There is a long journey between Mr. Swift's new book and those that have preceded it. He has dropped a good deal of his singularity and his extravagance by the way, and the change is not merely external. Formerly he forced us to look upon him as a young writer of capriciously original views of life, who might at any moment—though the contingency was not quite certain—break over the traces and show himself revolutionary indeed. Having stepped across some stray obstacles of conventions, he seemed bent on taking the fence of tradition as well, but he did not take it at one unthink-

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ing bound. Now he has written a book whose general tone is kindly toward conventions, and which, if it sometimes speaks playfully of pagan joy and pagan conduct, finds them wanting when weighed in the balance with Puritanism. One of the strongest features of his earlier books was the intense psychological interest they showed in human villainy. Here we have three rascals. But two of them, Vacca and Tizio, who in the beginning give promise of being capital subjects for his study, fizzle out before the end. Tizio's villainy is never serious. There is much talk of the Camorra —the scene of half the book is Naples—but the descriptions of thät terrible secret society are, save for a few details about the members of it who happen to be in jail, very vague. We do not regret that the morbidity of *The Tormentor* is not reproduced, even if we think that both the tone and the material are at times distinctly more commonplace than in his earlier stories. There is more sanity, more simplicity. But perhaps even yet he has not found himself; he is too full of talent to do that quickly; and in *Siren City* are curiously varied echoes, now of the Italian stories of Mr. Marion Crawford, and now of Mr. Meredith.

The story deals with an English heiress, who ran away with an Italian adventurer, and was disowned by her father for a time in consequence. She was very beautiful, and a paragon of goodness, we are told; and even after her escapade and her experiences of a wicked Southern city, she used to love to go and worship at the little dissenting Church of the Redeemer. To us she seems a woman capable of romance, who did not whine when her mistake proved painful to her, and who was just as heroic as was compatible with a fair amount of comfort in her life. Her qualities were rather negative, like those of many people who are hailed enthusiastically as good. She did some indiscreet things, but chiefly because she was too helpless to carve out another course for herself. Her nature was very simple. As Tizio said, "She's not fit for wickedness. It's too roundabout and fatiguing." She has two lovers. One of these is just our old friend Dobbin under another name—the bluff, honest, kindly idealess, faithful British soldier. The other, the Italian adventurer, gambler, would-be politician, ambitious to build up the fortunes and the palace of the Maddaloni, to which family he does not rightly belong, is merely suggested. But the suggestion is the most interesting thing in the whole book. What pictures of underground, back-stairs Italy Mr. Swift might have made, if he had allowed Hector to have his career out after Rebecca left him. But what is the use of surmising about a man in whom Mr. Swift evidently lost interest, and whom he lets die in prison that his wife may, with as little scandal as possible, marry her Dobbin? Next to Hector, the false Maddaloni, Lady Middlemass gives the author his best opportunity for subtle handling of character. Her conduct in Naples is crude enough; but in London when, for a sensation, she, the great lady, plays with the little bank clerk Tizio, we are interested, and never cry impossible.

Apart from the story the book alternates between writing much more obvious and writing a great deal better than we have been used to from Mr. Swift. This, for instance, sounds a little unnecessary. "It is a peculiar truth that the unobtrusive use of personal charms, and the indifference with which they sometimes appear to be worn, have an influence more magnetic than a conscious display of them." But a few platitudes are fully made up for by such passages as this: "She only felt that her pleasure had become a sore altar on which her body had been laid to be burned. There, in the city of the sun, she, who had come as a laughing bride, had been taught that our pleasures are chasms and pits. Her few moments of bewildering love had certainly given her a feeling of love's magnificence. But what endless toll-gates and custom-bars must be passed on the road to all wisdom, love's triumphs, battles, bugles being part of the glamour of the way!"—and by assertions like this, "In the end love is as searching as a night wind." But the memorable parts are the pictures of Naples.

THE LOOM OF DESTINY. By Arthur J. Stringer. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. $1.25.

Mr. Stringer knows his Kipling well. From "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," "Baa! Baa! Black Sheep," "Wee Willie Winkie," and "His Majesty the King," he has drawn a good, sturdy inspiration, and in the stories which make up *The Loom of Destiny* he has given us little men and women who are very interesting and very much flesh and blood. The children of these tales are very pathetic, very combative and very much given to wondering over grave things. Before Mr. Kipling, the orthodox child of fiction was rather a flabby, colourless little creature whose imagination was bounded by rag dolls, fisticuffs, and taffy. From the tragedies and griefs of the grown-up world he was as free as a comfortably fed lap-dog. But all that is changed. The child in fiction has become a reasoning

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being, strangely sensitive, and impressionable through lack of that callousness and practical sense of proportion which sustain his elders when face to face with life's ironies. From Kipling, Mr. Stringer has learned the trick of setting the child mind and child nature in a story that in itself appeals strongly to the intelligence of the grown man or woman. Of the fourteen short tales which make up the *Loom of Destiny,* there is hardly one which does not bear the imprint of the Kipling influence. Take, as an instance, one of the best of these stories, "The Honour of the House of Hummerley," which tells of a very brave and chivalrous little boy who saves his mother in a moment of great danger. It would be absurd to charge Mr. Stringer with imitation, and yet the mind very naturally reverts to the story of a somewhat similar episode in the life of "His Majesty the King." Throughout *The Loom of Destiny* there runs—as there should run through all books which tell of child life—the strain of strong pathos. Beneath the rugged exterior, the boisterous enthusiasm of the boy, the author finds a certain wistfulness that demands treatment that is sympathetic. This is equally true of the children of the rich and the children of the slums. "Thicker than Water" tells of an English boy and an English girl homesick in New York. The stories of *The Loom of Destiny* are all entertaining and almost all good, but one is provoked to the criticism that too many of the children in these pages are more like English than American boys and girls.

CAPE OF STORMS. By Percival Pollard. Boston: Richard G. Badger and Company. $1.25.

In *Cape of Storms* Mr. Pollard has written a modern novel with the man the analytical and morbid creature rather than the woman. In the character of Dick Lancaster, the young artist who goes to the city to make a name for himself, we see a young man, full of beautiful ideals, and whose life in the Bohemian set of an American metropolis soon withers his ideas and makes him cynical and pessimistic. Man, after all, is a sensitive creature, with more of a conscience than is accredited to him, and Mr. Pollard is particularly true to life in his characterisation of Dick Lancaster. The scenes move quickly. We have the receptions at Mrs. Stewart's—we all know these receptions, where men and women "do things" and talk in epigrams—and the meetings of the Bohemian set in Belden's studio. This studio is "the land of Don't Care"—dogmas, creeds, faiths, had no place; everything was "do as you please, and let your neighbour please himself." The principal figures here are Stanley, the distiller of cynicisms, Van Sturther, a writer of dime novels, and Belden, devoted to Murger and married to a girl from the streets. They represent types of men more or less familiar. The women, too, are well drawn, although a trifle exaggerated. Wooton is another man who belonged to Belden's set, but he took to a broader field for his activities. It was his mission to "wither the fresh flower of innocence." If one wants to read a novel steeped in modernity—here it is. But it is entertaining for all that, and it has a satisfactory ending, which makes one forget the cynicism and the pessimism and the modernity.

DIFFERENCES. By Hervey White. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. $1.50.

A study in social economics. There is nothing rabid or bitter in Mr. White's views, but rather a calm and deliberate setting forth of conditions as they exist. Chicago's Settlement House is the destination of Gertrude Radcliffe when we first meet her, and in a few words Mr. White makes us perfectly familiar with every inmate of Settlement House, and with their mode of living. The neighbourhood party which he describes is an admirable character sketch. Miss Radcliffe is an heiress and engaged to be married. Although she is young and beautiful and rich, she has formed strong ideas, and is determined to devote a year or two of her life in Settlement House, where she hopes to solve the problem of existence. And it is not long before she asks herself these questions: "He who says to the poor, 'Work and justify your right for existence,' will, if he be honest, surely in time turn the question to himself, and ask: Do I work, as I advise them to? Do I produce, and justify my existence?" The author's strongest and most natural character is John Wade, a typical workingman, stolid and almost indifferent to social conditions, but working at his trade when there is work to be had, and tramping the streets for months when the work is gone. The poverty of this man, a widower with two small children, is brought to the attention of Miss Radcliffe, and she devotes nearly all her time and her money to the betterment of their condition. We become very much interested in the life of John Wade and his children, and in the squalid little rooms where they breathe the foul air, but we cannot quite appreciate the feeling of equality which soon exists between the workingman and the lady. We cannot forget that he eats with his knife and sits in

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his shirt sleeves, and we are shocked accordingly when the lady breaks her engagement, gives up her fortune and marries the workingman. This is perfectly consistent with her theories, but it is a shock, nevertheless. *Differences* is an American novel by an American author, and as a sincere piece of writing it deserves a permanent place among the novels of to-day. Further than this, it is entertaining reading, and far removed from the commonplace.

DIONYSIUS THE WEAVER'S HEART'S DEAREST. By Blanche Willis Howard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Dionysius, the weaver, lived in a little hamlet called Hexenfels, perched high "on the bleak hill country known as the Rough Alp between the Danube and the Neckar." Dionysius had many sons and daughters, but his heart's dearest was his youngest born, Vroni, whose character the reader may study from her childhood. She is a wild girl when we first see her, with thoughts for no one but her father. But she has a mind above the other girls of her class, and she starts out to find her place in the world. She becomes a professional cook, and with her entrance into the family of the Countess von Vallade the real strength of the story begins. The author draws an admirable contrast between Nelka, the Countess's daughter, and Vroni, the servant.

Vroni in her plebeian circles could not help now and then hearing comments upon her beauty. No more could Nelka von Vallade upon hers in the best society. . . .

Concerning what goes by the name of goodness or innocence, by which many mean complete ignorance of certain phases of nature, these two eighteen-year-old girls stood, it must be admitted, upon diametrically opposite ground.

Neither felt within herself any special incentive to probe mysteries. But Vroni had met rugged facts face to face, yet had been spared a cynical or even frivolous interpretation of them; while Nelka, in one sense uninformed, had yet far more knowledge of the world than the girl of the people.

Nelka is made to marry a man whom she does not love, and Vroni does not marry the man by whom she has two children. This girl of the people has the courage to refuse the belated offer of marriage when she discovers that the father of her children is false and worthless, and she realises that such a marriage cannot be to her honour. She is but a peasant girl, but she faces the world bravely and supports her two children, while Nelka—

Upon whom the winds of heaven were not suffered to blow roughly, whose marriage was immaculate before Church and State, moaned in her heart, unceasingly:

"I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed. I have not learned to work. I could not teach the youngest child. I know not whither to go. I am too cowardly to die. . . . It is a monstrous thing that girls are left so blind. Had I but known!"

The author has handled a dangerous and rather unsavoury subject very delicately and without any of the suggestiveness which mars so many books dealing with the sex problem. *Dionysius the Weaver* is a more serious work than *Guenn* or *One Summer,* and it deserves a thoughtful reading. The characters are clear cut and convincing, and the love of Vroni for her father—the only love of her life—gives a touch of pathos and purity to the story.

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JANICE MEREDITH*

A Story of the Revolution

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD

Author of "THE HONOURABLE PETER STIRLING," etc., etc.

XXXIX.—*Continued.*

Meanwhile the Drinkers had made the new arrivals most welcome, and the two girls, with so much to tell each other, found it difficult to know where to begin. They had not talked long, however, when Janice became conscious that there was a rift in the lute.

"My letter," she said, "would have told you better than ever I now can all about the routs and the plays, and everything else; but, alas! some one broke into our house the night the British left Philadelphia, and search as I would the next day, I could not find what I had written you."

"I should think thee'd be glad," replied Tibbie; "for surely thou'rt ashamed of having been so Toryish."

"Not I," denied Janice. "And why should I be?"

"Shame upon thee, Janice Meredith, for liking the enemies of thy country!"

"And pray, madam," questioned Janice, "what has caused this sudden fervour of Whigism in you?"

"I never was unfaithful to my country, nor smiled on its persecutors."

"Humph!" sniffed Janice. "One would think, to hear you talk, that you have given those smiles to some rebel lover."

"Better a Whig lover than one of your popinjay British officers," retorted Tibbie, crimsoning.

"Gemini!" burst from the other. "I believe 'tis a hit from the way you colour."

"And if 'twas—which 'tis not—'tis naught to feel ashamed of," resentfully answered the accused.

The two girls had been spatting thus in lowered voices on the sofa, and as Tibbie ended, her disputant's arm was about her waist, and she was squeezed almost to suffocation.

"Oh, Tibbie, wilt tell me all about it—and him—once we are in bed to-night?" begged Janice in the lowest but most eager of whispers.

Whether this prayer would have been granted was not to be known, for as it was uttered Mr. Drinker interrupted their dialogue.

"Why, Tabitha," he called from across the room, "here's a great miscarriage. Mrs. Meredith tells me that Colonel Brereton rode with them from Philadelphia, but thinking to o'ercrowd us he has put up at the Sun tavern."

Had the daughter merely remarked that "'Twas a monstrous pity," or suggested that her father should at once set off to the hostel to insist on his coming to them, Janice would have thought nothing of the incident; but in place of this Tibbie said, "'Tis well," with a toss of her head, even as she grew redder still, and realising this, she pretended that some supper preparation required her attention, and almost fled from the room.

"Colonel Brereton," explained Mr. Drinker, "stopped with us last summer each time he rode through Trenton on public business, and we came to like him much; so glad were we when he was well enough from his wound this spring to once more drop in upon us."

"His wound!" exclaimed Janice.

"Ay," said Miss Drinker. "Didst thee not know that he was hit at Whitemarsh, and was weeks abed?"

Mr. Drinker gave a hearty laugh as the girl shook her head in dissent. "I'll tell thee a secret, Jan," he said, "and give thee a fine chance to tease. There was a girl not a hundred miles from this house who was sorely wounded by that same British bullet, and who pilfered every goody she could find from our pantry, and would have it that I should ride myself to Valley Forge with them all, but that I found a less troublesome conveyance."

"'Twas very good of her," said Janice, gravely. "I—I did not know that he had been wounded."

"Thou wert hardly in the way of it," replied Mr. Drinker. "British officers were scarce news sheets of our army."

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However praiseworthy Miss Meredith may have thought her friend's kindness to Brereton, one action conveyed the contrary import, for when the bed hour came she said to Tabitha: "I think I'll sleep with mommy, and not with thee, after all."

"Oh, Jan, and I have so much to tell thee!"

"We make so early a start," explained Miss Meredith, "that the sleep is more valuable to me." Then the girl, after a swallow, said: "And I thank you, Tibbie, for being so good to Colonel Brereton, to whom we owe much kindness; for even had we known, we could have done nothing for him." She kissed her friend and followed her mother.

When Brereton appeared the next morning, Janice mounted the horse which was to bear her, while the aide was exchanging greetings with the Drinkers, and when these quickly changed into farewells, she heeded not Tabitha's protest that they had not kissed each other good-by.

"I thought to save time by mounting," explained Janice, "and for this once it does not matter." And during the whole morning's ride the aide found her strangely silent and unresponsive.

Both these qualities disappeared with marvellous suddenness once they were within the Greenwood gate. All along the Raritan the fields were dotted with tents and parks of artillery, and on Greenwood lawn stood a large marquee, from which floated the headquarters' flag, while groups of officers and soldiers were scattered about in every direction. But all this panoply of war was forgotten by the girl, as Sukey, who was carrying some dish from the house to the tent, dropped it with a crash on the ground, and, with a screech of delight, rushed forward. Janice slid, rather than alighted, from her horse, and as if there were no such things as social distinctions, mistress and slave hugged each other, both rendered inarticulate by their sobs of joy. Further to prove that hearts have nothing to do with the colour of the skin, Billy Lee, who had been following in Sukey's train with another dish, was so melted by the sight that he proceeded to deposit his burden of a large ham on the grass, and began a loud blubbering in sympathy. Their united outcries served to bring two more participants on the scene, for Peg and Clarion came running out of the house, and with screams and yelps sought to express their joy.

While this spectacle was affording infinite amusement to the officers and sentinels, Brereton, after helping Mrs. Meredith alight, went in search of Washington, and in a few moments returned with him.

"We have made free with your home, as you see, Mrs. Meredith," apologised the commander-in-chief, as he shook her hand, "and I scarce know now whether to bid you welcome, or to ask leave for us to tarry till to-morrow. May we not effect a compromise by your dining and supping with me, and, in return, your favouring me and my family with a night's lodging?"

"You could not fail of welcome for far longer, General Washington," said Mrs. Meredith warmly, "but you are doubly so if Lady Washington is with you."

"Nay. I meant my military family," explained the general. "Mrs. Washington retreated, ere the campaign opened, to Mount Vernon." Then he turned to the daughter and shook her hand. "Ah, Miss Janice," he said, "sorry reports we've had of thy goings on, and we greatly feared we had lost thee to the cause."

"Ah, no, your Excellency," protested the girl. "Though I did once pray that the British should capture Philadelphia, 'twas not because I wished you beaten, but solely because it would bring dadda to us, and—and many a prayer I've made for you."

The general smiled. "'Twill be glad news to some," he said, with a sidelong look at Brereton, "that thy sympathies have always been with us. I presume thou hast simply been doing the British soldiery all the harm that thou couldst under guise of friendliness. I'll warrant thou'st a greater tale of wounded officers than any of Morgan's riflemen, sharpshooters though they be."

"I would I could say I had been ever faithful, your Excellency, but I must own to fickleness."

"These are times that test loyalty to the full," replied Washington, "and there has been many a waverer in the land."

"Of that I know full well, your Excellency."

"Nay, Miss Meredith, thou needest not pretend that thou hast any knowledge of inconstancy. From that particular failing of mankind I'll agree to hold thee harmless."

"Your Excellency but compliments me," answered Janice, "in presuming me exempt from forgetfulness." And as she spoke the girl gave an unconscious glance at Brereton.

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XL.

PLATO *vs.* CUPID.

Dinner, which was actually being placed on the table in the tent at the moment the ladies arrived, cut short further conversation with either Washington or Sukey. Utterly forgetful of her duties to spit and oven, nothing would do the cook but to follow Janice to her old room, where she summarily ordered Billy to clear out the clothing and accoutrements of its military tenants.

"Don't you stay, Sukey," said Janice, "if you are needed in the kitchen. His Excellency—"

"Dat I ain't, chile. Gin'l Washington he trabell wid his own cook, an' Peg an' I'se only helpin' Mr. Lee set de table and carry de dishes. Now I help ma honey."

"Oh, Sukey," carolled Janice, "it *is* so good to be home again!"

"Guess Missus Sukey tink dat, too," said William, halting in his labours. "She dun talk about nuthin' else but her pooty young missus."

"And how's Blueskin, Billy?" questioned Janice.

"Lor' bless us, miss, dyar ain't no restrainin' ob dat steed wid de airs he put on since he dun took part at Monmouth an' hear de gen'l say what he tink ob dat feller Lee. I tell him if he doan behave better, de next time dyar's goin' to be a battle, I jus' saddle up Nelson an' leave him behind."

"Now youse stop a-talkin' and tote dem men's tings somewhars else. Missy Janice gwine to change her gown, an' we doan want nuttin' ob dat sort in hyar."

"I'll only smart myself a little and not change my frock, Sukey, because—"

"Dat youse must, honey, for I dun praise youse so dat I ain't gwine to have dem disappointed in youse. Who'll be to dinner today, Mr. Lee?"

"Gen'l Greene an' Lord Sterlin', an' de staff, an' de field an' brigades major ob de day."

"Dere, chile, now doan youse depreciate yourself to all dem. Jus' youse put on de pootiest dress youse hab an' do ole Sukey proud." Then, as she helped Janice to bedeck herself, she poured out the story of their makeshift life, telling how, with what had been left of the poultry, and with the products of the small patch of the garden they had been able to till, the two slaves had managed to live the year through, taking the best care they could of their master's property, and hoping and praying daily for what had at last come to pass. The arraying would have been more speedy with the volunteer abigail out of the room, but not once did the mistress even suggest it, and, on the contrary, paused several times in the process to give the black a hug.

Finally, a call from her mother put an end to this frittering, and hurried the girl downstairs. Washington gave his hand to Mrs. Meredith, and there was a contest of words among the numerous officers for the privilege of the girl's, till Lord Sterling asserted his prerogative of rank and carried her off. Her presence was indeed a boon to the twenty men who sat down at the table, and, accustomed as Janice was by this time to the attention of officers, she could not but be flattered by the homage and deference paid her, all the more, perhaps, that it was witnessed by Brereton. Nor did this cease with the withdrawal of the ladies, for a number of the younger blades elected for her society rather than for that of the bottle, and made themselves her escort in the tour of inspection which Janice insisted on making about the place, and had she needed to be helped or lifted over every fence, or even stone, they encountered, there would have been willing hands to do it. It is true she was teased not a little for her supposed British sympathies, but it was not done ill-naturedly, and the girl was now quick-witted and quick-tongued enough to protect herself.

This plurality of swains did not lessen as the afternoon advanced, for not one of the diners departed, and when tea-time had come their ranks were swelled by a dozen new arrivals, giving both Mrs. Meredith and Janice all they could do to keep the assembly supplied with "dishes" of the cheerful but uninebriating beverage, which had been so material a cause in the very embodying of this army. Then the officers idled about the lawn, each perhaps hoping for an invitation to stay on to the supper which so quickly follows the tea drinking, and those who were fortunate enough to attain their wish did not hurry away once the meal was concluded. Only when Mrs. Meredith excused herself and her daughter on the ground of fatigue did the youngsters recollect that there were camp duties which called them away.

"I fear me, Miss Janice," said the commander-in-chief, as the good-nights were being said, "that discipline would be maintained with difficulty were we long to remain encamped here. Personally, I cannot but re-

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gret that we move northward to-morrow; but for the good of the service I think 'tis fortunate."

Drum beat and bugle call, sounding *reveille,* brought Janice back to consciousness the next morning, and it is to be suspected that she took some pains with her morning toilet, for by the time she descended tents were already levelled and regiments and artillery were filing past on the road.

"We have reason to believe that Sir Henry meditates a move up the Hudson against our post of West Point," Washington explained to Janice; "and so it is our duty to put ourselves within protecting distance; though I myself think he will scarce venture a blow the more that he is strengthening his lines about New York. 'Tis not a little pleasing to us that, after two years' fighting and manœuvring, both armies are brought back to the very point they set out from, and that, from being the attacking party, the British are now reduced to the use of spade and pick-axe for defence."

"I wish you were not leaving us, your Excellency," sighed Janice.

"'Tis one of the penalties of war," replied the general, "that we are doomed to see little of the fair sex, and must be content with an occasional sip of their society. Should we winter near here, as now seems possible, I trust you will honour Mrs. Washington and myself with your company at headquarters. And one word ere we part, Mrs. Meredith. You must not think that we make free with people's property, as we seem to have done in your case. Finding your home unoccupied, I made bold to take it for my headquarters, but the quartermaster-general will pay you before we leave for such use as I have made of it."

"We could not accept anything, your Excellency," protested the hostess. "The obligation is with us, and I beg—"

"Be off with you to your stations, gentlemen," ordered Washington, as he rose from the table; and, having cleared the room, he continued: "Nay, Mrs. Meredith, Congress allows me my expenses, and 'tis only just that you should be paid. And, however well provided you may be, a little ready money will surely not be amiss?"

"Your Excellency is more thoughtful of our future than we are ourselves," responded Mrs. Meredith. "For a moment I had forgot our position; we will gladly accept payment."

"Would that I could as easily pay you for the pleasure you have given me," said the general, shaking her hand. "Miss Janice, we'll do our best," he went on, "to tie the British soldiery into New York; but, whether we succeed or no, I wish to hear of no more philandering with their officers. 'Tis hard enough to fight them in the field, without encountering them in our softer moments; so see to it that you save your smiles and blushes for us."

"I will, your Excellency," promised Janice, as she did both.

"Nay, nay, my child," he laughingly corrected. "I did not mean that thou shouldst blush and smile for me. I am a married man, and old enough to be thy father."

"'Tis fortunate you are the first, your Excellency," laughed the girl in turn, "or the latter should not protect you." And as the general held out his hand she impulsively kissed it.

"I shall write Mrs. Washington that 'twill never do for her to leave me during another campaign," replied the commander, reciprocating the salute. "Not but she will be very proud to think that so charming a maid honours her husband with such favours."

At the door the staff were already mounted and waiting their chief. Farewells were completed with all save Brereton, who for some reason had withdrawn a little from the group; and these done, the cavalcade trotted off.

No sooner was it upon the road than Brereton spurred up alongside of his superior, and, saluting, said in a dropped voice: "Your Excellency, I had something of moment to say to the Merediths, but 'twas impossible to get private word, with all the idlers and raketers and Jack-a-dandies of the army running in and out upon them. May I not turn back? I will overtake you ere many hours."

"Think you, sir," asked Washington, gravely, "I have no occasion for my aides, that you make such a request?"

Jack flushed with mortification and temper. "I supposed that on the march you could spare—"

"I can, my boy," interrupted the commander-in-chief, with a change of manner, "and was but putting off a take-in on you. My own courting was done while colonel of the First Virginia Regiment, and well I remember how galling the military duties were. 'Tis to be feared I was not wholly candid in the reasons, calling me from the regiment to Williamsburg, that I alleged to my superiors, for my business at the capital took few hours, and both going and returning I managed to

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stay many at 'White House.' May your wooing speed as prosperously," he finished, extending an arm and pressing his junior's hand warmly. "And if by chance you should not overtake us till to-morrow, I'll think of twenty years ago, and spare you a reprimand."

"God save you, sir!" exclaimed Jack, in an undertone of gratitude. "I—I love— She is—is so dear to me that I could not bear the thought of waiting." Wheeling his horse, the rider gave him the spur.

The moment the general and staff had trotted away Mrs. Meredith turned to her daughter and asked, "Have you refused Colonel Brereton, Janice?"

"No, mommy," faltered the girl.

"Then why did he ride off without a word to either of us?"

"I—'tis—I can only think that—that he has come to care for Tibbie—being in and out of love easily—and so is ashamed of the part he has played."

"'Tis strange," replied the mother. "But we'll not discuss its meaning now, for I must find out how we stand. Try to make yourself a task, child."

Her search for this took the maiden, closely followed by Clarion, to the garden, where she found that weeds, if nothing else, had thriven, though the perennials still made a goodly show. Before beginning a war on the former, she walked to a great tangle of honeysuckle that clustered about and overtopped a garden seat, to pluck a bunch and stick it in the neckerchief that was folded over her bosom; then she went to her favourite rose bush and kissed the one blossom July had left to it. "I'll not pick you," she said, "since you are the only one."

The sound of galloping caught her attention as she raised her head, and though she could not see the rider, her ears told her that he turned into Greenwood gate, even before the pace was slackened. Not knowing what it might bode, the girl stood listening, with an anxious look on her face. The cadence of the hoof-beats ended suddenly, and silence ensued for a time; then as suddenly quick footsteps, accompanied by a tell-tale jingle and clank, came striding along the path from the kitchen to the port in the hedge. One glance Janice gave at the opposite entrance, as if flight were in her thoughts, then, with a hand resting on the woody stock of the shrub to steady herself, she awaited the intruder.

Brereton paused in the opening of the box, as his eyes rested on his love. "Would to Heaven," he exclaimed, "that I had my colours and the time to paint you as you stand!"

Both relieved and yet more frightened, Janice, in an attempt to conceal the latter feeling, remarked, "I thought you had departed."

"Think you I'd rest content without farewell, or choose to have one with the whole staff as witnesses?" answered Jack, as he came forward. "Furthermore, I had some matters of which to speak that were not to be published to the world."

"Mommy is—"

"Where I'd have her," interjected the officer; "for what I have to say is to you. First: I put the screws on old Hennion and Bagby, and have their word that they will not push their forfeiture bill, or in any other way molest you."

"We thank you deeply, Colonel Brereton."

"I saw Parson McClave yesterday afternoon at Brunswick, to bespeak his aid, and he says he is certain you may live at peace here, if you will not seek to be rigorous with your tenants, and that he will do his best to keep the community from persecuting you."

"'Tis glad news, indeed."

"Knowing how you were circumstanced, I then rode about your farms, and held interview with a number of your tenants, and pleaded with them that they pay a part of their arrears in supplies; and several of the better sort gave me their word that you should not want for food."

"'Twas most thoughtful of you."

"Finally, I wrote a letter to your father, and have sent it under a flag that was going to New York, telling him that you were safe arrived at Greenwood."

"Ah, Colonel Brereton, how can we ever repay your kindness?" murmured the girl, her eyes brightened and softened by a mist of unshed tears.

"'Twas done for my own ease. Think you I could have ridden away, not knowing what risk or privation you might have to suffer in my absence?"

"'Tis only the greater cause for gratitude that you make your ease depend on ours."

"That empties my packet of advices," said the aide; "and—and—unless you have something to tell me, I'll—we'll say a farewell and I'll rejoin the army."

"Would that I could thank you, sir, as you deserve; but words mean so little that you

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have rendered me dumb," replied Janice, feelingly.

"Can you not— Have you nothing else to say to me?" he begged, pleadingly.

"I— Indeed I can think of nothing, Colonel Brereton," replied the maiden, very much flustered.

"Then good-bye, and may God prosper you," ended Jack, sadly, taking her hand and kissing it gently. He turned with obvious reluctance, and went toward the house, but before he had reached the hedge he quickly retraced his steps. "I—I could not force my suit upon you when I found you in such helplessness—not even when you gave me the purse—though none but I can know what the restraint meant in torture," he burst out; "and it seems quite as ungenerous to try to advantage myself now of your moment's gratefulness. But my passion has its limits of control, and go I cannot without—without— Give me but a word, though it be a sentence of death to my heart's desire."

Janice, whose eyes had been dropped groundward during most of this colloquy, gave the pleader a come-and-go glance, then said breathlessly, "I— 'Tis— Wha—wha— What would you wish me to say?"

"What you can," cried the officer, impetuously.

"I—I would— 'Tis my desire to—to say what you would have me."

Both her hands were eagerly caught in those of the suppliant. "If you could— If— 'Twould be everything on earth—more than life itself to me—could you but give me the faintest hope that I might win you. Have you such an abhorrence of me that you cannot give me the smallest guerdon of happiness?"

"You err in supposing that I dislike you," protested Janice.

"Then why do you refuse all that is dearest to me? Why refuse a devotion that would make your happiness its own?"

"But I haven't," denied the girl, her heart beating wildly and her breath coming quickly.

As the words passed her lips, she was impulsively yet tenderly caught in her lover's arms and drawn to him. "What have you done, then?" he demanded, almost fiercely.

"I—I—oh! I don't know," she gasped.

"Then what will you do?"

For a moment Janice, with down-bent head, was silent. Then she raised her eyes to Jack's and said: "I will marry you, Colonel Brereton, if dadda will let me."

XLI.

A FAREWELL AND A WELCOME.

There was little weeding of the garden that forenoon, unless the brushing off with Jack's gauntlets of some green moss from the garden seat, about which clustered the honeysuckle, can be considered such. Possibly this was done that more sprays of the vine might be plucked, for when Sukey, after repeated calls from the entry, finally came to summon them to dinner, Jack had a bunch of it, and a single rose, thrust in his sword knot.

There was a pretence of affected unconsciousness at the meal on the part of the three, and even of Peg, though the servant made it difficult to maintain the fiction by several times going off into fits of reasonless giggles not easy for those at table to ignore. The repast eaten, Brereton drew Mrs. Meredith aside for a word, and Janice took advantage of the freedom to escape to her room, where she buried her face in the pillow, as if she had some secret to confide to it.

From this she was presently roused by her mother's entrance, and as the girl, with flushed cheeks and questioning look, met her eyes, Mrs. Meredith said: "I think, my child, thou hast acted for the best, and we will hope thy father will think so." She kissed the daughter and added: "Colonel Brereton says he must go, and only tarries for a word with you."

Janice gave one glance at the mirror, and put her hands to her hair, with a look of concern. " 'Tis dreadfully disordered."

"He will not notice it, that I'll warrant," prophesied the matron, smiling.

With his horse's bridle over his arm, the lover was waiting for her on the front porch. "Will you not walk with me down the road a little way?" he begged. " 'Tis so hard to leave you."

"I—I think I had better not," urged the girl, showing trepidation. " 'Twould surely delay you too—"

"Ah, Janice," interrupted the lover, "why—what have I done that you should show such fear of me?"

"I'm not afraid of you," denied Janice hurriedly; "and of course I'll go with you, if—if you think it best."

"Then what is it that frightens you, sweetheart?" persisted Jack, as they set off.

The maiden scrutinised the ground and horizon as if seeking an explanation ere she replied shyly, " 'Tis—'tis indeed no fear of you, but you—you never ask permission."

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The officer laughed exultingly. "Then may I put my arm about you?" he requested.

"'Twill make walking too difficult."

"How know you that?" demanded Jack.

"'Tis—'tis easily fancied."

Brereton's free arm encircled the girl. "Try to fancy it!" he entreated. "And never again say that I do not ask permission."

A mile down the road Jack halted. "I'll not let you go farther," he groaned; "nor must I linger, for reminder of my wound still troubles me if I ride too quick."

"Why did you not tell me you had been wounded when you took me away from the ball?" asked Janice reproachfully.

"'Twas not once in my thoughts that evening, nor was anything else save you."

"I can make all sorts of preserves and jellies, and pickles, and next winter I'll send you some to camp."

"That you shall not," asserted the aide; "for the day we go into winter quarters sees me back here to dance at your wedding."

"Hadst better wait till you are invited, sir," suggested Janice, saucily.

"What? A revolt on my hands already!" exclaimed the officer.

"'Tis you are the rebel."

"Then you are my prisoner," retorted Jack, catching her in his arms.

"You Whigs are a lawless lot!"

"Toward avowed Tories, ay—and a good serve out to them."

"But I gave my word to his Excellency that from henceforth I'd be Whiggish, so you've no right to treat me as one."

"Then I'll not," agreed the lover. "And since I plundered from you while you were against us, 'tis only right that I should return what I took." He kissed her thrice tenderly. "Good-by, my sweet," he said, and, releasing her, mounted. "'Tis fortunate I depend not on my own legs, for they'd never consent to carry me away from you." He started his horse, but turned in his saddle to call back: "'Twill not be later than the first of November, with or without invitation or permission," and throwing a last kiss with his hand, spurred away.

Till Jack passed from view, the girl's eyes followed him; then, with a look of dreaminess in her eyes, she walked slowly back to Greenwood, so abstracted by her thoughts that she spoke not a word to the attendant hound.

Whatever might be the inclination of the girl, her mother gave her little chance to dream in the next few days. Not merely was there much about house and garden to be brought into order, but Mrs. Meredith succeeded in bargaining their standing crop of grass in exchange for a milch cow, and to Janice was assigned both its milking and care, while the chickens likewise became her particular charge. From stores in the attic the mother produced pieces of whole cloth, and Janice was set at work on dresses and underclothes to resupply their depleted wardrobes. Not content with this, Mrs. Meredith drew from the same source unspun wool and unhatchelled flax, and the girl was put to spinning both into thread and yarn, that Peg might weave them into cloth, against the need of winter. From five in the morning till eight at night there was occupation for all, and so tired was the maid that she gladly enough heard her mother's decree that their small supply of candles should not be used, but that they should go to bed with the sun.

They were thus already asleep by ten o'clock one August evening, when there came a gentle knocking on the back door, which, after several repetitions, ceased, but only to be resumed a moment later on the front one. Neither summons receiving any attention, a succession of pebbles were thrown against Janice's window, finally bringing the sleeper back to wakefulness. Her first feeling, as she became conscious of the cause, was one of fear, and her instinct was to pay no attention to the outsider. After one or two repetitions, however, of the disquieting taps she stole to the window, and keeping herself hidden, peeped out. All she could see was a man standing close to a shrub, as if to take advantage of its concealment, who occasionally raised an arm and tossed a pebble against the panes. Really alarmed, the girl was on the point of seeking her mother, when her eyes took in the fact that Clarion was standing beside the cause of her fright, and seeking, so far as he could, to win his attention. Reassured, the girl raised the sash, and instantly her father's voice broke upon her ears.

"Down with ye, Jan," he said, "and let me get under cover."

Both anxious and delighted, the girl ran downstairs and unbarred the door.

"I had begun to fear me that I had been misinformed and that ye and your mother were not hereabout," the squire began, "so 'tis indeed a joy to find ye safe." And then, after Mrs. Meredith had been roused, he explained his presence. "Though I could not get back to ye in Philadelphia, no worry I felt on your account, making sure that Lord Clowes would look to your safety. An anxious week I had

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after the army reached New York, till I received Colonel Brereton's letter, telling me of your safety; though that only assured me as to the past, and I knew that any moment the rascally Whigs might take to persecuting ye again."

"Nay, Lambert," said Mrs. Meredith, "not a one has offered us the slightest annoyance. On the contrary, some of your tenants have tendered us food in payment of rent, though I own that they insist upon hard bargains."

"I would I had as little complaint to make," said the husband. "No sooner did Clinton reach New York than my appointment was taken from me, and but for Phil's kindness I should like to have starved. Though with little money himself, the boy would let me want for nothing, and but for him I should not even have been able to be here to-night."

"How was that, dadda?" asked Janice.

"'Tis not to be whispered outside, Jan, but some of these same patriotic Jerseymen—ay, and the Connecticut Yankees—much prefer the ring of British guineas to the brustle of the worthless paper money of the Whigs, so almost nightly boatloads of provisions and forage steal out of the Raritan for New York, but for which the British Army would be on short commons. Phil, who knew of this traffic, secured me passage on one of the empty boats."

"Then the villagers know you have returned?" exclaimed Mrs. Meredith, anxiously.

"Not they, for those in the business are as little anxious to have it known they have been in New York as I am to have it known that I am here at Greenwood, and there is little danger that either of us will blab."

"Had Lord Clowes arrived in New York, Lambert?" inquired Mrs. Meredith.

"That he had, and in a mighty dudgeon he was at first against all of us; with ye for what he took offence at in Philadelphia, and with me because I hold to my promise to Phil. But when he had word that I was coming here, he sought me out in a great turn-over, and said if I brought ye back to New York his house should be at our service, and that we should want for nothing. There is no doubt, lass, that he loves ye prodigious."

The girl shivered, August night though it was, but merely exclaimed, "You'd not think of making us go to New York when we are under no necessity?"

"Not I, now that I know ye to be well off, which I feared ye were not. The nut to crack is to know whether I hadst best find safety by returning to New York, to live like a pauper on Phil, or seek to lie hid here for a three months?"

"And why three months, Lambert?" asked his wife.

"'Tis thought that will serve to bring about a peace. Have ye not heard how this much-vaunted alliance with France has resulted? The French fleet and soldiers, united to a force under Sullivan, attempted to capture the British post at Newport, but oil and vinegar would not mix. The Parley-voos wanted to monopolise all the honour by having the Americans play second fiddle to them, but to this they'd not consent, and while the two were quarrelling over it, like dogs over a bone, in steps the British, drubs the two of them, and carries off the prize. That gone, they've set to quarrelling as to whose fault it was. The feeling now is as bitter against the French as 'twas against the British, and 'tis thought that with this end to their hopes from the frog-eaters, they'll be glad enough to make a peace with us, the more that their paper money, the only thing that has kept them going this long, loses value daily, and they will soon have nothing with which to pay bills and soldiers."

"You had best stay here, Lambert," advised Mrs. Meredith. "'Twill be more comfortable for you, and far happier for us."

"Remember that I run the risk of capture, wife."

"You can be kept concealed from all but Peg and Sukey, who are as faithful as we."

"And I am sure, if by chance you were discovered," suggested Janice, haltingly, "that Colonel Brereton would—would—save you from ill treatment.

"Colonel Brereton?"

"Ay, Lambert," spoke up Mrs. Meredith, as her daughter looked appealingly to her. "There is something yet to be told, which has won us a strong friend who would never permit you to suffer. Colonel Brereton, to whom we owe all our present safety, has declared his attachment to Janice, and seeks her—"

"Small doubt he has," derisively interjected the squire. "I make certain that every rebel, seeing the game drawing to a close, is seeking to feather his nest."

"Nay, Lambert. 'Tis obvious he truly loves our—"

"He may, but it shall not help him to her or her acres," again interrupted the father. "The impudence of these Whigs passes belief. I hope ye sent him off with a bee in his breeches, Matilda."

"That we did not," denied Mrs. Meredith.

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"Nor wouldst thou, had thou been with us to realise all his goodness to us."

"Well, well," grumbled the father resignedly. "I suppose if the times are such that we must accept favours of the rebels, we must not resent their insults. But 'tis bitter to think of our good land come to such a pass that rogues like this Brereton and Bagby should dare obtrude their suits upon us."

"Oh, dadda," protested Janice, pleadingly, "'twas truly no insult he intended, but the—the highest—he spoke as if—as if—. There was a tender respect in his every word and action, as if I might have been a queen. And I could not— Oh, mommy, please, please tell it for me!"

"'Tis best thou shouldst know at once, Lambert, that Janice favours his wooing."

"What!" roared the squire, looking incredulously from mother to daughter, and then, as the latter nodded her head, he cried, "I'll not believe it of ye, Jan, however ye may nod your pate. Wed a bondman! Where's your pride, child, that ye should even let the thought occur to ye?"

"But, dadda, he is now a lieutenant-colonel and—"

"Of what? Where's the honour in being in command of the riff-raff of the land? Dost not know that the most of their officers are made out of tapsters and tinkers and the like? Does it make a tavern idler or a bankrupt the less of either, that a pack of dunghills choose to dub him by another title? Once peace and law are come again, this same scallawag Brereton, or Fownes, or whatever he will then be, must return to my service, and fulfil his bond, with a penalty of double time to boot. Proud ye'd be to see your spouse ordered to field or stable work every morning by my overseer!

"'Twould grieve me, dadda," replied the girl, gently, "because I know how proud he is, and how it would make him suffer; but 'twould not lessen my respect or—or affection for him."

"What!" snorted Mr. Meredith once more. "Dost mean to tell me that your heart is in this?"

"I— Indeed, dadda," stammered Janice, colouring, "until—until this moment I thought 'twas only for yours and mommy's sakes—though at times puzzled by—by I know not what—but now—"

"Well, out with it," ordered the squire, as his daughter hesitated.

Janice faltered, then hurried to where her father sat, and, throwing herself on her knees, buried her face in his waistcoat. Something she said, but very sharp ears it needed to resolve the muffled sounds into the words, "Oh, dadda, I'm afraid that I care for him more than I thought."

"What!" for a third time demanded Mr. Meredith. "'Tis not posible I hear ye aright, girl. Why, a nine months ago ye were beseeching me, with your arms about my neck, to fulfil my word to Phil."

"But that was because I feared Lord Clowes," eagerly explained Janice, with her face withdrawn from its screen; "and then I did not love—or at least did not dream that I did."

"Pox me, but I believe Clowes is right, when he says the sex are without stability," growled the squire, irascibly. "Put this fellow out of your thoughts, and remember that ye were promised long since."

"Oh, dadda, I want to be dutiful, and obedient I promise to be, but you would not have me marry with my heart given elsewhere. You could not be so cruel or—"

"Cease such bibble-babble, Jan. 'Tis for your own good I am acting. Not merely is this fellow wholly beneath ye in birth and fortune, besides a rebel to our king, but there are facts about him of which ye have not cognisance that should serve to rouse your pride."

"What?"

"What say ye to an intimacy 'twixt this same Brereton and Mrs. Loring?"

With the question the girl was on her feet, yet with down-hung head. "He—I know he does not care for her," she declared.

"Ye know nothing of the kind," retorted the squire. "I bear in my pocket a letter from her to him of so private a nature that she would not trust it to a flag, because then it must be read, which Lord Clowes brought to me with the request that I would in some way smuggle it to him."

"That means little," said Janice.

"And what say you to his meeting her in New York, for that is the purport of her letter to him?"

"How know you that?" cried Janice.

"Because she writ on the outside that the commander at Paulus Hook had been sent orders to pass him to New York."

"That proves no wrong on his part," answered the girl, her head proudly erect. "Nor will I believe any of him." And without further words she went from the room. But though she went to bed, she tossed restless and wakeful till the sun rose.

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XLII.

SCANT WELCOME FOR MAN AND BEAST.

The concealment of the master of Greenwood proved an easy affair, for it was now the harvest season, and the neighbouring farmers were far too engaged by their own interests to have thought of anything else, while the four miles was distance sufficient to deter the villagers from keeping an eye on the daily household life. For their own comfort, a place of concealment was arranged for the squire in the garret behind the big loom; but thus assured of a retreat, he spent his time on the second floor, his only precautions being to avoid the windows in daylight hours and to keep Clarion at hand to give warning of any interloper.

In the next few days Mrs. Meredith twice reverted to the subject of their midnight discussion, but each time only to find her husband unyieldingly persistent that Janice was pledged to Philemon, and that if this bar did not exist, he would never countenance Brereton's suit. As for the girl, she shunned all allusion to the matter, taking refuge in a proud silence.

In September an unexpected event brought the difficulty to a crisis. One evening, after the work of the day was over, as they sat in Mrs. Meredith's room, waiting for the dusk to deepen enough for beds to become welcome, a creak of the stairs set all three to listening, and brought Clarion to his feet. Though no repetition of the sound followed, the dog, after a moment's attention, dashed out of the room, and was heard springing and jumping about, with yelps betokening joyful recognition of some one. Reassured by this, yet wishing to know more, Janice hurried into the hall. Coming from the half light, it was too dark for her to distinguish anything, so she was forced to grope her way to the stairs; but other eyes were keener, and Janice, without warning, was encompassed by a man's arms, which drew her to him, that his lips might press an eager kiss upon hers.

"Who is it?" whispered the pilferer, after the theft.

"Oh, Colonel Brereton!" exclaimed the girl in an undertone; "I knew at once, but—"

"Forgive me if I frightened you, sweetheart," begged the officer softly. "I could not resist the impulse to surprise you, and so tied my horse down the road a bit, that I might steal in upon you unaware."

"But what brings you?" questioned the girl, anxiously.

Brereton answered with a touch of irritation, "And you can ask? Even my vanity is forced to realise you waste little love on me that you need explanation. Sixty miles and over I have rid to-day solely that I might bide the night here, and not so much as a word of welcome do you give me. But I vow you shall love me some day, even as I love you; that you, too, shall long for sight of me when I am away, and caress me as fondly when I return."

"I did not mean that I was not glad to see you," protested the maiden; "but—I thought—I thought you could not leave the army."

"Know then, madam," banteringly explained the lover, "that the court-martial which has been trying Lee for his conduct at Monmouth has come to a verdict, which required transmission to Congress, for confirmation, and as I enjoy nothing better than two hundred and forty miles of riding in September heats and dust, I fairly went on my knees to his Excellency for permission to bear it. Do I not deserve something to lighten the journey? Ah, my sweet, if you do care for me a little, prove it by once returning me one of my kisses!"

"With whom are you speaking, daughter?" demanded Mrs. Meredith, losing patience at the continuance of the dialogue she could just realise.

"'Tis I, John Brereton, Mrs. Meredith," spoke up the intruder, "come in search of a night's lodgings."

The information was enough to make the squire forget prudence, in the spleen it aroused. "Have done with your whispered prittle-prattle, Jan, and let me have sight of this fellow," he called, angrily.

"Mr. Meredith, you here?" cried the officer, springing to the doorway, to make sure that his ears did not deceive him.

"Ay, and no wonder 'tis a sad surprise to you," went on Mr. Meredith, irascibly. "There shall be no more stolen interviews—ay, or kisses—from henceforth, ye Jerry Sneak! Come out of the hall, Janice, and have done with this courting by stealth."

"I call Heaven to witness," retorted Jack, hotly, "if once I have acted underhand; and you have no right—"

"Pooh! 'tis not for a jailbird and bond-servant and rebel to lay down the right and wrong to Lambert Meredith."

"Oh, dadda—" expostulatingly began Janice.

"What is more," continued the father, regardless of her protest, "I'll have ye know that I take your behind-back wooing of my daughter as an insult, and will none of it."

"Is it prudent, Lambert, to needlessly offend Colonel Brereton?" deprecated Mrs. Meredith.

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"Ay. Let him give me up to the authorities," sneered the husband. "'Twill be all of a piece with his other doings."

"To such an imputation I refuse to make denial," said Brereton, proudly; "but be warned, sir, by the trials for treason now going on in Jersey and Pennsylvania, what fate awaits you if you are captured. Even I could not save you, I fear, after your taking office from the king, if you were caught thus."

"Wait till ye're asked, and we'll see who first needs help, ye or I," retorted the squire. "Meantime understand that I'll not have ye at Greenwood, save as a bond-servant. My girl is promised to a man of property and respectability, and is to be had by no servant who dare not so much as let the world know who were his father and mother!"

It was now too dark to distinguish anything, so the others did not see how Brereton's face whitened. For a moment he was silent, then in a voice hoarsely strident he said: "No man but you could speak thus and not pay the full penalty of his words; and since you take so low an advantage of my position, further relations with you are impossible. Janice, choose between me and your father, for there can be but the one of us in your future life."

"Oh, Jack," cried the girl, imploringly, "you cannot—if you love me, you cannot ask such a thing of me."

"He puts it well," asserted Mr. Meredith. "Dost intend to obey me, child, or—"

"Oh, dadda," chokingly moaned Janice, "you know I have promised obedience, and never will I be undutiful, but—"

The aide, not giving her time to complete the sentence, vehemently exclaimed, "'Tis as I might have expected! Lover good enough I am when you are in peril or want, but once saved I am quickly taught that your favours are granted from policy and not from love."

"'Tis not so," denied the girl, indignantly yet miserably. "I—"

"Be still, Jan," ordered the father. "Think ye, sir, Lambert Meredith's daughter would ever bring herself to wed a no-name and double-name fellow such as ye? Here is a letter I fetched to ye from that—Mrs. Loring; take it and go to her. She's the fit company for gentry of your breed, and not my girl."

"Beg of me forgiveness on your deathbed, or on mine, and I'll not pardon you the words you have just spoken," thundered the officer; "and though you stand on the gallows itself, I will not stir a finger to save you. Once for all, Janice, take choice between us."

"'Tis an option you have no right to force upon me," responded the girl, desperately.

"Ay, pay no heed to what he says, Jan. Hand him this letter and let him go."

"If he wants it, he must take it himself," cried Janice. "I'll not touch her letter."

The indignant loathing in the tone of the speaker was too clearly expressed not to be understood, and Brereton replied to it, rather than to her words. "I tried to speak to you of her—to tell you the whole wretched story, when last I saw you, but I could not bring myself in such hap—at such an hour—the moment was too untimely—and so I did not. Little I suspected that you already knew the facts of my connection with her."

"Despite the proof I myself had, I have ever refused to credit when told by others what you have just owned," declared the girl. "Nor will I listen to you. From the first I scorned and hated her, and now wish never to hear of the shameful creature again."

Without a word the officer passed into the hall, and began the descent. Before he had reached the foot of the stairs Janice was at its head.

"You'll not go without a good-by, Jack," she pleaded. "Obey dadda I ought—but— Oh, Jack—I will—if you will but come back— Yes, I will kiss you."

Brereton halted and clutched the banister, as if to prevent either departure or return, and could the girl have seen the look on his face she would have been in his arms before he had time to conquer himself. But in doubt as to what the pause indicated, she stood waiting, and, after a moment's struggle, Jack strode through the hallway and was gone. So long as his footsteps could be heard Janice stood listening to them, but when they had died out of hearing she went into her own room, and the parents heard the bolt shot.

There was something in the girl's eyes the next morning which prevented either father or mother from recurring to the scene, and time did not make it easier; for Janice, with a proudly sad face, did her tasks in an almost absolute silence, which told more clearly than words her misery. Probably the matter would have eventually been reopened, but two days brought a new difficulty which gave both Mr. and Mrs. Meredith something else for thought.

Its first warning was from the hound, who roused his master, as he dozed in an easy-

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chair one sleepy afternoon, by a growl, and the squire's own ears served to tell him that horsemen were entering the gate. The women on the floor below also heard the sounds, and with a call to make sure that the refugee was seeking his hiding-place, the mother and daughter hurried to the front door to learn what the incursion might portend.

From the porch they could see a half dozen riders in uniform, who had drawn rein just inside the gateway, while yet another, accompanied by two dogs, rode up to where they were standing.

"'Tis General Lee," exclaimed Mrs. Meredith, as he came within recognising distance. "Probably he wishes a night's lodging."

It was far from what the officer wanted, as it proved; for when he had come within good speaking distance he called angrily, "Ho! ye are there, are ye, hussy? Still busily seeking, I suppose, to be a pick-thanks with those in power by throwing ridicule on those they are trying to destroy."

"I know not the cause for your extraordinary words, General Lee," replied Mrs. Meredith, with much dignity, "and can only conclude that a warm afternoon has tempted you into a too free use of the bottle."

"Bah!" ejaculated Lee. "My bicker is not with ye, but with your girl, whom it seems has a liking for mischief and slander."

"I am ignorant to what you refer, sir, and cannot believe—" began the mother.

"Deny if you dare that she limned the caricature of me which was handed about the theatre, and made me and my dogs the laugh of the town for a week?" interrupted Lee. "Only three days since I had a letter from a friend in Philadelphia, telling me a journal of hers had been examined by the council, and that therein she confessed it as her work."

"Indeed, General Lee," said Mrs. Meredith, apologetically, "the child meant no—"

"I tell you I'm not to be mollified by any women's brabble," blustered Lee. "I know 'tis part and parcel of an attempt to ruin my character. Even to this silly wittling, all are endeavouring to break me down by one succession of abominable, damnable lies. The very court that has been trying me would not believe that white was white as regards me, or that black was black as regards this G. Washington, whom the army and the people consider as an infallible divinity, when he is but a bladder of emptiness and pride. I am now on my way to get their verdict against me, and in favour of this Great Gargantua, or Lama Babek—for I know not which to call him—set aside, and I stopped in passing to tell you that I—"

What the general intended was not to be known, for at this point there came that which turned his thoughts. One of his dogs, an English spaniel, neither interested in Janice's caricature of Lee, nor in Lee's abuse of Washington, took advantage of his master's preoccupation to steal into the house, a proceeding which Clarion evidently resented, for suddenly from within came loud yaps and growls, which told only too plainly that if there was no protector of the household from the anger of the general, there was one who objected to the intrusion of his dog. Scarcely had the sounds of the fight begun than shrill yelps of pain indicated that one participant was getting very much the worst of it, and which was quickly shown by the general roaring an oath and a command that they stop the "murder of my Cæsar." The din was too great within, however, for Clarion to hear the order that both ladies shouted to him, though it is to be questioned if he would have heeded them if he had, and with another oath Lee was out of his saddle and into the house, his riding-whip raised to take summary vengeance.

Just as the general entered the hallway the spaniel, wriggling free from the hound's onslaught, fled upstairs, closely pursued by the other dog, and after the two stamped the officer. On the second floor the fugitive faltered, to cast an agonised glance behind him, but sight of Clarion's open mouth was enough, and up the garret stairs he dashed. At the top he once more paused, looking in all directions for a haven of refuge, and seeing a man in the act of retreating behind the loom in the corner, he fled to him for protection. When Lee entered the garret, only Clarion, every bristle on end, was in view, standing guard over a corner of the room, and striding to him, the general lashed him twice with his riding-whip ere the transgressor, with howls of pain, fled. Then Lee peered behind the loom in search of his favourite.

"Devil seize me!" he exclaimed. "What have we here? Ho! a good find," he jeered, as he made out the squire. He rushed to one of the windows, threw it up, and called a summons to the group of horsemen; then came back as the squire crawled from his retreat. "Little did I reck," gloated Lee, "when I read at the tavern this very day the governor's proclamation attainting you, that ye'd come to be my prize. And poetic justice it is that I should have the chance to revenge in you the insult of your daughter."

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XLIII.

UNDER SHADOW OF THE GALLOWS.

No prayer the women could make served to sway Lee from his purpose, and without delay the prisoner was mounted behind one of the escort, taken to Brunswick, and handed over to the authorities. When Mrs. Meredith and Janice, who followed on foot, reached the town, it was to find that the squire was to be carried to Trenton the next morning. A plea was made that they should be permitted to accompany him, but it was refused, and a bargain was finally made with the publican to carry them.

The following evening saw them all in Trenton, Mr. Meredith in jail, and the ladies once more at the Drinkers'. It was too late for anything to be attempted that night, but early the next day Mrs. Meredith, with Mr. Drinker, called on Governor Livingston to plead for mercy.

"Had he come in and delivered himself up, there might have been some excuse for special lenience," the governor argued; "but captured as he was, there can be none. The people have suffered so horribly in the last two years that they wish a striking example made of some prominent Tory, and will not brook a reasonless pardon. He must stand his trial under the statute and proclamation, and of that there can be but one outcome."

When the suppliants returned with this gloomy prediction, Janice, who held herself accountable for the calamity, primarily by having secured the appointment of her father, and still more by drawing the caricature which had brought such a disaster, was so overcome that for a time the mother's anxieties were transferred to her. Realising this, after the first wild outburst of grief and horror were over, Janice struggled desperately to regain self-control; and when the two had gone to bed, she successfully resisted her longing to give way once more to tears, though no sleep came to her the night through. Yet, if she brought pale cheeks and tired eyes to the breakfast table, there was determination rather than despair in her face and manner, as if in her long vigil she had thought out some deliverance.

In what this consisted was shown by her whispered request to Mr. Drinker the moment the meal had been despatched, to learn for her if Joe Bagby was in town and to arrange for an interview. Within the hour her emissary returned with the member of Assembly.

"I suppose you have heard, Mr. Bagby, of my father's capture," she said, without even the preliminary of a greeting.

"Yes, miss," said Bagby, awkwardly and shamefacedly. "'Tis news that didn't stop travelling, and 'twas all over Trenton before he'd been an hour in town. One way or another, he and I haven't got on well, but I didn't wish him or you any such bad luck, and I'm real sorry it's come about."

"I wished to see you to ask—to beg," went on the girl, "that you would persuade the governor to set him free."

"But he'd not have the right to do that," replied Joe. "He only can pardon the squire after his trial. And right now I want to say that if you haven't settled on any lawyer, I will take the case and do my best for your dad, and let you take your own time as to paying me."

"Oh, Mr. Bagby," pleaded the girl, "Mr. Drinker is sure that he will be convicted of treason. Can you not do something to stop it?"

"I am afraid he is right, miss. About his only chance will be for the governor to pardon him."

"But only yesterday he said he should not," wailed Janice. "Can you not persuade him?"

"Guess 'twould be only a waste of my time," answered Joe. "He and I have disagreed over some appointments, and we aren't much of friends in consequence. But aside from that, he's a great trimmer for popularity, and the people just now are desperate set on having the Tories punished."

"Don't say that," besought the girl. "Surely, if—if—if I promise to marry you, cannot you save him?"

"If 'twas a bridge to be built, or a contract for uniforms, or something of that sort, I'd have real influence in the Assembly; but I am afraid I can't fix this matter. The governor's a consarned obstinate man most times, and I don't believe he'll listen to any one in this. What I can do, though, if you'll just do what you offered, miss, will be to save your property from all risk of being taken from you."

"Don't speak of it to me," cried Janice, wildly. "Do you think we could care for such a thing now?"

"Property's property," said Joe, "and 'tisn't a good thing to forget, no matter what happens. However, that can wait. Now about my being your lawyer?"

"I will speak to my mother," replied the girl, sadly, "and let you know her wishes." And the words were so evidently a dismissal that Bagby took his departure.

Without pausing to mourn over the failure, Janice procured paper and pen, and set about

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a letter; but it was long in the writing, for again and again the pages were torn up. Finally, in desperation, she let her quill run on, regardless of form, grammar, erasures, or the blurs caused by her own tears, until three sheets had been filled with incoherent prayers and promises. "If only you can save him," one read, "nothing you ask of me, even to disobeying him, even to running off with you, will I refuse. I will be your very slave." If ever a proud girl humbled herself, Janice did so in this appeal.

The reading of the missive was begun the next day by an officer seated in the "public" of the City Tavern of Philadelphia, but after a very few lines he rose and carried it to his own room, and there completed it. Then folding it up, he thrust it into his pocket, once more descended the stairs, and inquired of the tavern-keeper: " 'Twas reported that General Lee came to town yesterday; dost know where he lodges?"

"I hearn he was at the Indian King."

"Thanks," responded the questioner, and then asked: "One thing more. Hast a stout riding-whip you can lend me for a few minutes?"

"Ay, Colonel Brereton. Take any one that suits you from the rack."

The implement secured, the officer set out down the street, with a look that boded ill for somebody.

Five minutes later, with one hand held behind his back, he stood in the doorway of the public room of another ordinary, arriving just in time to hear a man proclaim in stentorian tones:

"I tell ye, any other general in the world than General Howe would have beat General Washington; and any other general in the world than General Washington would have beat General Howe."

"Hush!" said a man. "Here is one of his aides."

"Think ye I care?" roared Lee. "Colonel Brereton knows too well the truth of what I say to dare resent it. The more that hear me the better."

Brereton strode forward to within three feet of Lee. "You owe your immunity," he said, struggling to speak quietly, "to the very man you are abusing, for not one of his staff but would have challenged you after your insulting letters to him, had not General Washington commanded us all to refrain, lest, if any of his family called you out, it should seem like his personal persecution. Your conduct to him was outrage enough to make me wish to kill you, but now you have given me a stronger reason, and this time there is no high-minded man to save you from my vengeance, you cur!" There was a quick motion of Jack's arm, a swishing sound, and the whip was furiously lashed full across the general's face.

Lee, white with rage, save where a broad red welt stretched from ear to chin, staggered to his feet, drawing his sword as he rose, but his three companions united to restrain him.

"Take your satisfaction like a gentleman, sir," said one, "and not like a tavern broiler."

"I shall see Major Franks within the hour," remarked Brereton; "and have no doubt he will represent me. But if you wish a meeting, you must act promptly, for I shall not remain in the city later than noon to-morrow."

It was just after dawn the next morning that five horsemen turned off from the Frankford road into a meadow, and struck across it to a piece of timber on the other side. One of them was left with the horses, and the remainder took their way to an open spot, where the trees had been felled. Here the four paired off, and the couples held a brief consultation.

"I care not," Brereton ended, "so long as you secure the privilege of advancing, for one of us goes not off the field unhurt."

The seconds held a conference, and then separated. Each gave his principal a pistol, and stationed him so that they stood some twenty paces apart.

"Gentlemen, with your weapons pointed groundward, on the word, you will walk toward each other, and fire when it pleases you," ordered Major Edwards. "Are you ready? One, two, three. Go!"

The duellists, with their pistol hands dropped, walked steadily forward, one, two, three, four, five strides.

" 'Tis murder, not satisfaction, they seek!" ejaculated Franks, below his breath.

Another, and yet another, step each took, until there was not twenty feet between the two; then Lee halted and coolly raised his arm; one more step Brereton took as he did so, and not pausing to steady his body, his pistol was swung upward so quickly that it flashed first. Lee's went off a second later, and both men stood facing each other, the smoking barrels dropped, and each striving to see through the smoke of his own discharge. Thus they remained for a moment, then Lee dropped his weapon, staggered, and with the words, "I am hit," went on one knee, and then sank to the ground.

Brereton walked back to his original position, and stood calmly waiting the report of

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his second, who, with Edwards, rushed to the wounded man's assistance.

"He is struck in the groin," Franks presently informed him, "and while not dangerous, 'twill be a month before he's good for anything."

"You mean good for nothing," replied Jack. "I meant to make it worse, but must rest content. As I told you, I ride north without delay, so will not even return to the city. Thank you, David, for helping me, and good-by."

Five hours later, Lee was lying in the Philadelphia Hospital, and Brereton was riding into Trenton. Without the loss of a moment, the aide sought an interview with the governor, clearly with unsatisfactory results; for when he left that official his face was anxious, and not even tarrying to give his horse rest, he mounted and spurred northward, spending the whole night in the saddle. Pausing at Newark only to breakfast, he secured a fresh horse, and reached Fredericksburg a little before nightfall. Seeking out the commander-in-chief, he delivered certain papers he carried; but before the general could open them, he said:

"Your Excellency, I wish speech with you on a matter of life and death. To no other man in the world would I show this letter, but I beg of you to read it, and do what you can for my sake and for theirs."

Washington took the sheets held out to him and slowly read them from beginning to end. "'Tis a sad tale the poor girl tells," he said when he had finished; "but, my boy, however much I may pity and wish to aid them, my duty to the cause to which I have dedicated my life—"

"Ah, your Excellency," burst out Jack, "in just this one instance 'twill surely not matter. A word from you to Governor Livingston—"

Washington shook his head. "I have ever refrained from interfering in the civil line," he said, "and one breaking of the rule would destroy the fabric I have reared with so much pains. If I have gained influence with the people, with the army, and with the State officials, it is because I have ever refused to allow personal considerations to shape my conduct; and that reputation it is my duty to maintain at all hazards, that what I advise and urge shall never be open to the slightest suspicion of any other motive than that of the public good. It is a necessity which has caused me pain in the past, and which grieves me at this moment, but I hold a trust. Do not make its performance harder than it need be."

"Do I not deserve something at your hands, sir? Faithfully I have served you to my uttermost ability."

"You ask what cannot be granted, Brereton; and from this refusal I cannot recede. Now leave me, my boy, to read the despatches you have brought."

There was that in the general's manner which made impossible further entreaty, and the aide obeyed his behest. Yet such was the depth of his concern that he made a second appeal, two days later, when he brought a bunch of circular letters to the State governors, concerning quotas of provisions, which he had written, to his chief for signature."

"Will you not, sir," he implored, "relent and add a postscript to Governor Livingston in favour of mercy for Mr. Meredith?"

"I have given you my reasons, Brereton, why I must not, and all further petitions can but pain us both." Washington signed the series, and taking the sand-box, sprinkled the wet ink on each in turn. "Seal them, and see that they fail not to get into the post," he ordered, calmly. Yet as he rose to leave the room, he laid his hand affectionately on Jack's shoulder and said: "I grieve not to do it, my boy, for your sake and for hers."

The aide took the chair the general had vacated, and began mechanically the closing of the letters; but when that to the governor of New Jersey was reached, he paused in the process. After a little he took from his pocket Janice's frantic supplication, and re-read it, his face displaying his response to her suffering. "And ten words would save him," he groaned. His eye sought once more the unsealed letter, and stared at it fixedly. "At worst it would be my life, and that is worth little to me and nothing to any one else!" He snatched a pen hastily, dipped it in the ink, but as he set the tip to the paper, paused, his brow clouded. "To trick him, after all his generosity!" For a trice Jack hesitated. "He stands too high to be injured by it," he exclaimed. "It hurts not the cause, while 'twill kill her if they hang him." Again he set pen to the paper, and wrote four lines below Washington's name.

"'Tis the devil's work, or her good angel's, that I had the writing of the letters, so the penmanship agrees," he muttered, as he folded and sealed it. Gathering up the batch he gave a reckless laugh. "I said I'd not lift finger to save him from the rope, and here I am taking his place on the gallows. Well, 'tis everything to do it for her, and to die with the memory that my arms have held, and my lips caressed her."

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XLIV.

TRIALS OF SEVERAL KINDS.

It was two days of miserable doubt which Janice spent after despatching her letter to Brereton. Then something Mr. Drinker told his daughter brought some cheer to the girl.

"Friend Penrhyn informed me that Colonel Brereton rode into town this afternoon, Tabitha," he said, at the supper table, "yet, though I went to the tavern to bespeak his company here this evening, I could not get word of him. 'Tis shabby treatment, indeed, of his old friends, that three times in succession he should pass through without dropping in upon us."

"He may still come, father," suggested Tabitha; and more than she spent the evening in a state of expectancy. But bedtime arrived; and the morrow came and went without further news of him who had now become Janice's sole hope; and then she learned that he had ridden northward.

"I knew his temper was hot," she sobbed in her own room, "but never did I believe he could be so cruel as to come and go without word or sign."

From the trial, which occurred but three days after this crushing disappointment, the public were excluded, not even Mrs. Meredith and Janice being permitted to attend. The result, therefore, was first brought them by Bagby, who, though his services had been refused by Mr. Meredith, had succeeded in being present.

"The squire's lawyer," he told them, "wasn't up to a trick or two that I had thought out, and which might have done something; but he made a pretty good case, if he couldn't save him. Morris's charge was enough to convict, but every juryman was ready to vote 'Guilty' before the Chief Justice had so much as opened his mouth.

"Is there nothing to do?" cried Mrs. Meredith.

"I'll see the governor, and I'll get my friends to see him," promised Bagby; "but don't you go to raising your hopes, for there isn't one chance in a hundred now."

Once again Mrs. Meredith sought interview with Livingston, but the governor refused to even see her; and both Mr. Drinker's and Bagby's attempts succeeded little better, for they could only report that he declined to further discuss the matter, and that the execution was set for the following Friday.

Abandoning all hope, therefore, Mrs. Meredith wrote a letter, merely begging that they might spend the last night with Mr. Meredith in the jail; and when the next morning she received a call from the governor, she only inferred that it was in relation to her plea.

"It has been far from my wish, Mrs. Meredith," Livingston said, "to bring suffering to you more than to any one else, and the position I have taken as regards your husband was only that which I deemed most for the good of the State, and most in accord with public opinion. The vipers of our own fireside require punishment; your husband had made himself one of the most conspicuous and unpopular of these by the office he held under the king, and no reason could I discover why he should not reap the punishment he fitly deserved. But this morning a potent one was furnished me, for I received a letter from General Washington, speaking in high terms of Mr. Meredith, and expressing a hope that we will not push his punishment to the extreme of the law. It is the first time his Excellency has ever ventured an opinion in a matter outside of his own concern, and I conclude that he believes stringent justice in this case will injure more than aid our cause; and as the use of his name furnishes me with an explanation that will satisfy the Assembly and people of this State, I can be less rigorous. That you should not endure one hour more of anxiety than you need, I have hurried to you, to tell you that I shall commute his sentence to imprisonment with the other political prisoners in Virginia."

The scene of gratitude and joy that ensued was not describable, and some hours passed before either mother or daughter became sufficiently composed to take thought of the future. Then, by permission of the jailer, they saw Mr. Meredith, and after discussing the pros and cons, it was settled that they should be his companions in the half captivity, half exile, which had been decreed. From Mr. Drinker a loan of five thousand dollars—equal to a hundred pounds, gold—was secured, and a bargain struck with a farmer to bring from Greenwood such supplies of clothes as Mrs. Meredith wrote to Sukey to pack and send. To most the prospect would not have been a cheering one, but after the last few days it seemed truly halcyon, and Janice was scarcely able to contain her happiness.

"Oh, mommy," she joyfully bubbled, as they were preparing for bed, "was there ever a greater or finer or nobler or kinder man than General Washington?"

And, though the first frost of the season was forming crystals on the panes, she knelt down in her short nightrail on a lamb's wool

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rug, so small that her little feet rested on the cold boards, and prayed for the general as he had probably never before been prayed for; prayed until she was shivering so that her mother interfered and ordered her to come to bed.

The governor had warned them that the removal to Charlottesville must await the chance of an empty army transport, or other means of conveyance, and for more than a month they waited, not knowing at what hour the order would come.

Finally they were told to be ready the following morning, and at daybreak the three, with a guard, were packed into a hay cart, the larger part of the townsfolk collecting to view their departure. Nor did Mr. Bagby, who had made a number of calls upon them in the interval, fail to appear for a good-by.

"Just you remember, Miss Janice," he urged, "that my arguments and General Washington's was what saved your dad, and that I can still do a lot to save your property. Don't forget either that I'm going to go on rising. Only think it over well, and you'll see which side your bread is buttered on, for, if you are good-looking, you're no fool."

"Thank you, Mr. Bagby, for everything you have done," replied the girl; and the squire, who had heard the whole speech, said nothing, though the effort was clearly a severe one.

"Whither do we go first?" asked Mrs. Meredith of the driver, after the ferryboat had left the Jersey shore and the spectators both behind.

"Our orders is to take you to Reading, an' hand you over to the officer in charge of the Convention snogers, pervided the last detachment hevn't left theer; if they hev, we are to lick up till we overtake them."

"What regiment is that?" questioned Janice.

"Guess ye're a bit green on what's goin' on," chuckled one of the guard. "Them's Poppy-cock, hifalutin, by-the-grace-of-God an' King Georgie, come-in-an'-surrender-afore-we-extirpate-yer, Johnny Burgoyne's army, as did a little capitulatin' themselves. We've kept 'em about Boston till we've got tired of teamin' pork an' wheat to 'em, an' now we're takin' 'em to where the pigs an' wheat grows, to save us money, an' to show 'em the size of the country they calkerlated to overrun. I guess they'll write hum that that job's a good one to sub-let, after they-ve hoofed it from Cambridge to Charlottesville."

The departure had been well timed, for when they drove into Reading, about five, long lines of men, garbed in green or red uniforms, were answering the roll-call as a preliminary to having quarters for the night assigned to them in the court-house, churches and school. After much search the officer in command was found, and the prisoner turned over to him, to his evident displeasure.

"Heavens," he complained, "is it not bad enough to move two thousand troops, a third of whom no man can understand the gibberish of, to say nothing of General de Riedesel's wife and children, but I must have other women to look out for? I wish that Governor Livingston would pardon less and hang more!"

Unpromising as this beginning was, it proved a case of growl and not of bite, for the colonel speedily secured a night's lodging for them in a private house, and the next morning made a place for the two women beside the driver of one of the carts of the baggage train, the squire being ordered to march on foot with the column.

The journey proved a most trying one. The November rains, which well-nigh turned the roads from aids into obstacles, so impeded them that frequently they were not able to compass more than six or seven miles in a day, and it sometimes happened, therefore, that they were not able to reach the village or town on which they had been billeted, and were compelled to spend the night in the open fields, often with scanty supplies of provisions as an additional discomfort. From the inhabitants of the villages and farms, too, they met with more kicks than ha'pence. Again and again the people refused to sell anything to those whom they considered their enemies, and some even denied them the common courtesy of a drink of water. The chief amusement of the children along the route was to shout opprobrious or derisive epithets as they passed, not infrequently accompanied with stones, rotten apples, and now and then the still more objectionable egg. The squire's opinion of Whigism went to an even lower pitch, but his womenkind bore it unflinchingly and uncomplainingly, happy merely in the escape from greater suffering.

As for Janice, she took what came with such merriness and good cheer that she was soon friends not merely with a number of their fellow-companions in misery, the British and Hessian officers, but with the officers of their escort of Continental troops, and they were all quickly vying to do the little they could to add to the Merediths' comfort and ease. Of the miserable lodgings, whether in town or field, they were sure to be given the least poor; no matter how short were the commons, their

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needs were supplied; at every halting place they received the first firewood cut; and time and again some one of the officers dismounted that Mr. Meredith might take his place in the saddle for an hour.

The girl made a yet more fortunate acquaintance on a night of especial discomfort and privation, after they had crossed the Pennsylvania boundary and were well into the semi-wilderness of the Blue Ridge Mountains. A washed away bridge so delayed their morning progress that they had advanced only a little over five miles, and were still four miles from their appointed camping ground, when the first snowstorm of the season set in, and compelled them to bivouac along the roadside. The ration issued to each prisoner on that particular afternoon consisted of only a half pound of salt pork and a handful of beans, and as she had frequently done before, Janice set out to make a tour of the straggling farms of the neighbourhood, in the hope of purchasing milk, eggs or other supplies to eke the scanty fare. At the first log cabin she came to she made her request, and for a moment was hopeful, for the woman replied:

"Yes. I have eggs and milk and chickens and vegetables in a great plenty, but—"

"And what are your prices?"

"—But not a morsel of anything do you get. You come to our land to kill us and to waste our homes. Now it is our turn to torment you. I feed no royalists."

Her second application drew forth an even sterner rebuff, for the housewife, before Janice had said half of her speech, cried, "Be off with you, you Tory; think you I would give help to such nasty dogs?"

The third attempt was equally futile, for she was told: "Not for a thousand dollars would I give you anything, and if you would all die of hunger, 'twould be so much the better."

The maiden was long since too accustomed to this treatment to let it discourage her, and in her fourth essay she was more fortunate. While the woman was refusing, the farmer himself appeared upon the scene, and, moved by pity, or perhaps by the youth and beauty of the petitioner, vetoed his wife's decision, and not merely filled her pail with milk, but added a small basket of eggs and apples, declining to accept the one hundred dollars in Continental bills she tendered.

Her quest had taken Janice nearly three miles away from her quarters, and in returning with this wealth she was compelled to pass the length of the encampment. This brought her presently to a large tent, from which issued the sobs of a child, intermixed with complaints in French of cold and hunger, with all of which a woman's voice was blended, seeking to comfort the weeper.

On impulse, the girl turned aside and looked through the half-closed flap. Within she saw a woman of something over thirty years of age, with a decidedly charming face, sitting on a camp-stool with a child of about three years old in her arms and two slightly older children at her feet, from one of whom came the wails.

"We do not know each other, Madame de Riedesel," Janice apologised in the best French she could frame, "but Captain Geismar and others have told me so much about you that I—I—" There Janice came to a halt, and then in English, colouring as she spoke, she went on, "'Tis mortifying, but though I thought I had become quite a rattler in French, the moment I need it, I lose courage."

"Ach!" cried Madame de Riedesel. "Nevair think. I speak ze Anglais, parfaitement. Continué."

"I was passing," explained Janice, mightily relieved, "and hearing what your little girl was saying, I made bold to intrude, in the hope that you will let me share my milk and eggs with the children." As she spoke, Janice held out to each of the three a rosy-cheeked apple, and the sobs had ended ere her explanation had.

"Ah!" cried the woman, "zees must be ze Mees Meredeez whom zay told me was weez ze wagons in ze rear, and who, zay assure me, was a saint. Zat must you be, to offer your leettle store to divide with me. Too well haf I learned how difficile it ees to get anyzing from zeese barbarians."

"They are hard, madame," exclaimed Janice, "because they deem us foes."

"But women cannot be zare enemies, and yet ze women ze worst are. Ma foi! Weez ze army I kept through ze wilderness, ze bois, from Canada, and not one unkind or insult did I receef, till I came to where zere were zose of my own sex. Would you beleef it, in Boston ze femme zay even spat at me when I passed zem on ze street. And since from Cambridge we started, when I haf wished for anyzing, my one prayer zat it shall be a man and not a woman I must ask it has been. Ze women, I say it weez shame, are ze brutes, and ze men, zay seek to be gentle mais, hélas, zay are born of ze women!"

Janice pouring half her milk into an empty bowl that was on the table, and dividing her eggs, smiled archly as she said, "I fear, then,

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that my call is not a welcome one, since, hélas, I am a woman."

The baroness spilled the little girl from lap to floor as she sprang to her feet, and clasped the caller in her arms. "You are un ange," she cried, "and I geef you my lofe, not for now, but for ze all time forever."

XLV.

THE GUESTS OF THE BARONESS.

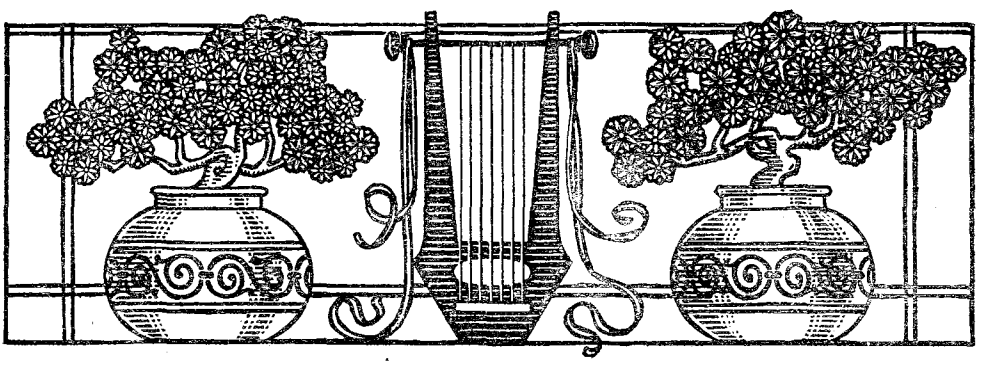
The acquaintance thus begun ripened rapidly. In her gratitude for the kindness, Madame de Riedesel, who had a roomy calash, and a light baggage wagon, insisted that Janice and Mrs. Meredith should quit the springless army van in the rear and travel henceforth with the advance in one or the other of her vehicles, giving them far greater ease and comfort. Sometimes the children were sent with the baggage, and the three ladies used the calash, but more often Janice and Madame de Riedesel rode in it, with a child on each lap, and one sandwiched in between them, and the squire took the empty seat beside Mrs. Meredith in the wagon.

A second generosity of the new friend was her quickly offering to share with them the large officer's marquee that her husband's rank had secured for her, with the comfortable beds that formed a part of her camp equipment, and as they had hitherto been cramped into a small A tent, with only blankets and dead leaves laid on the frozen ground to sleep upon, the invitation was a still greater boon. Close packing it was, but the weather was now so cold that what was lost in space was made up for in warmth.

It was early in January that they finally reached their destination, an improvised village of log huts, some two miles from Charlottesville; but so far as the Merediths were concerned, it meant a change rather than a lessening of the privation. The cabin to which they were assigned consisted of one windowless room, and was without a chimney. They were necessarily without furniture; their sole stock beyond their own clothing being a few blankets and cooking utensils, which they had brought with them. Nor were they able to purchase what they needed at the neighbouring town, for their cash had been seriously depleted by what they had bought in Trenton, and by the expenses of the march, while what was left had shrunk in value in the two months' march from fifty dollars to seventy-five dollars, paper, for one in gold.

Seeking to make the best of it, the three set to work diligently. From a neighbouring mill slabs were procured, which, being cut the right length and laid on logs, were made to do for beds, and others served to make an equally rough table. Sections of logs were utilised for chairs, and the squire built a crude fireplace a few feet from the doorway. At best, however, the discomfort was really very great. Even with the door closed, the cabin was cold almost beyond the point of endurance, and if it was not left open, the only light that came to them was through the chinks of the logs. Yet their suffering was far less than that of the troops, for many of the huts were unfinished when they arrived, and with three feet of snow on the ground, most of them were compelled to roof their own quarters as a first step to protection.

(To be continued.)



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THE BOOK MART

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, November 1, 1899.

The most remarkable feature of the October publications was their number. It is safe to say that at no time in the history of the trade have there ever been so many new titles published as during the present season. The list covers all departments of literature and includes the works of both well-known authors and of those whose names have yet to become familiar to the trade and reading public.

Janice Meredith, by Paul Leicester Ford, was the most prominent book of the month, and at once sprang into popular favour, taking an important place with the best-selling books of the time. *Via Crucis,* by F. Marion Crawford, *Young April,* by Egerton Castle, *The Other Fellow,* by F. Hopkinson Smith, and *Santa Claus's Partner,* by Thomas Nelson Page, were other new volumes of note.

The list of new illustrated books was materially increased, and while few are yet in any considerable demand, they may be expected to sell readily when the holiday trade is fully under way. *Hugh Wynne, The Marble Faun, The Grandissimes* and *Sketches in Egypt* are in new and attractive editions. *The Education of Mr. Pipp* is Charles Dana Gibson's new volume of illustrations for the present Christmas season.

Juveniles are especially numerous. *Loveliness,* by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, *Betty Leicester's Christmas,* by Sarah Orne Jewett, *Madam Mary of the Zoo,* by Lily F. Wesselhoeft, and *The Bacon Prize Medals,* by Albert B. Payne, are among the month's output, while such well-known juvenile writers as Palmer Cox, E. T. Tomlinson, Laura E. Richards, Susan Coolidge, Martha Finley and James Otis make their annual contribution to this department.

From the large list of books on miscellaneous subjects published during October *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen* may be pronounced as the most successful in point of sale to date. *The Memoirs of Victor Hugo, The Many Sided Franklin,* by Paul Leicester Ford, *The Land of the Long Night,* by Paul Du Chaillu, and *Famous Actresses of the Day,* by L. C. Strange, are likely to prove popular.

While the demand for all classes of literature is good, with that of fiction leading, there is a noticeable call for works of travel, and particularly for books descriptive of South Africa. There is also considerable demand for new poetry, and Riley's *Love Lyrics* and Ben King's *Verses* are consequently selling readily. Photography occupies a prominent place in the illustration of the modern book, and such an example as *Modern Daughters,* by Alexander Black, is sure to be popular. The recently issued revision of *The Amateur Photographer,* by W. I. Lincoln Adams, also illustrates and explains the interesting subject.

Many trade buyers are now in town, and others may be expected during this month, making purchases for the coming holiday season. They are buying freely, and reports generally are favourable both as to present sales and as to expectation for the balance of the year.

The following list of best-selling books in their order of popularity shows the demand during October:

Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. $1.50.

David Harum. By Edward Noyes Westcott. $1.50.

Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By Edward Caskoden. $1.50.

The Market Place. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.

Children of the Mist. By E. Phillpotts. $1.50.

The King's Mirror. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50.

That Fortune. By Charles Dudley Warner. $1.50.

No. 5 John St. By R. Whiteing. $1.50.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Ione March. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.

The Fowler. By Beatrice Harraden. $1.50.

Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen. $1.25.

Stalky & Co. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

Chicago, November 1, 1899.

To say that business was good last month hardly expresses the situation adequately. Every one admits that much, and even the most pessimistic dealers do not now find any ground for dissatisfaction with their present trade. Holiday books of all kinds went rapidly, but the most satisfactory feature of the month was the surprising demand from all parts of the country for books for current use. This is somewhat unusual in October, and furnishes the best proof that could be adduced of the healthy state of present business.

Public libraries are also sending in remarkably good orders, indicating thereby that, although the country is busy just now, it is not too busy to read. It is rather a curious fact, although easily explained, that people buy the most books to read when they have apparently the least time to read them.

Of the new poetry, *The Man with the Hoe* is the only book that is meeting with anything like a remarkable sale. The demand for the standard poets, Longfellow, Tennyson, Browning, is, however, especially heavy from the country, where they are used largely for holiday trade. There is also more than ordinary call from the same source for the various volumes of James Whitcomb Riley's works, the several books of verse by Eugene Field, and Paul L. Dunbar's poems.

Standard sets are not at present selling quite as rapidly as might be wished when compared with other lines. Possibly the call for these may improve materially before the holidays, but it is evident that people are not now quite as desirous to possess the entire works of a favourite author as formerly.

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Janice Meredith was the book of the month among the new publications, and bids fair to be added to, and perhaps lead, the list of popular favourites, the sale of which has to be counted by hundreds of thousands. Aside from this the month was especially prolific in regard to new fiction, of which such books as *Via Crucis,* by Marion Crawford, *The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander,* by F. R. Stockton, *The Ship of Stars,* by Quiller Couch, *The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann,* by Joel Chandler Harris, *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen, Young April,* by Egerton Castle, *The Enchanted Typewriter,* by J. Kendrick Bangs, and *Santa Claus' Partner,* by T. N. Page, will be prominent in sales during this month and next.

Richard Carvel now leads, so far as total sale is concerned, with *David Harum* a close second. *When Knighthood was in Flower* is increasing its sale right along, and so are *No. 5 John Street, The House of the Wizard* and *Red Rock.* Nearly every other book on the list of leaders went ahead of its record last month, and it is evident that the holiday trade in popular books is going to be enormous.

A lively demand was experienced last month for *Those Dale Girls,* by Frances W. Carruth, and although somewhat belated in obtaining the recognition it deserves, there is every indication now that the work will enjoy a growing sale.

The first volume of the new Haworth edition of Brontë was received last month, and is a welcome addition to the list of excellent library editions of standard authors which has recently been issued.

A decided novelty among gift books is the miniature sixteenmo edition of Richard Harding Davis's works, bound in lambskin after the style of the Temple classics.

The following is the list of leading books, in point of sale, last month:

Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.

David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.

Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By E. Caskoden. $1.50.

No. 5 John Street. By Richard Whiteing. $1.50.

Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50.

The House of the Wizard. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.

Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. By F. P. Dunne. $1.25.

Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. By F. P. Dunne. $1.25.

The Market Place. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

The King's Mirror. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

Those Dale Girls. By F. W. Carruth. $1.25.

Stalky & Co. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

The Lion and the Unicorn. By Richard H. Davis. $1.25.

The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, September 25 to October 21, 1899.

The improvement in business referred to in the previous report continues. Trade is decidedly better, and it is earnestly hoped that something over and above the average, for the time of year, will be done, to compensate in some measure for the very slack summer and early autumn season. From the foreign and colonial departments there is a fair output, but it is possible that there will be a falling off in the South African trade before long.

The six shilling novel still holds a leading place in the bookseller's business. *The King's Mirror, A Corner of the West* and *A Double Thread* appear to be first, second and third, respectively, in the public favour.

It will readily be believed that any work dealing with the Transvaal and South Africa in general is eagerly bought. Fitzpatrick's *The Transvaal from Within* has been selling as quickly as the binder could turn out copies, and there is a renewed demand for Theal's *South Africa.* Several novels, the scenes of which are laid in South Africa, have been in demand, as *Under the Sjambok,* etc. The sales of maps of South Africa, including, of course, the Transvaal, have been enormous, the demand at times being supplied with difficulty.

Little is now heard of the sixpenny novels, which were to the fore a few months ago.

Elizabeth and her German Garden and *A Solitary Summer* continue in good demand.

Judging from the sales of books on the subject, the "Church Question" is now attracting very little attention.

Rudyard Kipling's new book, *Stalky & Co.,* has not disappointed the trade in their anticipations as to its sale.

The magazine world continues unchanged. *The Woman at Home* leads as a lady's magazine, while general periodical literature, such as the *Royal, Harper, Pall Mall, Harmsworth, Strand,* and *Windsor,* with the *Wide World Magazine,* continue in favour.

Appended is a list of the best selling books at the time of going to press:

The Transvaal from Within. By J. P. Fitzpatrick. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

The King's Mirror. By A. Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)

A Corner of the West. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mammon and Co. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Stalky & Co. By R. Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Gilian the Dreamer. By N. Munro. 6s. (Isbister.)

Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The Human Boy. By E. Phillpotts. 6s. (Methuen.)

Elizabeth and her German Garden. 6s. (Macmillan.)

A Solitary Summer. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Story of Australian Bushrangers. By G. E. Boxall. 6s. (Sonnenschein.)

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between October 1, 1899, and November 1, 1899.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. Cashel Byron's Profession. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.25.
5. Young April. Castle. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Bob, Son of Battle. Ollivant. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.25.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Oom Paul and His People. Hilligas. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $2.00.
6. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Dutch and Quaker Colonies. Fisk. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $4.50.
5. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
6. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Lion and the Unicorn. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Ione March. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. A Tory Maid. Stimson. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Young April. Castle. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Bob, Son of Battle. Ollivant. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. House of the Wizard. Taylor. (McClurg.) $1.25.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Those Dale Girls. Carruth. (McClurg.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. A Business Venture in California. "ZZ." (Robert Clarke Co.) $1.00.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
6. Deficient Saints. Saunders. (Page.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Young April. Castle. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Kit Kennedy. Crockett. (Harper.) $1.50.

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DENVER, COL.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Brown-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Helpers. Lynde. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Legionaries. Clark. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. A Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. The King's Mirror. Hope. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. A Dash for a Throne. Marchmont. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Lion and the Unicorn. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. Kit Kennedy. Crockett. (Harper.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Stalky & Co. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. The King's Mirror. Hope. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Bob, Son of Battle. Ollivant. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.25.
6. Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Horace Bushnell. Munger. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $2.00.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Development of the English Novel. Cross. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Young April. Castle. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. American Lands and Letters. II. Mitchell. (Scribner.) $2.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Lion and the Unicorn. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Stalky & Co. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Ione March. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Young April. Castle. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
6. The King's Mirror. Hope. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Brown-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. A Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Princess Vascovy. Oxenham. (Dillingham.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Stalky & Co. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. The Lion and the Unicorn. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Parson Kelly. Mason and Lang. (Longmans.) $1.50.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Suspense. Merriman. (Sergel.) $1.00.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Blix. Norris. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
6. Oom Paul and His People. Hillegas. (Appleton.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The King's Mirror. Hope. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Hougthon, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

*1. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Briggs.) 50c. and $1.00.
*2. Kit Kennedy. Crockett. (Briggs.) 75c. and $1.25.
*3. The Scarlet Woman. Hocking. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75c. and $1.25.
*4. Stalky & Co. Kipling. (Morang Co.) 75c. and $1.50.
5. White Man's Africa. Biglow. (Harper.) $2.50.
6. Boers and Little Englanders. Proctor. (Allen.) $1.25.

*Canadian editions.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
*4. Religio Pictoria. Merriman. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Ione March. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander. Stockton. (Century Co.) $1.25.

*Local author.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
   Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
   When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Young April. Castle. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

BOOKS AT AUCTION.

The new volume of American Book-Prices Current, covering the season from September, 1898, to June, 1899, is about ready for delivery to subscribers. This compilation is a record of important books and manuscripts sold at auction in the United States, the present being the fifth annual volume. It is recognised generally by bookbuyers and booksellers as the best accessible guide to the value of out-of-print books, more especially American books, in this country. Almost every lot selling for $3 or over is recorded, the arrangement of the books being in a single alphabet by authors, and all copies of the same edition of the same book being grouped together. This arrangement is much more convenient than that of the older English compilation of similar character where the arrangement is chronological by sales and a continual reference to the index at the end is necessary. The season just closed has been an important one, and the new volume records a larger number of lots than any one of the previous volumes. The circulation of such a book is of course limited, and there have been only 500 copies printed. The publishers announce that less than thirty copies remain for sale of the preceding volume, printed in the same number. The book is compiled by Luther S. Livingston and published by Dodd, Mead and Company.

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